March 1961, 60 cents

THE Atlantic

DIRTY MONEY in BOSTON

THE CASE

BY

CHARLES L. WHIPPLE

THE JUDGE'S OPINION

BY

CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, Jr.

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MARCH **ATLANTIC** 1961 VOLUME 207 NUMBER 3

JUSTICE FELIX FRANKFURTER	The Memorial to F.D.R. What the President Wanted	39
CHARLES L. WHIPPLE	Dirty Money in Boston	41
CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.	The Judge's Opinion	47
ROBERT FROST	Accidentally on Purpose	50
JOHN D. STEWART	A Sparrow Falls – A STORY	51
ARTHUR MIZENER	Scott Fitzgerald and the Top Girl	55
DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.	The Medical Care Pork Barrel	61
THE YOUNG POETS:		
RICHARD FARINA	Celebration for a Gray Day	66
JOHN R. NASH	Last Night	67
CLEVELAND MOFFETT	My Love Goes Swimming	67
DONALD W. BAKER	Metamorphoses at Rock Harbor	68
FREDERICK W. COPELAND	The Righteous Major	69
CHARLES R. BEYE	The Age of the Scholar-Teacher	76
ROBERT CULLEN	The Train to Alicante AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"	79

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – The Philippines – Panama 4

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – C. S. JENNISON – ROBERT FONTAINE – MONA GARDNER		90
JOHN M. CONLY	They Shall Have Music	98
	Record Reviews	101

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	104
CHARLES ROLO	Reader's Choice	108
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	117

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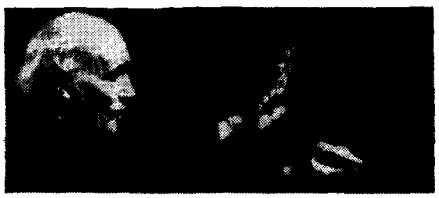

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

THE Kennedy Administration began with a blaze of publicity — the moving Inaugural Address, the first televised press conference, the State of the Union Address, and a mass of White House announcements. The flood of news kept reporters busy and happy, but it left the Republicans with a feeling of frustration over how to put before the public the opposition's point of view.

This is indeed a problem, for an active President such as Kennedy can dominate the news, and quite obviously Kennedy intends to do just that. The White House is a mighty forum which Kennedy, like Franklin Roosevelt, knows how to use for his own purposes. The Republicans, however, can expect that the nation's newspapers will not spare the rod on the Kennedy Administration once the honeymoon period is over. Kennedy, in turn, knows that television will be his means, just as radio was for F.D.R., of breaking any lock on news coverage by the predominantly Republican-oriented press.

Probably more serious is the problem in Washington of managed news or news suppression. Both the President and his efficient press secretary, Pierre Salinger, stoutly deny any desire to inhibit news gathering. But the new Administration has sought to "coordinate" the flow of news, Salinger said, in the laudable hope of avoiding such confusion as took place last May when a U-2 was shot down over the Soviet Union.

Washington is always suspicious of efforts to manage the flow of the news so that only the good facts see the light of day. Any Administration is powerful enough to suppress much that is unfavorable, especially news that makes the government look bad. Kennedy has promised not to hide governmental mistakes; but the urge to stamp "secret" on both mistakes and unhappy facts often has overcome such promises, as the Moss Committee of the House has amply demonstrated in its well-documented public hearings.

It is certainly true, as Congressman Moss has said, that isolation of the people and their representatives from the facts can be disastrous in the missile era. More than the security of the nation is involved; if the time comes when only those "in the know" can be entrusted with the reins of power in America, democracy as we know it will perish from the earth. This is a somber thought with a new Administration in power so obviously devoted to using all the channels of public information to sell its views to the American people. The point is, however, that while the public must be informed — and Kennedy has a tremendous self-interest in seeing that the public is informed of his view on both foreign and domestic affairs — it must have the sour with the sweet.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk began by calling for quiet diplomacy — that is, a return to full use of normal diplomatic channels for exchanges with governments in both the Communist and the free world. This has its virtue, of course, but it must not be carried to the extreme of cutting off a flow of information to the public on the general trend of relations with foreign governments. Allowance should be made for the desire of the new Administration to run things shipshape; indeed, commendation is in order. But the watch on the Potomac for the cover-up can never cease.

Arms control

Central to the Kennedy Administration's foreign policy is the problem of arms control; it overrides all other issues, for, as Kennedy said in his Inaugural Address, the one point of East-West common interest is to avoid a war of annihilation by either design or accident.

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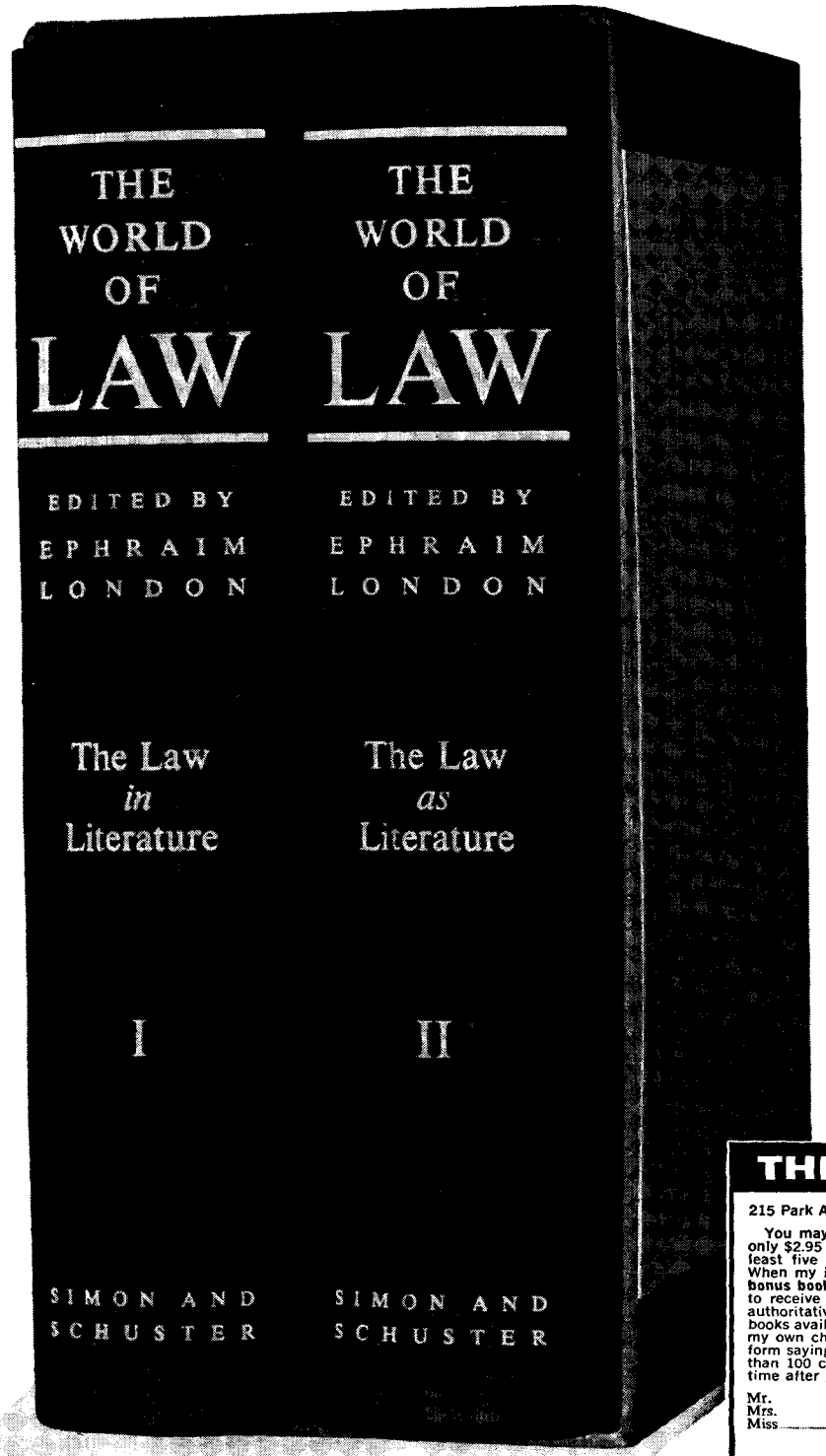

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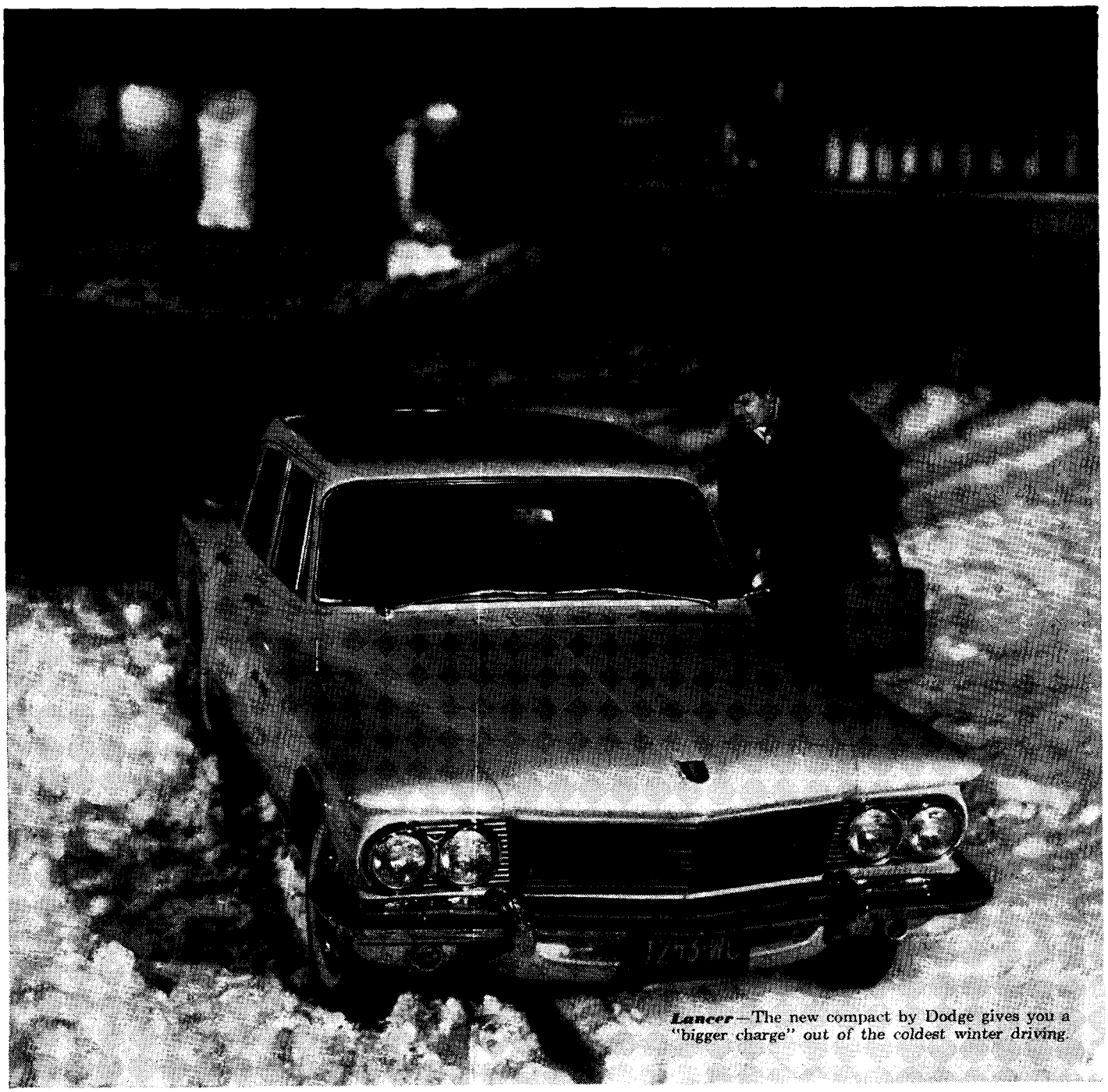

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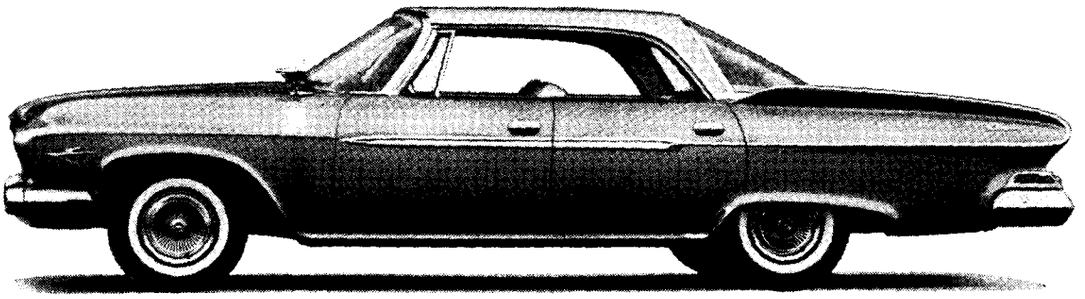

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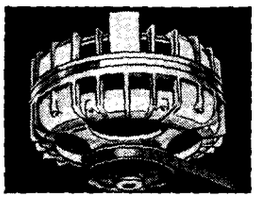

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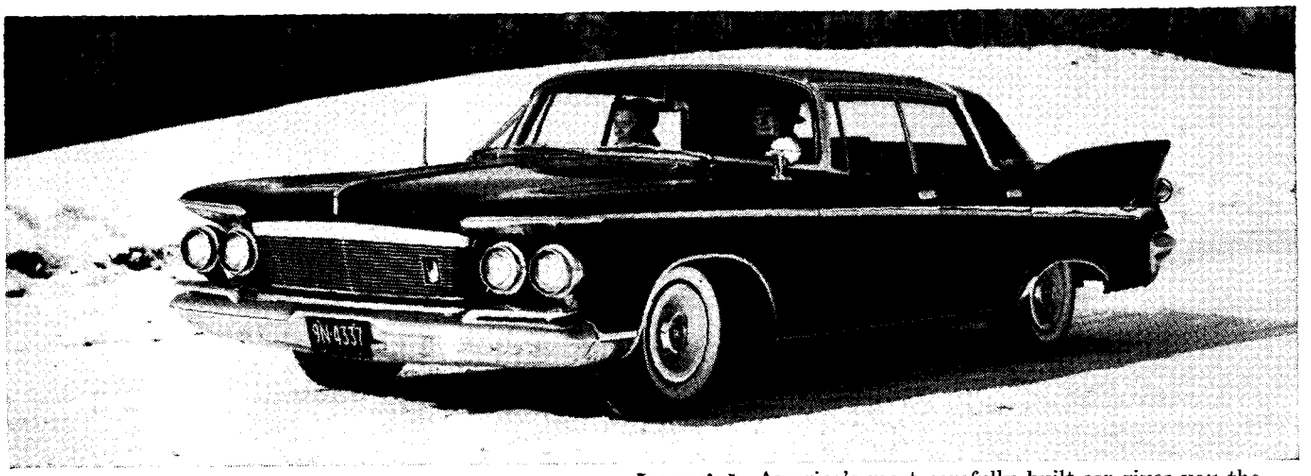

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Report on Washington

This is the reason that Kennedy sought the services of a senior statesman, John J. McCloy, to head the disarmament agency housed in the State Department. McCloy agreed to head a team to work out a new arms-control proposal (as distinct from doing the actual negotiating with the Communists and the allies), but his original thought was that this would be a one-shot effort and that he would do much of the work in his New York home rather than in Washington. But there has already been grumbling in the Capital that McCloy started out too independently of both State and Defense.

It will be interesting to watch the activities of Secretary of State Rusk and those members of the White House staff concerned with foreign policy. This latter group is headed by McGeorge Bundy, the former Harvard dean, ably assisted by Walt Whitman Rostow, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology economic historian, who is very close to the new President, and it includes the President's adviser, Jerome Wiesner. Kennedy had intended that Rostow, a man with a brilliant and versatile mind, would head the State Department policy-planning staff. But Rusk said he preferred to have someone with whom he was more closely acquainted. Kennedy thereupon made Rostow Bundy's deputy. It should be noted, in viewing this area of possible conflict, that Kennedy had given the most serious consideration to naming Bundy, instead of Rusk, as his Secretary of State.

It is hoped that the National Security Council team under Bundy and Rostow, and Wiesner as well, will work in close harness with the Rusk-Bowles-Stevenson group at State. Kennedy intends to make far more use of the N.S.C. machinery than Eisenhower did. Instead of using it in an effort to produce pre-agreed positions, Kennedy wants the N.S.C. to be the forum where the most critical policy issues are argued out in his presence before he makes the decision. In such a procedure, the N.S.C. becomes a government-wide agency nestling under the protection and prestige of the presidency, whereas State is but a single department, though the most important one.

Much will depend on the personalities involved, and above all on the Kennedy-Rusk relationship. And that will take some time to reach a point of stability, given the fact that Kennedy met Rusk for the first time just before naming him.

The need for time

On the specific issue of arms control — and it is worth noting that Kennedy used that term rather than the misleading word "disarmament" in his Inaugural Address — it will take the work of many minds to come up with the "serious and precise proposals" of which the new President spoke. It was most heartening to those in the Capital who have labored long in this field to hear him suggest that in the past neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has really been serious about its disarmament proposals.

Such an opinion has been widely held in Washington, but to put it on the public record in the President's initial statement of policy served to increase the pressures for proposals satisfactory to the various segments of the American government and to our principal allies. At best, it will take months to do the job; to rush it would be fatal. Word to that effect has been informally transmitted to the Soviets.

There will be less time, however, for decisions on the nuclear test ban issue. This is being handled separately from general arms control, although it is related, because the American-Soviet-British negotiations have been going on so long. Kennedy will find that, like Eisenhower, he is faced with advisers with widely varying views on the efficacy of a test ban, assuming one can be negotiated.

Congress and the new President

There are majorities in both Senate and House to implement much of the new Administration's program. The honeymoon spirit toward a new Chief Executive is traditional, and it is not lacking this year, despite the closeness of last fall's election. However, Congress is a reflection, sometimes imperfect, to be sure, of forces in the nation which shape and limit public policy. It is worth considering some aspects of these forces against which both Kennedy and the Congress must work.

The coming of automation, together with the increasing middle-class nature of American society, has limited the growth of trade unionism and created a problem of seemingly perpetual unemployment for millions. Indeed, for the first time in nearly a quarter century, union membership has been declining as employment in the key mass-production industries has contracted, in part because of the new technology.

This is likely to be a continuing problem throughout the Kennedy Administration, giving impetus to programs to increase unemployment

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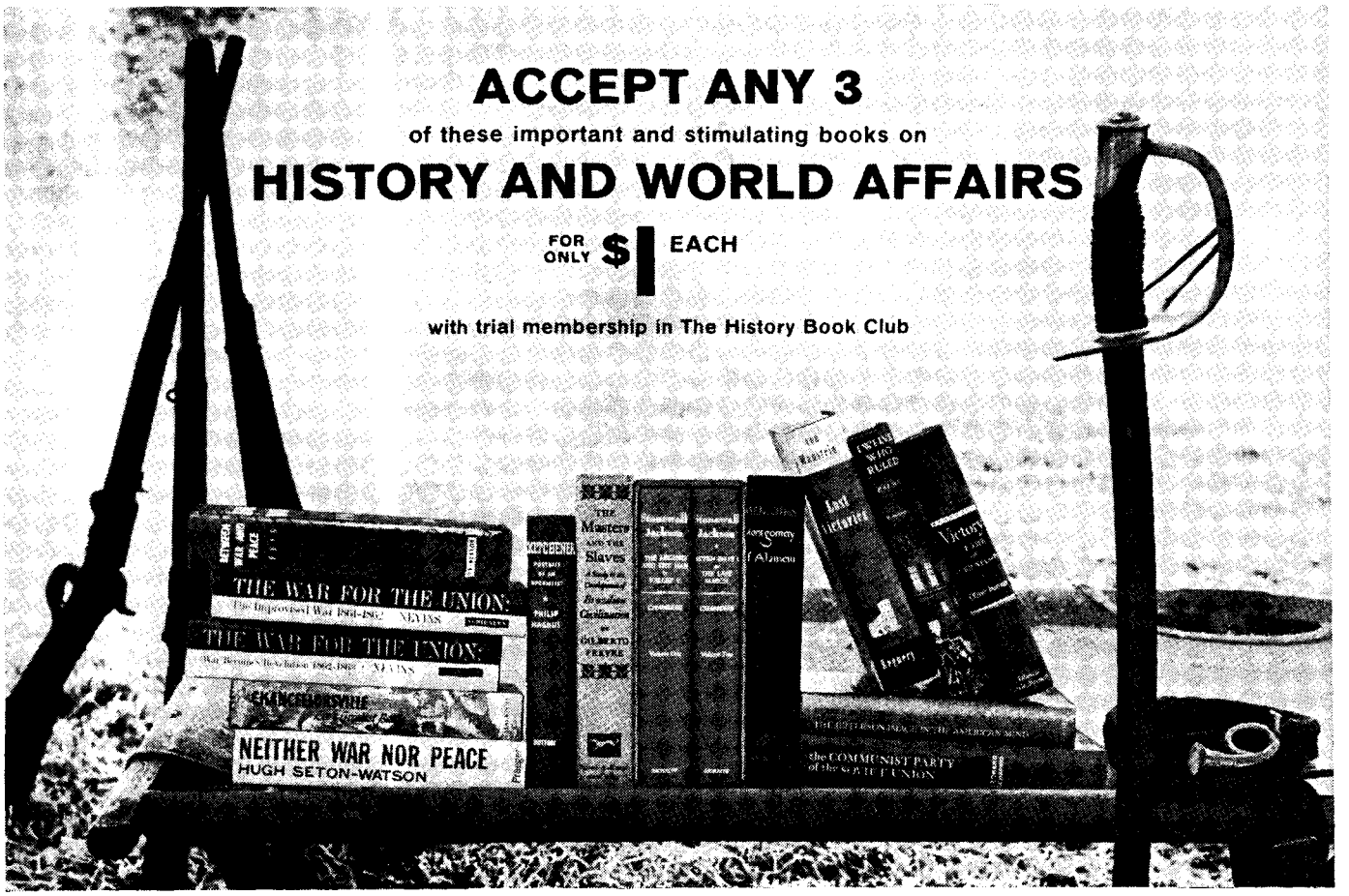

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According to the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington, not to mention the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington (near London), every day is longer than the preceding one by .00117 milliseconds, a millisecond being a thousandth of a second. Astronomers are all agog because they don't know why. And it may be that the rest of us should be excited, too, at the prospect of a 25-hour day for our distant (*very* distant) descendants.

As a matter of fact, the idea of a longer day does give one pause, doesn't it? Makes one wonder whether he has been improving each shining fraction of a millisecond as he should.

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insurance, aid to depressed areas, and other welfare measures. In general, the recession will tend to force the Congress to support the President's federal programs to stimulate the economy, despite an ingrained suspicion against such governmental action.

The technological revolution on the farms, long apparent, has created an agricultural crisis of resounding proportions. The mounting and expensive surpluses are now more likely to be used to further foreign policy objectives, something the experts long have sought.

Whether Kennedy can persuade the Congress to come to an agreement on some new forms of farm control to get the surpluses in hand is not yet certain. But the pressures on the budget and the suspicions of the increasingly urban-suburban population are likely to make easier the enactment of stricter controls, which are the only hope, regardless of how much the nostalgia still lingers for the small family farm and the farmer's traditional independence.

The South

C. Vann Woodward of Johns Hopkins University has aptly described the change which is taking place in the South as the "bulldozer revolution." The increasing industrialization has ended the long period during which the South was the bulwark of free-trade philosophy and internationalism in foreign-policy thinking. As Woodward says, the South is replacing the Middle West as the center of isolationist thought. In time, when the South has reached the national level of industrialization, this philosophy doubtless will change, but the change is years away.

Hence the current pressures in Congress — where the Democrats must count on Southern votes to put over many of the Kennedy measures — to find compensatory means to protect and extend the South's growth without affecting national objectives in foreign policy.

In the civil rights field, Woodward rightly says that the campaign for law enforcement has passed through two major phases — voluntary compliance with desegregation in the border states and compulsory desegregation in the upper South and Florida — and is now moving into a third phase in the big urban centers of the deep South, such as New Orleans and Atlanta. The fourth and most difficult phase must begin in the Kennedy years, the campaign for desegregation in the smaller towns and rural areas, where fears, emotions, and prejudices are the most intense.

Kennedy has wisely sought to work at first in the civil rights field by exploiting the powers inherent in the presidency, as well as those available under the two recent congressional acts. But there is little doubt that by next year, if not by the latter part of this session of Congress, the President will have to ask for new legislation.

It was due partly to this method of approach, as well as to his desire to begin with a harmonious relationship with the Southern wing of his party in Congress, that Kennedy did nothing to alter the Senate filibuster rule in the pre-inaugural weeks of the new Congress. The liberal forces were disappointed, but their disappointment was tempered by the knowledge that he would act with executive vigor.

Mood of the Capital

The problems, both foreign and domestic, facing Kennedy are indeed immense, but the new President has begun with a surefootedness which bodes well both for the management of his own executive branch of government and for support of the bulk of his program in the Congress.

Things are humming all across Washington as they have not done since the war years. More important, there is a new sense of enthusiasm from the White House down, and the lights burn late. The fact is that Kennedy quickly set a standard both of competence and of élan. This and the high caliber of the men he has gathered together presage movement instead of the immobility which was evident during so much of the past eight years.

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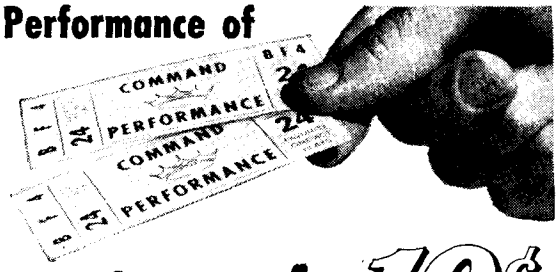

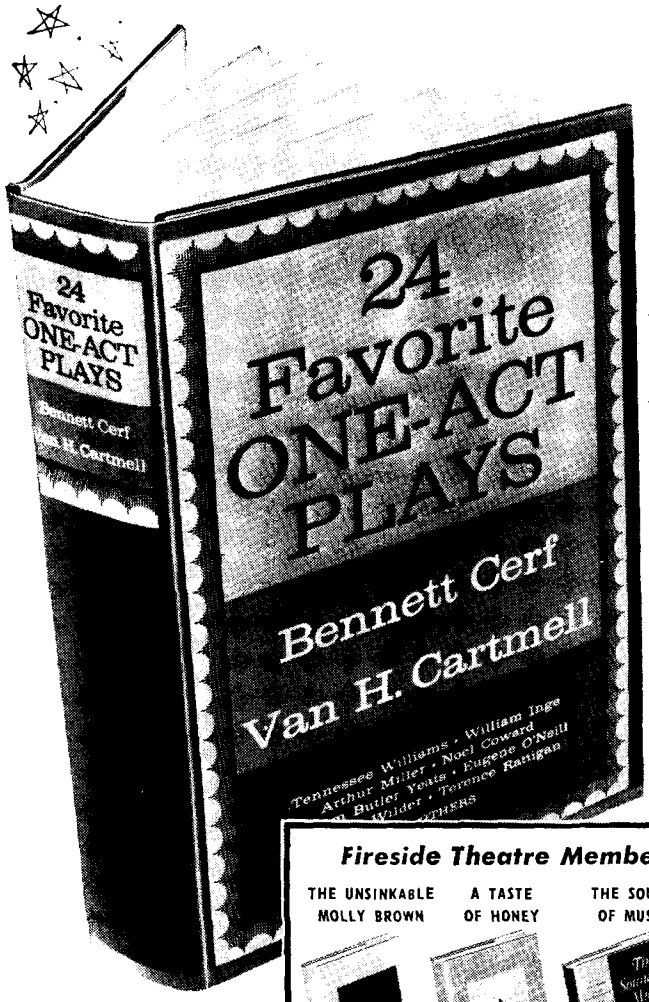

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The Atlantic Report THE PHILIPPINES

ONCE, during a tropical downpour, an Englishman stopped his automobile at a Manila street intersection. To his surprise, a Filipino policeman opened the door of the car and hopped in beside him. "I couldn't get a cab," said the policeman apologetically. "I wonder if you'd mind dropping me off by the city hall?" The incident persuaded the Englishman to stay in the Philippines. He married a Filipino and now uses the anecdote to establish his point that the Philippines is the only country in Asia where Westerners are accepted on a basis of friendship and full equality.

Friendliness and hospitality are national characteristics, but they have been carried to the point where they have even become national liabilities. Countless thousands of Manila's more than two million inhabitants neither work nor wish to work, since they are confident that their relatives and friends will see to it that they do not go hungry or want for some sort of shelter over their heads.

In the Muslim areas of southwestern Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago, there is a suspicion of strangers. This is based primarily on religious fears that outside contacts may further the spread of Christianity, which already embraces 90 per cent of the archipelago's 25 million inhabitants. But elsewhere, in the cities, towns, and 22,000 barrios, the Filipino lives up to his reputation as the most gregarious and friendly of all Asians.

Occasionally it has seemed that friendship for the United States has worn thin. This was the case in the middle of 1959, when protracted negotiations for the revision of the 1947 agreement on military bases and the United States rejection of Manila's "omnibus" claim for war-damage payments amounting to $900 million helped to create a virulent anti-American campaign.

The late Senator Claro Recto, who never forgot nor forgave the United States for the humiliating treatment he received as a collaborator, was a constant and articulate critic whose diatribes were readily acceptable to many intellectuals and to sections of the Manila press. Newspaper headlines accused Americans of murder at Clark Field; there was talk of U.S. "economic colonialism" and of the need to rid the economy of its foreign domination.

Smarting under charges of inefficiency and corruption, the administration sought to exploit the situation to its own advantage by inspiring a state of nationalization, or "Filipino First" legislation, which, it believed, would pick up votes in the 1959 mid-term elections. Although the ruling Nacionalista Party managed to win the majority of the seats in the Senate, the results precipitated an agonizing reappraisal on the part of President Carlos P. Garcia.

Better relations with the United States

From a hospital bed the President initiated a series of changes designed primarily to give his administration a more savory character in the eyes of the 1961 presidential electors, but which contributed also to the restoration of amiable relations with the United States. He withdrew his support from the Communist-infiltrated National Progress Movement, soft-pedaled the nationalization issue, and appointed as Secretary of Finance 41-year-old Dominador Aytona, a protégé of the late President Ramón Magsaysay well known for his integrity.

The publication of a memorandum of agreement on the military bases in October, 1959, had already paved the way for better relations with the United States. Some, if not all, of the Filipinos' complaints were met by reducing the valid term of the bases from 99 to 25 years and by the further agreement that consultation should take place between the United States and the Philippines regarding combat operation and the establishment of long-range-missile bases.

Four other U.S. moves that helped to end the anti-American campaign were a $23 million payment in compensation for the 1934 gold devaluation, long authorized but not appropriated; the introduction into the U.S. Congress of a bill authorizing the payment of $73 million to the

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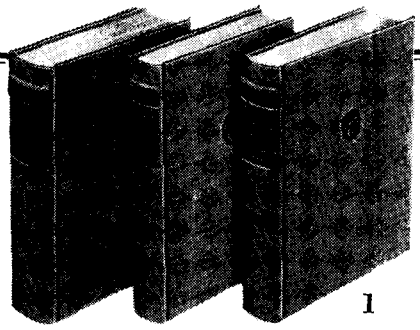

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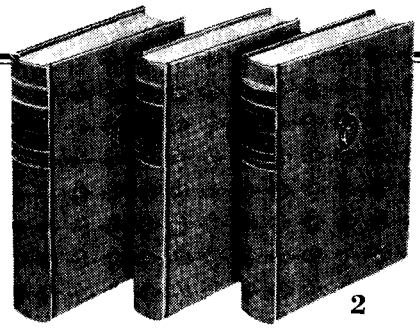

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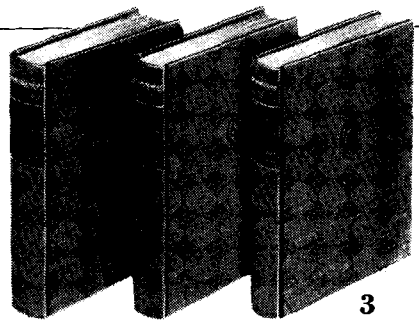

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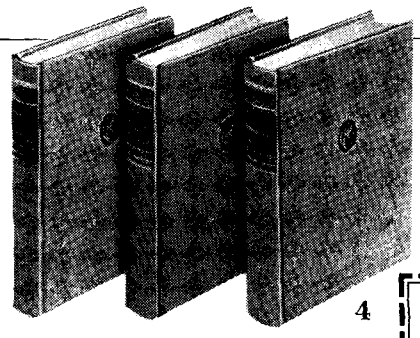

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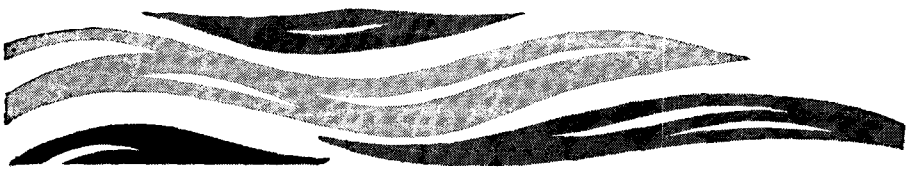

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Philippines in settlement of war-damage claims; a temporary increase of 176,000 tons in the U.S. sugar quota; and finally, the highly successful Eisenhower visit.

Points still at issue

The only danger now, as pro-American Filipinos see it, is that the United States may again be tempted to take the Philippines too much for granted and to forget that there are still points at issue. For instance, the contentious question of jurisdiction over criminal offenses committed by on-base but off-duty American servicemen remains unsolved and is complicated by the fact that Filipinos and Americans work together on the bases. The feeling persists even among the most favorably disposed Filipinos that the United States has often been undiplomatic and stubborn in handling the bases problem. It took ten years to persuade the United States that the Philippine flag should be flown alongside the Stars and Stripes at the bases.

In the field of economics, there are also grievances. The free-trade provisions of the Bell Trade Act are seen as having been deliberately designed to delay the industrialization of the Philippines, and though Washington may regard the war-damage payments and the compensation for gold devaluation as settlement in full of all Filipino claims, this is not an opinion with which Manila concurs. On the contrary, a small army of civil servants is still working to reconstruct the claim on which the $900 million "omnibus" bill was based.

Finally, the opinion persists that the sugar industry in the Philippines has never received really sympathetic American consideration. Its permanent quota of 954,000 short tons, decided more than twenty-five years ago, was temporarily increased for the year 1960 only because of the Cuban embargo, and though the United States consumption increases 200,000 tons each year, the Philippines has never received a share of the increase.

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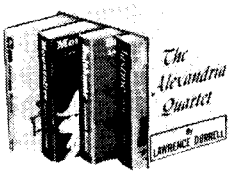

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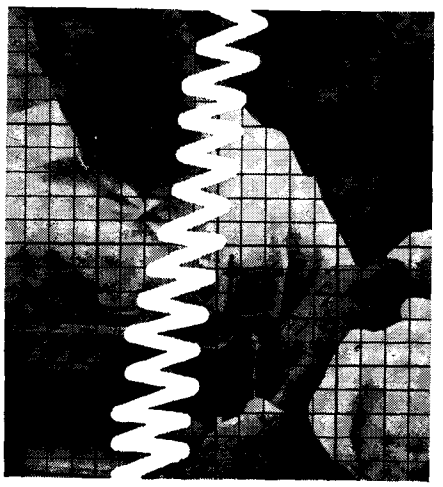

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The Philippines

For the immediate future, however, there is nothing that could be interpreted as a danger signal in the relations between the two countries. President Eisenhower's pledge that the United States is firmly and irrevocably committed to the defense of the Philippines had an immediately reassuring effect. There is real fear of Communist China, and, among the more thoughtful sections of the community, no little concern about the loyalties of much of the local Chinese population, which, though numbering only 300,000 to 400,000, has a strangle hold on retail trade and rice milling.

From steering a course that was covertly anti-American, President Garcia has even moved to the point of indicating that he would welcome American missiles in the Philippines. In fact, of all the base areas in the Far East, the only one today that seems genuinely secure is the Philippines.

That is good news for the United States and its other allies in the West Pacific, since the 7100 islands in the archipelago, situated as they are on the edge of the Asian mainland, occupy a highly strategic position in both cold and hot war. Important to the containment of Communism in peacetime, they are essential to the control of the North Pacific in the event of war. And with the growth of neutralism and pacifism in Japan, their readiness to accept American protection as a form of insurance has added significance.

The rising economy

No substitute exists in the Philippines for the Japanese industrial complex. The Philippines is far from developing into another workshop of Asia, but there are encouraging signs that it has fully recovered from the appalling wartime damage that killed a million of its people and wrecked its economy. It now grows enough rice to meet the requirements of its rapidly expanding population of 25 million. Exports in 1959 passed the billion-peso mark for the first time to give the country its first favorable trade balance since World War II. The gross national product increased by 4.2 per cent.

Rural families made vast fortunes in real estate and are now turning to industrial development. A managerial class has begun to appear, and a determined effort is being made to impose standards on the school system, which hitherto has been more notable for quantity than quality. The Philippines spends a quarter of the national budget on state education, and in addition to the University of the Philippines, which ranks with the best in Asia, there are twenty-four private universities and several hundred colleges which assert that they teach at the university level. One university in Manila has 4000 medical students; another has nearly 50,000 undergraduates.

The quest for learning is clearly there; the requirement now is that the country's five million students should receive an education in fact as well as in name, thereby equipping themselves to fill the needs of an expanding economy.

Natural resources are adequate. Of the millions of acres of potential farmland, only about half is under cultivation; the soil is volcanic and rich. About half the land area is covered with forests, including extensive stands of valuable hardwood. Though coal is scarce, the hydroelectric potential is huge, and there is ample iron ore for a modest steel industry.

Corruption in government

A major blight is corruption, which has both hampered economic growth and destroyed the people's confidence in government. Manila newspapers assert that corruption has never been worse than it is today, an opinion that even some Nacionalista Party members do not dispute. Nacionalista Party member Arsenio Lacson, Manila's fiery and efficient mayor, who has been mentioned as a possible contender for the presidency this year, calls the current administration an "organized gang of bank robbers" compared with which the notoriously graft-ridden Quirino administration was merely "a set of pickpockets."

Like many others, he is not impressed with the efficiency of Presi-

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José F[illegible] talks shop with young drama students on the fortress wall in San Juan. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

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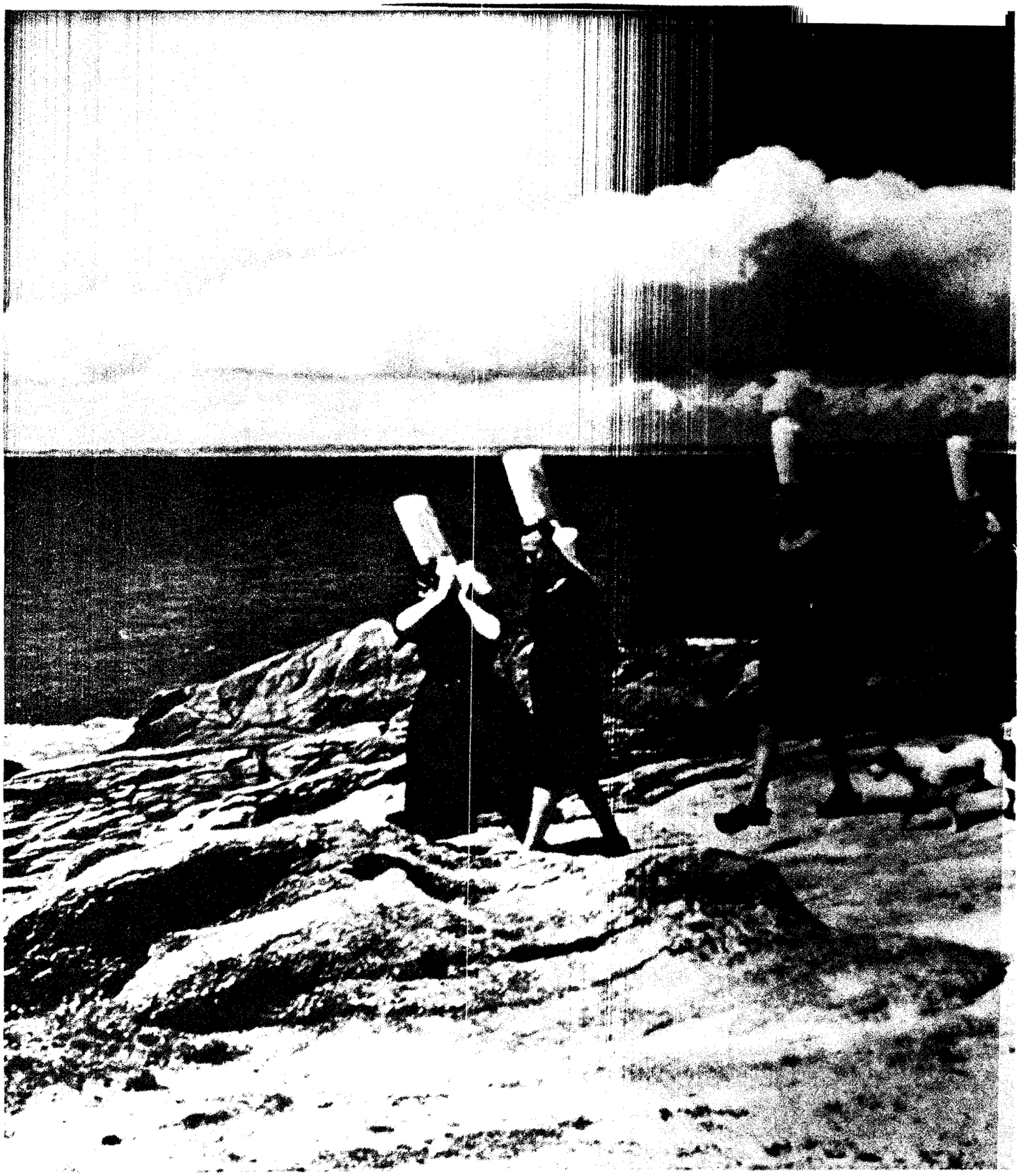

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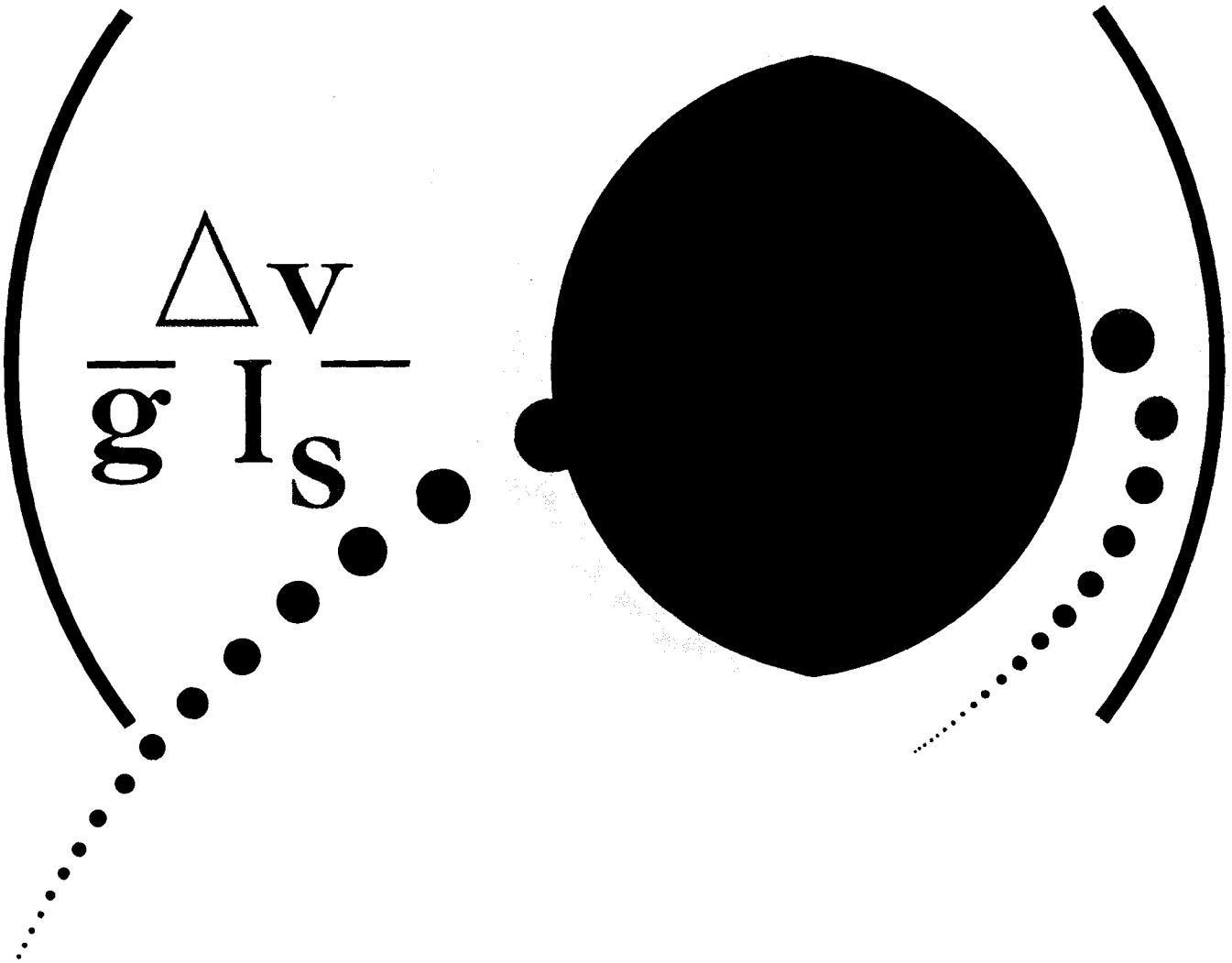

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dent Garcia's drive against corruption, which has mostly caught only the smaller fry and, in particular, the followers of Senate President Eulogio Rodriguez, who is also president of the Nacionalista Party and a contender for the party nomination in the presidential election this year.

The departments under the control of Secretary Aytona are a notable exception. Hundreds of cases of malpractice have been unearthed by Aytona since he took office at the beginning of 1960. Customs and internal revenue collections have risen sharply. In principle, the opportunity for graft and fraudulent conversion which exists with a multiple exchange rate is also being eliminated by a gradual move toward a more realistic single exchange rate.

Many Filipinos are cynical about the prospects of eliminating political corruption. Their experience has led them to the conclusion that one party is as corrupt as another and that to exchange the Nacionalistas for the Liberals is merely to provide the opportunity for a new group to enjoy the spoils of office. They yearn for another Magsaysay, who used his wide presidential powers to enforce honesty in government, but there is no Magsaysay in the offing.

In matters of policy, there is little difference between the two main parties; they are both loose collections of individuals. Expediency and patronage dictate loyalties. A few highly respected progressives and independents polled an impressive number of votes in the mid-term elections, but they lack money and organization and have prospects only in alliance with one of the two major parties.

Communism no serious threat

The Communist Party is illegal, and the remnants of its militant organization, the Hukbalahap, which a decade ago even threatened Manila from its almost impenetrable swampland north of Manila Bay, can now muster fewer than a thousand armed men. Captured docu-

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ments recently suggested that the Huks, who have been quiescent since the Magsaysay era, plan a new terrorist campaign in outlying provinces, especially around the American bases. Their chances of success are remote. In this unsophisticated environment it is easier to meet the Communists in a shooting war, however, than it is to contend with their recent tactics of infiltrating government and respectable institutions and enunciating seemingly respectable ideas — a tactic which is too abstract for many Filipinos to understand.

Today there are known Communists in the Department of Labor, in serious student organizations at the universities, where they have introduced a xenophobic brand of nationalism, and in the once militant National Progress Movement. Their activities excite some fears among Westerners in Manila, but they cannot, at this stage, be regarded as a serious threat.

In no other country in Asia is the democratic ideal so firmly embedded. Its interpretation sometimes strikes the Westerner as license rather than freedom, especially in the press, which washes the national linen in a manner that would bring immediate arrest and indefinite suspension in almost every other Southeast Asian country.

The result has been a healthy stirring up of civic consciousness. A candidate for appointment to the permanent staff of the Foreign Office this year was asked whether, in view of the governmental malpractices he read about in the newspapers every day, he felt there was any hope for the Philippines. "Of course, we all know there is corruption," the candidate replied, "but while there are men of honesty, integrity, and good faith in this country — and there are — the Philippines will pull through." He got the appointment, and the Philippines got the services of the type of youth the country needs if it is to begin to move out of its economic and political adolescence.

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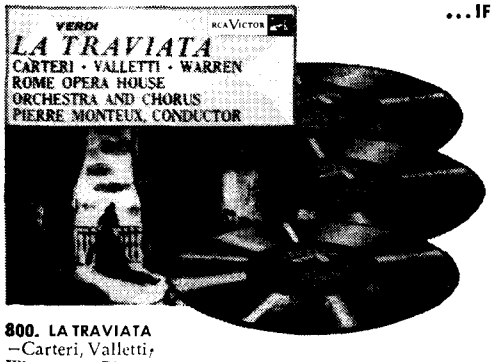

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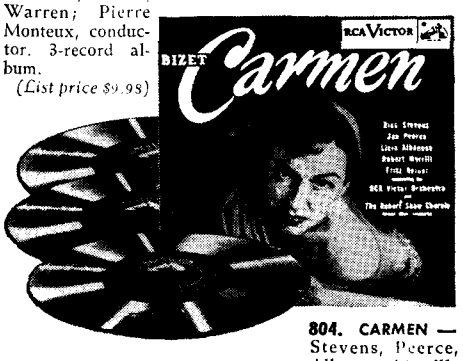

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The Atlantic Report PANAMA

WHILE other Caribbean countries crackle with political tension, the Republic of Panama is reasonably relaxed. Such tranquillity amid swirling turbulence not only makes surprising news; Panama's current stability also offers its leaders and U.S. policy makers a chance to plan progress for an underdeveloped country in a positive, professional way.

The short-run factors that give Panama a breathing period are three: John F. Kennedy's entry into the White House, Roberto Chiari's assumption of the Panamanian presidency last October, and various concessions to Panamanian pride made by the United States in its administration of the Panama Canal Zone after the riots of November, 1959.

Kennedy's accession to the U.S. presidency is reassuring because practically all Panamanians are in favor of the Democratic Party. Courtly, retired Panamanian diplomats will tell the stateside visitor that in the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy, the White House door was always open to them, whereas in recent, Republican years they have found assistant secretaries of state for Latin America stiff, and secretaries of state well-nigh inaccessible.

West Indies-born Negroes working in Colon near the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Canal explain their preference for the Democrats in bread-and-butter terms: "You remember under Hoover? There was no work. Under President Roosevelt, there was work. When there is work in the United States, there is more work for people everywhere." A point of pride with hundreds of Panamanians is how late they stayed up last November listening to the U.S. election returns on the radio — and how resoundingly they celebrated the victory of the Democrats. Panamanians are confident that a Democratic Administration in Washington will do wonders for them.

As far as their own new President, Roberto Chiari, is concerned, Panamanians of almost all local political persuasions are prepared to give him a year to fulfill his campaign promises. Chiari, a wealthy owner of sugar mills and other commercial interests, has said that he would be the last member of the aristocratic class to be President of Panama. Anticipating the rise to power of the middle and lower classes, Chiari has promised broad programs of social and economic reform, housing construction for the squatters on government land outside Panama City, far-ranging land reform, augmented public health and social welfare services, general economic progress.

The well-to-do are waiting to see if they can go along with the higher taxes and the inroads on their privileges that Chiari's program implies. The poor are waiting to see whether Chiari can indeed arrange a compromise between the interests of the rich and the poor. In a country with a considerable sense of fair play, not even the extremists are prepared to challenge Chiari before he has a chance to show what he can do.

Less friction in the Canal Zone

The changes in the Canal Zone made in the course of 1960 are bound to have an important effect on the local climate of opinion. In the November, 1959, riots the Panamanians reasserted their contention that they are sovereign over the Canal Zone. Since September, 1960, the Panamanian flag has been allowed to fly beside the American in a moderately conspicuous spot in the Zone. Panamanian drivers and bus passengers must cross the Canal Zone to get from the eastern to the western part of their own country, and they have been pleased that reciprocity of license plates has been arranged between the Zone and the Republic of Panama.

Another point of friction was the fact that the 10,000 Panamanian laborers employed on the canal were paid at local wage rates, whereas the American technicians working on the canal received at least double local wages. A slight reshuffling of wage rates, even though it did not abrogate the sharp distinction between local pay scales and U.S. pay scales, has soothed many ruffled feelings.

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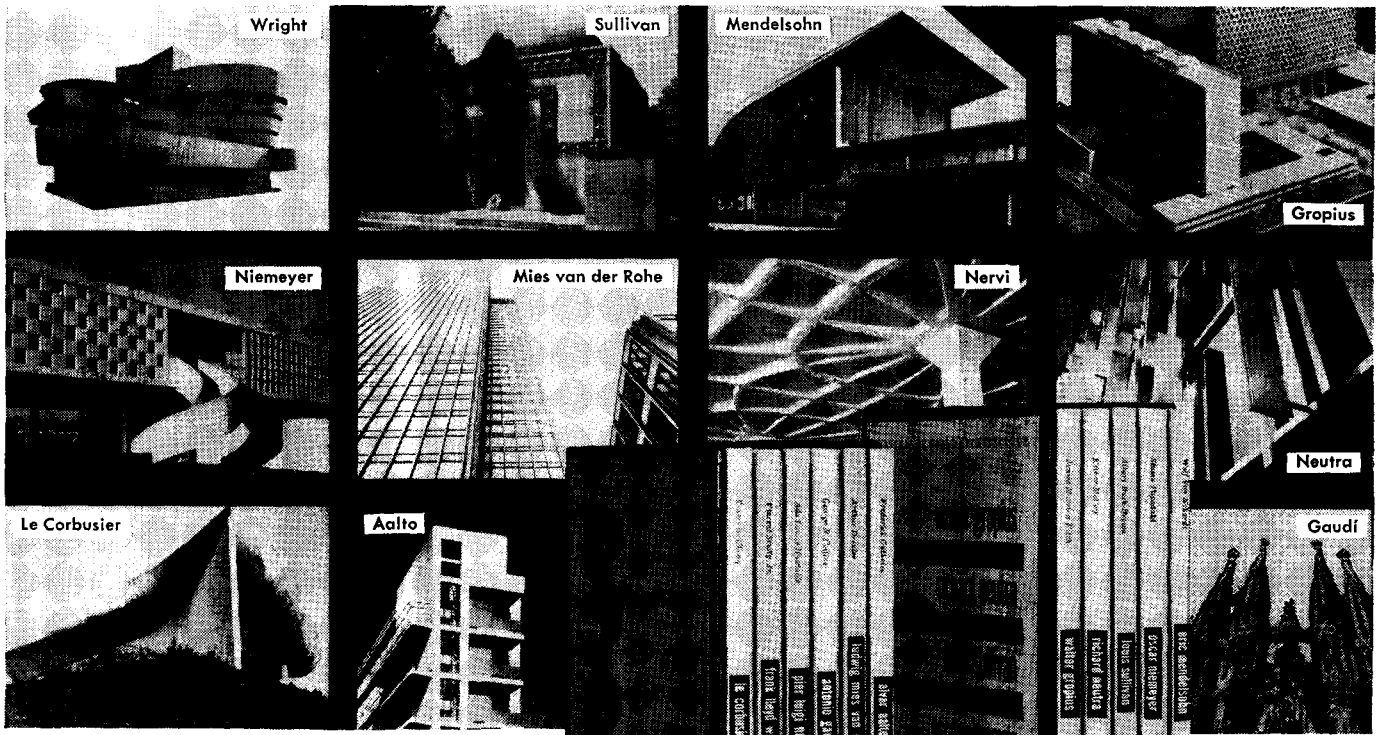

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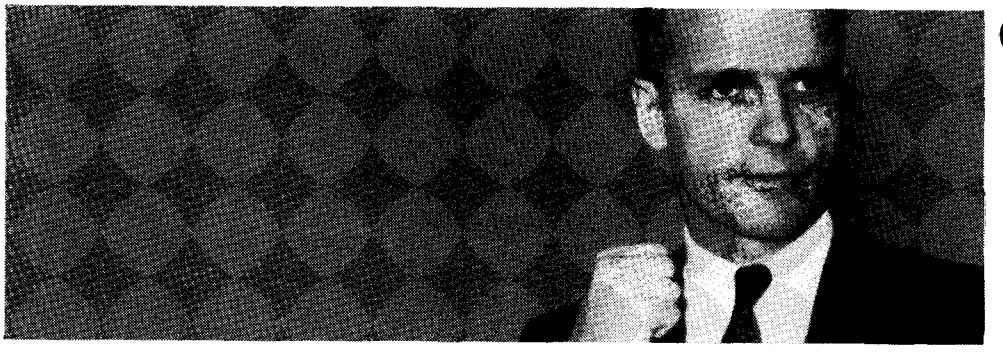

Television: a statement by Senator William Proxmire before U.S. Senate, Jan. 9, 1961:

In the past, I have frequently been a critic of television. There is still too much trivia on the air, in my opinion, especially in the prime evening hours, when the largest potential audiences are able to listen.

But there is another side to this story. In the past few months many of us have become aware of the tremendous job television can do when it aims high. There has been an impressive succession of genuinely outstanding programs. During the national political campaign we had the now historic great debates in which the two presidential candidates met face to face in verbal combat while as many as 80 million viewers looked on. What a magnificent contribution this was to genuine democratic participation in our huge nation. This was an indication of what television can do.

The coverage of the campaign and the election brought more Americans into closer contact with the meaning and excitement of politics than ever before, as the personalities and policies of the candidates and the parties were revealed in painstaking detail. Thanks to television, this was the best informed electorate in my judgment in our history.

On the night of the election, the networks brought the details of the nationwide vote count to an enormous audience that stayed up to watch what surely must have been the most prolonged cliff hanger since the end of "The Perils of Pauline." Other broadcasts have continued this high level of television programming. A moving study of the problem of migratory labor in this country drew wide attention. This program moved many to express their concern to me in many ways. . . . There have been programs on the U-2 affair, on the sit-ins, on the world refugee problem, and on other subjects of equal importance. These programs have had an immense impact on tens of millions of Americans, providing a vast increase in understanding.

I think that one must recognize that the television networks' elbowroom is limited by certain factors. The need to find financial sponsorship for programs among a fairly small number of advertisers inevitably places an over-all restriction on the scope and nature of programming. The established tastes and viewing preferences of most Americans are likely to remain fairly stable. The much-maligned ratings continue to provide a persuasive link between the desire of a potential sponsor to reach a maximum audience, and the nature of the program which will accomplish this with the greatest degree of reliability.

These hard facts of life in the television industry being what they are, it is all the more worth taking time out to praise the networks for putting on a very substantial number of outstanding programs in recent months. The merits of these shows deserve recognition. Those responsible for the broadcasts should be praised and encouraged to continue their working efforts.

During the next few days I intend to place in the Record the actual transcripts of some of these outstanding broadcasts. The bare script of a television broadcast hardly does justice to the total impression achieved by a program, but it may serve as an indication, in permanent form, of how good television can be at its best.

I think it is time that the Congress recognize how this magic medium transforms our democracy. And just in the nick of time. Many of us have feared that the problems of our democracy have been becoming too vast, too remote, and too complicated with the impact of technology shrinking the contact size of a world becoming always more complex with burgeoning population and multiplying independent nations.

Now television has come along and it is at last possible for the great majority of us Americans to develop a far better understanding of our responsibilities, and how massive and challenging a job we face. In many ways American television is beginning to do part of that job.

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In March...Some Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"The Great Challenge"
Distinguished guests discuss challenging issues facing mankind.
Sunday, March 5-12-26 (4-5 PM)

"White Paper"
A study of state legislatures, the powers they possess and assume.
Tuesday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

"Russian Whale Hunt"
A nine-month, 24,000-mile whaling and scientific expedition.
Tuesday, March 14 (7-7:30 PM)

"Young Performers"
Promising young musical artists perform with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.
Sunday, March 19 (4-5 PM)

"Minister of Hate"
Propaganda techniques of Joseph Goebbels. Guest: H. R. Trevor-Roper.
Sunday, March 19 (6:30-7 PM)

"Closing the Ring"
The first "summit" meeting of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, at Teheran in 1943.
Sunday, March 19 (10:30-11 PM)

"24 Hours in a Woman's Life"
Ingrid Bergman stars in Stefan Zweig's story of a woman betrayed by emotion.
Monday, March 20 (9-10:30 PM)

"Our Man in Hong Kong"
A personal report by David Brinkley.
Tuesday, March 21 (10-11 PM)

"The Passover"
History, ritual, and customs of the Jewish celebration of deliverance from bondage.
Sunday, March 26 (1-1:30 PM)

"Boris Godunov"
Moussorgsky's opera in a new English-language production, with Giorgio Tozzi.
Sunday, March 26 (3-5 PM)

"The Story of Will Rogers"
Tuesday, March 28 (9-10 PM)

"The Real West"
The Old West in rare photographs and documents. Narrator: Gary Cooper.
Wednesday, March 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

"Nor Any Drop to Drink"
A documentary on the problem of water pollution.
Wednesday, March 29 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Sundays:	Meet the Professor
	Issues and Answers
	Roundup USA
	Ask Washington
	Meet the Press
	The Twentieth Century
	Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	Face the Nation/Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom
	Road to Reality

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

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Report on Panama

Beyond all this, the five to six thousand U.S. army troops stationed in the Canal Zone have methodically embarked on "Operation Friendship." U.S. officers now play golf matches with upper-class Panamanians; army dentists trade professional experiences with Panamanian practitioners; and GI's teach sports to Panamanian youngsters and contribute to the support of needy Panamanian families. All these developments, after some rather bad years in which U.S. Canal Zone personnel and Canal Zone policy were cold and contemptuous toward the Panamanians, make the people feel better about the United States.

The U.S. potential

In Panama, the United States plays a greater part, relative to the national area, population, and economy, than it does in any other country in the world. The Canal Zone cuts a swath 10 miles wide and 50 miles long through the center of the small republic. Fourteen thousand people work on the canal; the U.S. army, navy, and air force bases in the Zone are manned by some 10,000 more. With the families of the working personnel, the retired Canal Zone employees, and other residents, the Zone dominates the lives of 100,000 people in a country whose population is around one million and whose politically conscious population, concentrated in Panama City at the Pacific end and in Colon at the Atlantic end of the Canal, scarcely exceeds 300,000.

In the small Panamanian economy, the Panama Canal Company is by far the biggest employer. The economic predominance of the canal is enhanced by its engineering magnificence: the spectacle of 10,000-ton freighters rising and falling in the canal locks as gigantic electric pumps add or subtract water by the millions of gallons creates not only respect for man's mastery over nature but also for the United States as the agent of the process. The large part played by the United States in the Panamanian economy is a measure of its constructive potential.

The nature of Panama and the Panamanians is highly receptive to sensible, practical, progressive influences. The country is marvelously compact and manageable: it really revolves around the Canal Zone. The hinterlands toward Central America on the west and Colombia on the east, while becoming more influential because of the awakening of the Indians who work the banana and coffee plantations, are still rather inarticulate dependencies of the country's core. At the center, the true Panamanian character is seen.

The Panamanians are a cosmopolitan people whose consciousness is shaped by geography, by the fact that they live on the bridge between two oceans and amidst much of the world's traffic in goods and men. The most uneducated Panamanian knows how the Spanish gold traffic came up from Peru, ran across the isthmus over trails and bridges, which are still partially preserved, and connected with the west-bound galleons on the Atlantic coast. Panamanians remember, too, that American forty-niners crossed their country to get to California's gold.

Exposed to travel and movement, the Panamanians hunger for travel themselves. The well-to-do are globe-trotters, and the talented look for wider arenas: Panamanian José Quintero is a luminary of the U.S. theater, and his compatriots Manuel Ycaza and Hector Lopez are stellar figures of American turf and baseball, respectively.

The sense that all the world is before them makes the Panamanians personally outgoing, tolerant, and hospitable. The levelheaded Panamanians would like to live at peace, provided they get the gradual progress that their alert intelligence tells them they should have.

The U.S. can do so much to help Panama that it would be very sad if the country were neglected. Furthermore, the results of progress in Panama would not be confined to the local scene. A year ago, the Panamanian poor and their spokesmen were in favor of Cuba's Fidel Castro. They saw him as the apostle of the social reform that any underdeveloped country requires. Now Panamanians have turned against Castro because they feel his cause has been

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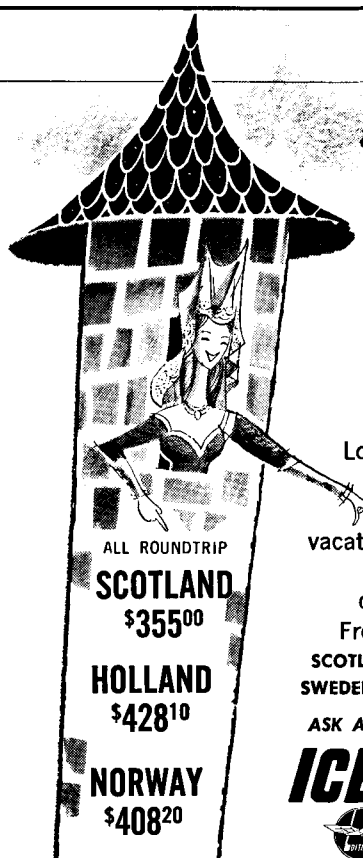

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taken over by the Communists. If economic and social progress is made in Panama, the country can be a demonstration to all of Latin America that cooperation with the United States is a better route into the future than Castro's road of revolution.

The challenge within

We shall be deluding ourselves, however, if we do not recognize that beneath the placid surface extremist forces lie in wait. The Cuban ambassador, who made a substantial impact with his propaganda, has been asked by the Panamanian government not to return. But he may well have a more subtle successor. Egyptian diplomats, who energetically urged the Panamanians to emulate Nasser's seizure of Suez by grabbing the Panama Canal, have quieted down. They may become vociferous again.

Among the Panamanians themselves, the Communists are not idle. They are alleged to have three floating training schools in the country; they are apparently trying to infiltrate the political parties that cater to the middle classes and the poor, and one of the ablest Panamanian union leaders has completed his course of education in the U.S.S.R.

Perils to stability also loom from the Panamanian far right, the crafty and wealthy "haves" who intend to check any social evolution in order to preserve their own prerogatives. The traditional joint assault of the far left and the far right on the constitutional order may have to be faced and beaten back in Panama in the coming months.

U.S. policy makers have taken the first steps to protect the moderate Chiari government against potential attacks. The Chiari government has received a $5 million loan to pay off its inherited bills, some of them 16 months overdue, and to re-establish its credit. Money has been advanced by Washington for the building of rural roads. This is an essential prerequisite for land reform, since

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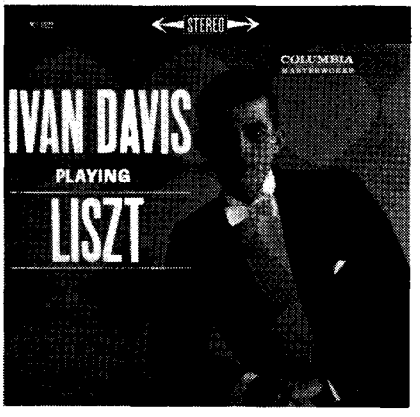

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the new peasant proprietors must have the means of getting their produce to market. Good U.S. technical advisers on road building and rural problems are on hand. The attitude of U.S. diplomatic and military personnel in Panama, cordial as it is, contributes to the stability of the Chiari regime.

Higher tolls

However, the United States has it in its power to do much more than defend President Chiari. One issue that will soon have to be faced is the question of the tolls on the Panama Canal. Panama now receives an annual fee of $1.9 million from the canal company, which does a gross business of about $90 million a year on the basis of a toll of 90 cents a ton on the freight that comes through.

The argument of the Canal Zone authorities against increasing the returns to Panama from the canal is that the operating costs of the interocean waterway are really borne by the consumers of the freight that passes through it — that is, largely by the American people, who either export or import some 70 per cent of the goods going through the canal. This argument overlooks the essential point that if the American consumer and producer had to ship around the tip of South America, their costs would be a great deal higher.

The toll of 90 cents a ton seems too low to represent economic equity these days, and the payment of $1.9 million to Panama seems like very low taxes on U.S. control of 500 square miles of soil and operation of a very lucrative enterprise. Greater earnings by the canal could not only provide more revenue for Panama but could also create an economic assistance fund for some of Panama's neighbors. Such a form of economic aid would also make its recipients feel that they had earned it by making a Latin American physical facility available to produce it, rather than getting it as a U.S. handout. Moreover, the businessmen and consumers who now benefit from the canal would be lightly taxed for the development of the people through whose country the canal runs.

Wages with less discrimination

Even more immediate in Panamanian eyes is the question of wage scales in the Canal Zone. The 10,000 Panamanian laborers receive from 54 cents to about $1.14 an hour, which is generous by local standards. But then the rate of pay jumps sharply to $2.50 an hour and up for the 4000 skilled employees, of whom only about 400 are Panamanians. While this distinction was somewhat modified by wage readjustments after the 1959 riots, the wage pattern still reflects an invidious division of Canal Zone workers into inferior and superior.

Many Panamanians — and many thoughtful Americans on the spot — believe that the Canal Zone wage pattern of the future has to be standardized and that local wage scales should be disregarded. Such a change would not only be a psychological boon. An upward progression of wages would also suggest that Panamanians could move step by step up the ladder of skills and status. Thus, the Canal Zone could become a training ground for Panamanians in technical proficiencies, which would redound to the benefit of their country's economy and to their own social progress. Under wise American management, the Canal Zone could be an enormous instrument for Panamanian order, stability, and progress.

Changes in the canal tolls and in the Canal Zone wage scales would not constitute U.S. "concessions." They would simply be instances of justice. The opportunity that the United States has in Panama to help an intelligent and receptive people and to brighten its own record is enormous.

There is always the danger that, since things are now going well in Panama, the country will be the low man on the totem pole in the eyes of a Washington officialdom harried by Latin American eruptions. But there is the great opportunity for the United States in Panama to raise a standard of social, economic, and political performance to which all the wise and honest in Latin America can point.

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No individual concerned for our national welfare can escape the impact of the transportation problem often intensified by conflicting statements. Here is one branch of the industry speaking out regarding what they consider harmful misconceptions which are still widely held.

TUMULT IN TRANSPORTATION

by

WELBY M. FRANTZ

Chairman of the Board of American Trucking Associations, Inc.

Tumult is properly described as commotion or agitation with great uproar and confusion of voices. This is an appropriate description of what has been current within transportation in recent years. More and more the confusion of voices is reaching those outside the immediate family of transportation. As a result the American people may be asked to make decisions of great consequence, unfortunately without an adequate background to assure sound judgment.

How many otherwise well-informed people have any sound understanding of the actual functioning of transportation in this country today? All of the available evidence indicates "not many" and yet transport is the foundation of our economy.

Misconceptions? A great many.

Misinformation? An abundance.

Real understanding? Very little.

These are challenging statements, particularly so when addressed to this readership. Yet I think they are susceptible of proof.

Perhaps a few questions which you might answer quickly by consulting your impressions will serve as a confirmation or denial of the basic assertion just made. Let me offer them in the form of statements on which you should rate yourself as agreeing or disagreeing.

1) Transportation is "in trouble."

2) Trucks are now the major reliance in distribution.

3) Trucks enjoy a great advantage in that they are subsidized.

4) As a national policy, we should permit any one form of transportation to own and operate any other form or forms of transport.

5) Piggyback is new and growing rapidly because it is a technological innovation.

Many other such conceptions might be offered for examination but these will suffice.

Whatever your opinions may be, there are several reasons why you hold them and it might be interesting, a bit later, to inquire into these reasons.

1. Transportation Is "In Trouble"?

There are problems in transportation, as in most business activities. In transport, for example, a major problem is commuter service. Others include re-location of industries with accompanying dislocation of traffic flow, some problems of finance, duplicating facilities and technological changes.

Most of the complaint about being "in trouble" emanates from railroads. It might be interesting to examine this complaint and to ask: are they presently "in trouble?" It seems to me there is a split answer with an interesting background.

The answer is "some railroads are in trouble." Railroads as a whole have historically been "in trouble." Today they are actually in better shape than they were in before emergence of the trucking industry, principal public whipping boy for their "trouble."

The plain fact about railroads in this country is that too many of them were built, not as engineering projects responsive to transportation needs of a developing country but as stock-jobbing promotions designed to line the pockets of speculators. This profligacy resulted in economically indefensible duplication of facilities and has plagued some railroads since their inception.

Mileage in bankruptcy or receivership is a good test of railroad "trouble" and it has been a recurring situation since 1894 — long before truck competition. In that year 40,819 miles or 22.8% of all railroad mileage was in the hands of receivers. In 1905 it dropped to 796 miles; by 1916 was back to 37,353 miles (14.7%); by 1928 back down to

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5,236 miles, thence up to a post-depression total in 1939 of 77,013 miles or 32.8%.

Today the figure is less than 500 miles, with no major road involved, although the past history of bankruptcy and receivership is replete with familiar big names.

This long history of "trouble" should clearly indicate the chronic nature of such problems as the railroads have. The significant fact is that motor transport can hardly be blamed as the cause in the light of pre-motor truck competition history.

In this connection the following facts should be noted. In 1929, the year of maximum ton-miles prior to World War II, the railroads accounted for 450 billion ton-miles. They reached a maximum of 741 billion in the war period. In the ten years, 1950 to 1959, their ton miles averaged 605 billion; in the five years 1955–1959 the average was 606 billion. Both averages show long-term expansion, a fact which should not be overlooked.

If it should seem to anyone that there is some sort of paradox involved in the contention that railroads are doing better in freight hauling today when confronted by motor carrier competition than they did prior to it, it is well to remember that competition is indeed a spur. Faced for the first time by a rival mode which could do as good or better job than they could, the railroads set about to improve their service, sales methods and customer relations. One of the greatest contributions of the independent trucking industry over and above its own service has been the general improvement in rail service to meet its competition.

2. *Trucks Are Now the Major Reliance in Distribution?*

This statement is true. In recent years, the movement of products in agriculture and industry from point of production to ultimate consumer depends far more heavily on trucks than on railroads.

And tomorrow and in the foreseeable tomorrows lying ahead, this shift to major dependence upon trucks will intensify with the increase in population and the further dispersion of industry geographically.

Trucks presently are hauling 38% and railroads 28% of intercity tons of freight (not ton-miles) with 24% being hauled by other modes such as pipelines and water carriers and 10% being hauled jointly by various modes.

In terms of total ton-miles (a ton-mile is the hauling of one ton one mile) railroads are still dominant, thanks importantly to their heavy volume of such items as coal, grain, ore, heavy machinery and the like. But for the successful operation of modern industrial production and for reaching the consumer directly and through intermediate outlets, the major dependence today is upon motor truck service.

3. *Trucks Are Subsidized?*

The answer to this charge is found in the report published on December 15, 1960 under the title "Subsidy and Subsidy like Programs of the U. S. Government." Described as "Materials prepared for the Joint Economic Committee, Congress of the United States" this official study had this to say, in full, under the heading "Motor Carriers":

"Whether the extensive expenditures on highway and street improvements constitute a direct subsidy to the motor carrier industry has been widely debated. Representatives of the motor carrier industry have contended that through registration fees, gasoline taxes and other charges which have gone into the construction of public roads, the industry has met all the costs properly attributed to it. This is denied by railroad spokesmen.

"Studies sponsored by the Federal Coordinator of Transportation indicate that for the periods studied, 1932 and 1934, the motor carrier industry as a whole was not the recipient of any form of public subsidy. However certain parts of the industry, such as farm trucks and trucks of 1½ tons and less, did not meet the costs assigned to them."

That is the entire comment in the 80-page report on subsidies. It should also be noted that, since the years studied, taxes levied against trucks have moved very substantially upward in the face of relatively little road-building compared with the period of the twenties. No construction of any consequence was undertaken during and immediately after the war. And the postwar building of the national system of interstate and defense highways now in progress finds truck operators paying nearly 40% of the total cost.

4. *National Policy Should Permit Common Ownership?*

Only the railroads among all forms of transportation seek the privilege of owning and operating competing types of transport. Many organizations of shippers, agricultural, industrial and commercial, as well as carrier organizations, either are opposed to this proposal or favor it only with enforceable safeguards to assure competition and sound development of all modes.

For several years, and with increasing tempo, railroads have been urging that they be given the right to acquire, by establishment or purchase, operations in other fields of transportation, most particularly in truck transport. Presently they are allowed to operate trucks as supplementary or auxiliary to rail service, and some all-motor operations, under grandfather rights and special circumstances. Given complete freedom to own truck lines, these presently limited operations could be expanded immediately, and without hearing process.

The Congress, at the time of passage of the

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Motor Carrier Act, 1935, had little difficulty in deciding to reserve motor transport to independent businessmen. It understood thoroughly the danger of impeding its development by permitting railroads to enter freely into this new form of transport.

The Chairman of the subcommittee of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce said, as quoted in the Congressional Record:

"I will say in this respect that it is the intent, and it is important to the welfare and progress of the motor carrier industry, that the acquisition of control of the carriers be regulated by the Commission so that the control does not get into the hands of other competing forms of transportation, who might use the control as a means to strangle, curtail or hinder progress in highway transportation for the benefit of the other competing transportation."

It is obvious from a review of the proceedings that the Congress then felt that the railroads were not to be trusted to free lance within the motor carrier field. It is probable that students of transportation in both houses had in mind the railroad performance in the boat line case of previous years. In that case, known as "Lake Line Applications Under Panama Canal Act," the Interstate Commerce Commission had before it petitions from various railroads owning or having an interest in water lines operating on the Great Lakes. In denying the petition for continuation of this relationship, the Interstate Commerce Commission said:

"These boat lines under the control of petitioning railroads have been first a sword and then a shield. When these roads succeeded in gaining control of the boat lines which had been in competition with paralleling rails in which they were interested and later effected their combination through the Lake Line Association by which they were able to and did drive all independent boats from the through lake-and-rail transportation, they thereby destroyed the possibility of competition with their railroads other than such competition as they were of a mind to permit.

"Having disposed of real competition via the lakes, these boats are now held as a shield against possible competition of new independents. Since it appears from the records that the railroads are able to operate their boat lines at a loss where there is now no competition from independent lines, it is manifest that they could and would operate at a further loss in a rate war against independents. The large financial resources of the owning railroads make it impossible for an independent to engage in a rate war with a boat line so financed."

Many believe there is no valid reason to suppose that if the railroads are permitted to pick and choose those places in the country where they would engage in motor carrier service in competition with the independent motor carriers, the eventual outcome would be any different from what it was in the boat line case.

5. Piggyback is New — a Technological Innovation?

Piggyback is not new. It pre-dates 1930.

Properly utilized, notably as an instrumentality for coordination between certificated carriers, piggyback has certain transportation advantages. Improperly handled, as many believe much of the current traffic is, it can well be destructive of the fundamental principles of freight-rate construction.

To understand why, it is necessary to examine the basic system of freight charges, designed to develop and protect markets and commodities, insure equality of treatment between shippers and regions, and promote growth of a sound transportation system. Under this fundamental technique, all freight is classified, important yardsticks being value and density. Each classification, in turn, has a rate applied to it, the formula of rates being first class or multiples thereof, percentage fractions of first class, and commodity rates.

It should be understandable that while the cost per mile of operation of a rail car or a highway unit might be identical for hauling a product of low value and for hauling a shipment of gold, for example, the rate charged for hauling the gold would and should be higher, as it is. Therefore, on balance, the total revenue of any carrier, rail, water or motor, consists of contributions from high-rated traffic and low-rated traffic. All income is derived from rates determined by classification.

Much of piggyback traffic today is based on ignoring this classification. A railroad will accept a loaded trailer for a flat fee, regardless of what it contains, if it is offering certain piggyback services. The trailer might be filled with low-rated commodities or it might be carrying electronic equipment — the charge is the same.

Evidence in a recent action in connection with piggyback cited by an ICC examiner indicated that the level of some of these piggyback rates was as low as 11.6% to 16.4% of first class rates. In spite of these preposterous levels, the goods, if handled separately, might actually be classified as 150% of first class or more in the current classification. Moreover, piggyback service is much faster than the more expensive service subject to classification.

The market implications of such a practice can be judged at once if one will consider the plight of a small business firm, not having sufficient volume to ship piggyback, compelled to pay the same railroad ten or twelve times the freight charges enjoyed by a competitor big enough to use piggyback under these bargain-basement floutings of the classification principle. How long can he compete in the market place under these terms? And does this technique truly protect commodities, shippers, regions and markets?

From the standpoint of the railroads, how long

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can they maintain this departure from sound transportation practice? What if shippers generally demand that their volume shipments move in trailer by piggyback instead of in box cars under commodity or class rates? In that event a serious erosion of rail revenue, plus enormous demands for expedited service as now given piggyback, is inevitable. Many believe that while piggyback with its low rates might be a good device to attack competition, it is far from a sound technique by which to operate a railroad.

Why These Misconceptions About Transportation?

No one need feel chagrined at the quality of his ideas on any of the subjects here discussed. In the first place, railroads have been with us for 130 years, are completely familiar, and at one time were the key transport facility.

For years they have skillfully and energetically presented their viewpoints to the public, directly and through others. Among these viewpoints are these: that railroads are the backbone of transportation; that competitors are subsidized; that their growth is stifled by the dead weight of bureaucracy while competitors, inferentially at least, are unrestrained and, increasingly since 1950, that railroading is a "sick" industry and unless something is done, and soon, they cannot continue to operate.

The Outlook In Transportation

Problems of all kinds will continue to face transportation lines, just as they will confront all business. But in an expanding economy, the outlook for all forms is good.

Truck transportation potential to serve is most substantial, as indicated in earlier comment. Air transport cannot help but benefit from a rapid expansion of both passenger and freight business, with the latter especially promising. With new technology now being employed, water borne traffic can look forward to a bright future.

What about the railroads? Some of the foregoing might seem to point to a gloomy future for the American railroad system. Whether the future is bright or dim depends largely upon the reaction of management to changing conditions in our economy. Historical attitudes must be re-examined and a far more sustained and penetrating inquiry made into operating practices and interrelationships.

Only recently have the railroads renewed their interest in mergers designed to eliminate costly and duplicating facilities and service. For more than thirty years, experts in and out of government have urged them to take steps which almost any other form of business enterprise would long ago have taken to adapt itself to changing conditions.

A prime example is coordination of service with other types of transport, just as they now cooperate with each other. No Congressional approval is needed for such action, they can do it now. Instead they appear to have decided, largely, to forego this opportunity in favor of an all-out attempt to take over other types of transport, the development of which they have fought vigorously to thwart. It is difficult to believe that this country will allow rail corporations with a total investment in excess of $27 billion in rail facilities, to move into competing forms with all the disruptive and monopolistic implications of such entry.

There is tumult in transportation, with great uproar and a confusion of voices. This comment is offered in the hope that it will assist in making the situation clearer and such issues as exist, more sharply defined. We need sound, economical and efficient transportation, more urgently today in the light of the Soviet's economic upsurge than ever before. We may not achieve it until and unless the underlying facts are understood.

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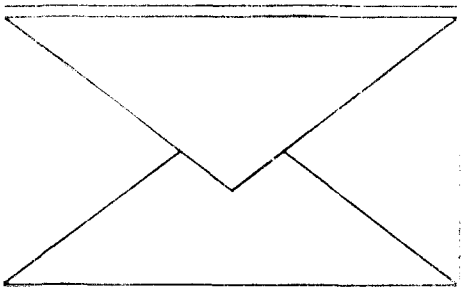
LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The Roosevelt memorial

SIR:

Shortly after I had been elected chairman of the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial Commission, Justice Frankfurter sent me a copy of his memorandum, and at the next meeting of the commission, on February 20, 1957, I read the memorandum, which is published on page 39 of this issue. It was briefly discussed, and the commission indicated that this expression of President Roosevelt's should not interfere with the erection of any suitable memorial that the commission might recommend. The commission saw no reason why it should publish President Roosevelt's memorandum.

When, in 1960, Justice Frankfurter decided to publish it — after twenty years — Congress had already approved a site and the competition for the memorial, which was then underway. He later wrote me that he had communicated President Roosevelt's wish to President Truman and to James F. Byrnes. President Roosevelt's wish was also known to others — to Mrs. Roosevelt and to the President's secretary, Miss Grace Tully.

I discussed the matter with Mrs. Roosevelt. She did not think that Congress should feel bound to follow the President's wish in this matter. Her husband, she said, was a very reasonable man and would probably have agreed that the decision was for the people to make. When I discussed the matter with the President's eldest son, Representative James Roosevelt, he told me that he knew of his father's desire but remembered the keen interest the President had taken in the Jefferson Memorial, and perhaps, under the circumstances, would have approved one for himself. From the beginning, James Roosevelt has been enthusiastically in favor of a memorial of some kind to his father.

FRANCIS BIDDLE, *Chairman*
Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Commission

Spain today

SIR:

In behalf of the members of the New England Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese, and at the explicit request of our executive committee, I should like to extend to you our congratulations and gratitude for the January issue of the *Atlantic* and the supplement on "Spain Today."

You have set forth in relatively few pages the Spain which we as Spanish teachers have endeavored to present to our students in the New England area. For the spirit of Jorge Guillén and the memory of Don Miguel of Salamanca, we wish to express our "*gracias más profundas*."

RICHARD P. MERRILL
President, New England Chapter
American Association of Teachers
of Spanish and Portuguese
Topsfield, Mass.

SIR:

Your supplement on "Spain Today" is a magnificent proof of how alert the mind of the Spaniard is today on fundamental matters. Nevertheless, only a publication like yours can publish such a study. Its retranslation and publication in Spain are impossible.

MANUEL KREISLER
Fort Defiance, Va.

SIR:

Your article on modern Spanish art, "The New Spanish Painters" by Carlton Lake, confirms some early misgivings about the state of modern art generally and especially about its Spanish leaders. The whole business is a hoax.

Mr. Lake, possibly innocently enough, clarifies the whole shabby business in his appraisal of two of Spain's so-called outstanding artists. Of Manolo Millares, he says, "He freely admits he does not understand everything he does, nor does he feel the need to." And of Rafael Canogar, "His painting, like most of the new Spanish work, can be read at several different levels; it cries out for Freudian interpretation." As an old Freudian interpreter, I can only hope these gentlemen make it back to the couch before it's too late.

IRVING WEINSTEIN
Far Rockaway, N. Y.

SIR:

Hearty congratulations to the *Atlantic* for a very effective and intelligent review of the new Spanish painters. Reproduction was superior in quality, and the commentary was sensible. Simple honesty was a relief from the smart-aleck approach of some popular magazines and the talking down so prevalent in some of the art magazines. There is need for such orientation in our land. May we have more?

CHARLES B. ROGERS
Huntington Hartford Foundation
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

A letter to the new President

SIR:

William R. Mathews' "A Letter to the New President" (January *Atlantic*) is the most timely article I have read in the whole year. I hope

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it augurs well for 1961. Not only the new President, but every American should read it.

AIDA O'CONNELL
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SIR:

It is easy to agree with Mr. Mathews and other "realists" when they talk and write about the critical problems of the day. Their analyses of the problems facing the Department of State are often clear and penetrating, but their solutions are sometimes more debatable. Then, the difficulties of implementation enter the picture. This is true of Mr. Mathews' suggestions for negotiations with the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, we and our allies face in Russia an implacable foe who either cannot or will not at present compromise on terms that are acceptable.

Mr. Mathews misjudges our country if he believes that it is the American people who refuse to make concessions. They and their government have never been offered the opportunity for meaningful negotiations with the Russians, who continually attempt to throw a mantle of diplomatic respectability over their psychological warfare against the West, waged under the banner of "peaceful coexistence."

It is regrettably true that American diplomacy's greatest opportunity today lies in cementing the Atlantic alliance, in endeavoring to generate more energy and resourcefulness among our allies to take the steps necessary for their own defense, and in trying to develop a greater awareness among some of the peoples of Europe that their enemy is not a revitalized Germany but Soviet Russia. Only if our diplomacy is successful in materially strengthening the NATO alliance can we hope that the Kremlin will some day recognize the dangers of its aggressive policies and adopt instead a policy seeking a peaceful accommodation with the United States and its allies.

ERNEST T. CLOUGH
Boston, Mass.

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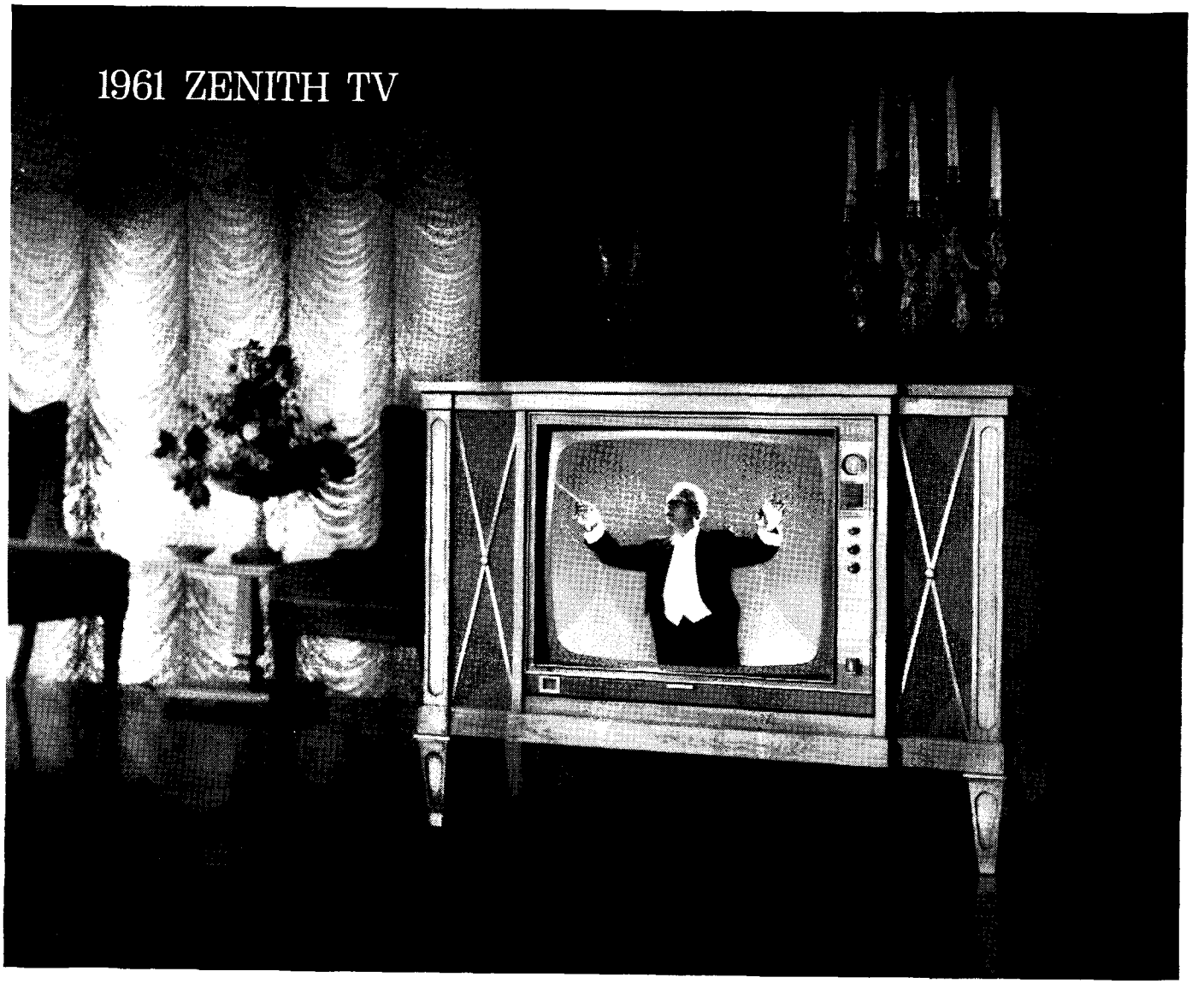

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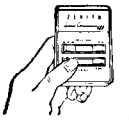

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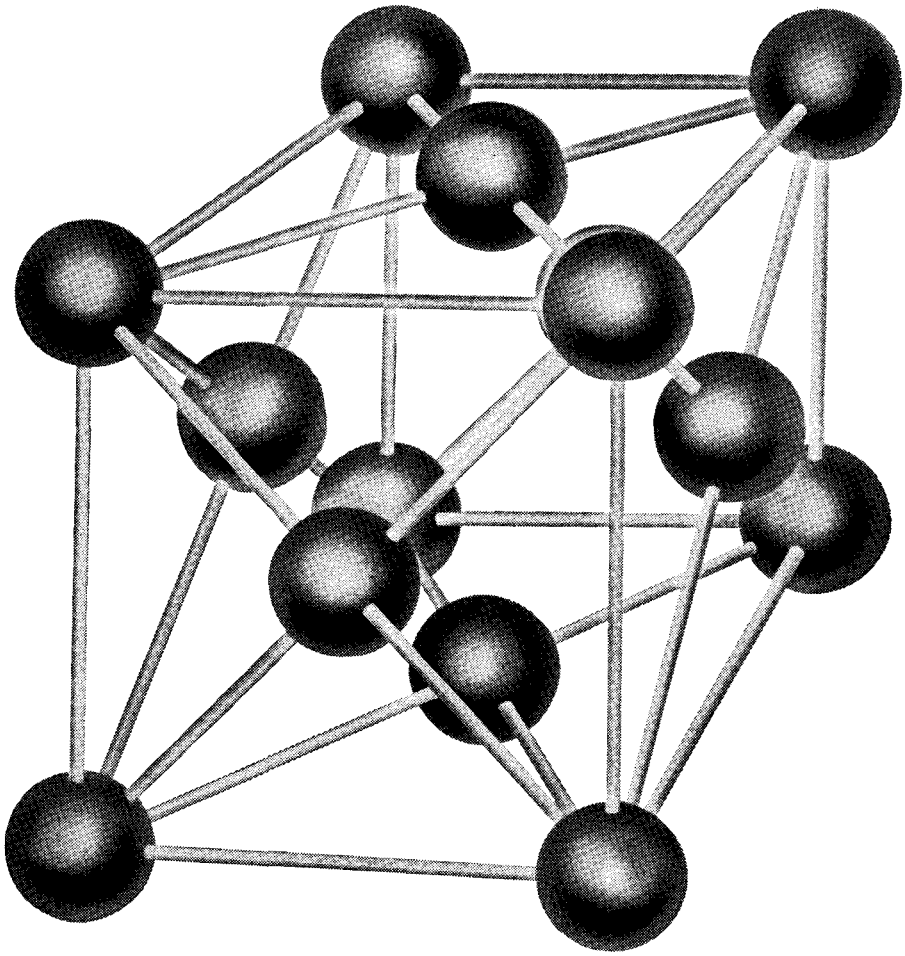

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THE ATLANTIC

THE MEMORIAL TO F.D.R.

What the President Wanted

BY JUSTICE FELIX FRANKFURTER

Now that the type of memorial for President Franklin D. Roosevelt has become a matter of public discussion, his own wish regarding it ought to be made known. Reflecting on the matter in 1941, under stress of a family bereavement, he summoned an old friend, Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter, and told him what he would prefer as a memorial, if one should be undertaken, and charged him to remember it "if the time should come." The conversation was recorded by the Justice at the time. The documents published below were brought to the attention of President Roosevelt's successor promptly upon his accession to the presidency, and later, after Congress had established the Roosevelt National Memorial Committee, the documents were brought to the attention of that committee. In view of the course that events have taken, Mr. Justice Frankfurter feels that President Roosevelt's wish ought to be publicly known, and he has therefore consented to the *Atlantic's* publication of what follows. — THE EDITOR

IN THE forenoon of Friday, September 26, 1941, General Watson phoned to say that the President would like to see me after the funeral of G. Hall Roosevelt, at about half past three that day. I duly turned up, was ushered by General Watson into the President's office, where the President and I talked about sundry matters while he was having his hair cut. The President seemed under considerable strain, and plainly enough he just wanted to talk. After the barber left, talk continued, going hither and yon, and the President told me of a letter to Fred Delano, which the latter had sent to him, from a correspondent who had apparently just discovered that Jackson Park contains the statues of four Revolutionary heroes and that the equestrian statue of Jackson was incongruous in this Revolutionary setting. He read me his memorandum in reply to the suggestion for the removal of the Jackson statue. (A copy of the memorandum which, at my request, he sent me, is herewith annexed.)

When he finished reading the memorandum, this followed:

F.D.R. This leads me to say something that I want you to remember because you are much more likely to be here longer than I shall be.

F.F. (*jocosely*). You mean that I shall remain on the Supreme Court longer than you will remain in the White House.

F.D.R. (*smilingly but sharply*). No, that isn't what I mean at all. I mean in plain English that I am likely to shuffle off long before you kick the

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bucket. And if that should happen and if any memorial is to be erected to me, I know exactly what I should like it to be. Now please remember what I am telling you as my wish in case they are to put up any memorial to me. About halfway between here and the Capitol is the Archives Building. Now I have some relation to Archives. And right in front of the Archives Building is a little green triangle. If, as I say, they are to put up any memorial to me, I should like it to be placed in the center of that green plot in front of the Archives Building. I should like it to consist of a block about the size of this (*putting his hand on his desk*). I don't care what it is made of, whether limestone or granite or whatnot, but I want it to be plain, without any ornamentation, with the simple carving "In memory of ——." That is all, and please remember that, if the time should come.

F.F. I shall indeed remember, and you deeply honor me in putting this wish in the keeping of my memory.

F.D.R. Don't you think I am right in wanting that kind of a memorial and none other?

F.F. The founder of your party, Jefferson, left specific instruction for that beautifully simple memorial of his at Charlottesville, and I think your idea entirely comports with wisdom about such things.

Our talk then drifted to other matters.

After leaving the White House, I made pencil notes of the above conversation, and I have dictated the above from these notes the following morning, Saturday, September 27, 1941.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

The White House
Washington

September 26, 1941

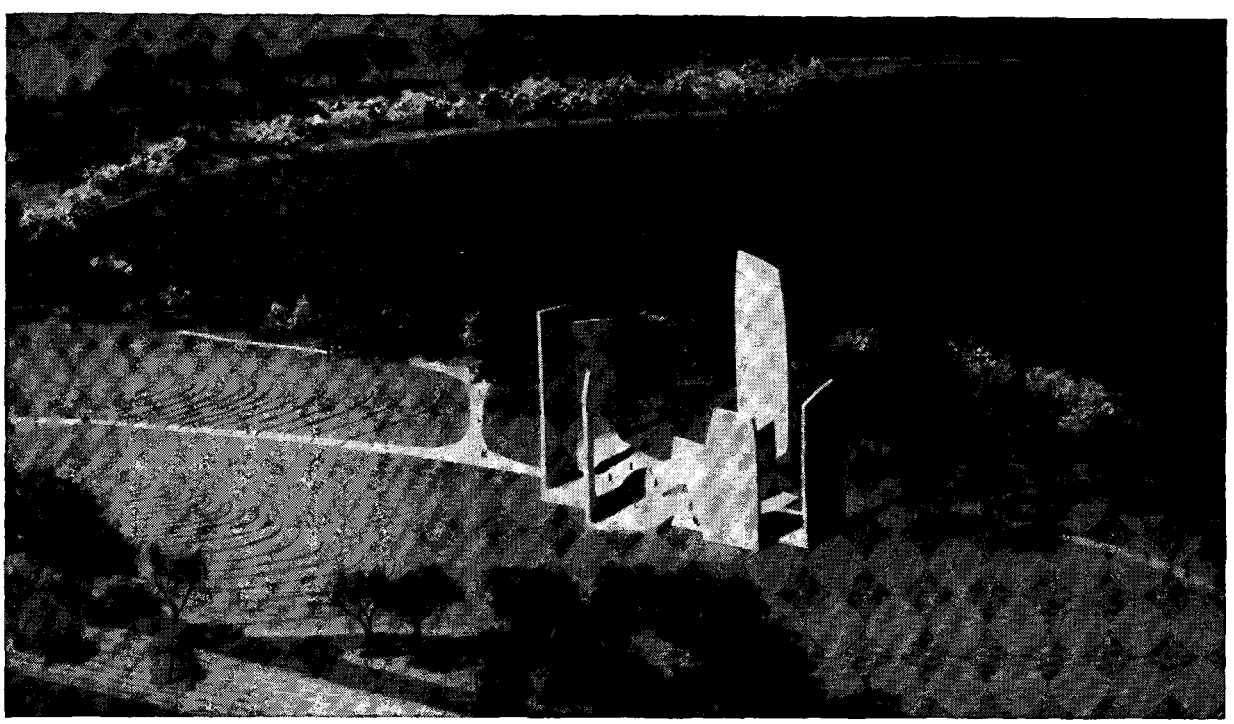
MEMORANDUM FOR F.A.D.

I think you should tell Mr. Kay-Smith that, in my judgment, we should let sleeping heroes lie. The District is pock-marked with Generals, statesmen, foreigners, visiting firemen, etc., on horseback, standing, and sitting — all without any particular reference to a plan.

Personally I want to see old man Jackson and the horse which is balanced on its tail, in front of the White House as long as I am here. How the General is able to wave without holding on to his pummel, I have never known. I am still fascinated — and I think almost everyone else is too.

From the practical point of view, we should spend no money these days in re-distributing heroes round the parks and squares of Washington.

F.D.R.



The Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial, prize-winning design, submitted by William F. Pedersen & Bradford S. Tilney, Architects.

A letter of explanation by the Hon. Francis Biddle, chairman of the Memorial Commission, will be found on page 35.

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CHARLES L. WHIPPLE

Dirty Money in Boston

It has been said that the city of Boston is so corrupt that it is no longer aware of its own corruption. Deals have been made ever since the wings were added to the original brick State House under Governor McCall in 1916. The taxpayer himself has wearily shrugged his shoulders with the thought that nothing can be done about graft. But in August of 1960 an inquiry, which had been three years in starting, suddenly broke into the open when it came under the jurisdiction of Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., of the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts. CHARLES L. WHIPPLE, *who covered the case for the Boston* GLOBE, *has examined some 40 volumes of testimony resulting in the conviction and sentencing for income tax evasion of Thomas Worcester, a well-known Boston consulting engineer, whose firm had been involved in the building of Massachusetts highways. The pattern of corruption as revealed by this inquiry and confirmed by the opinion of the judge is too corroding to be accepted in silence. In how many other American cities has this pattern been duplicated?*

EN ROUTE to pick up the pay-off money one day in 1950, Frank Norton's car passed Faneuil Hall, where the Boston Tea Party had begun, and swung into Merchants' Row. It stopped just short of State Street, the city's financial nerve center, and Norton waited. A man opened the door and climbed into the back seat with Norton, taking with him a brown-paper package. It measured eight by eleven inches, was three or four inches thick, and contained $5000 in cash, in denominations of $20 and under; and the man was later able to swear under oath that he had never seen the money and that, indeed, it might have been Confederate currency.

In a minute or so, the man got out of the car without the package, and Frank Norton was driven around the corner and up State Street past the Old State House. Norton's pickup of the pay-off money was one of many such cash deliveries. Others may have been made to his suite at a hotel next to the State House. The bribes took various forms. In all, they totaled $275,000, or exactly 10 per cent of the $2,750,000 in highway contracts that Norton obtained over three years for the engineering firm of Thomas Worcester, Inc., from the state Department of Public Works and other public bodies.

To whom did the bagman's money go? Little of the cash, apparently, remained with Norton or his family. Rather, there is evidence, in a recent revealing case before Federal District Court Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., of a state-wide "network of corruption" involving high public officials of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and members of the Great and General Court (as the state legislature is called), and for which the banks, insurance firms, the press, the bar, and members of the judiciary itself must bear a share of the blame.

For the first time, and after years of rumor, this pattern of corruption has been disclosed under sworn testimony in the case of *United States* v. *Thomas Worcester*. It shows not only bribery but politicians loafing on the payroll, not only crooked accounting but a deliberate sabotage of the two-party system: a bipartisan pay-off of legislators with jobs and money, the latter coming, at least in part, from shared commissions on contractors' performance bonds. And it even shows that the judiciary itself is not immune to temptation. Some

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elements of the pattern may be age-old, but its extent is new.

The hearings turned the spotlight of publicity and judicial inquiry on the state's most powerful official, who is not charged with any crime and who has denied, under oath, any wrongdoing. The official is William F. Callahan, former state Public Works Commissioner and now chairman of the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority. For the Department of Public Works, a decade ago, he supervised the construction of Route 128, the circumferential highway around Greater Boston which has attracted a billion-dollar electronics industry. For the Authority he built the $239 million toll road from New York state to Newton, a suburb of the capital, and he now seeks $175 million more to extend the toll road into Boston.

THOMAS WORCESTER was the engineering contractor who designed all of the first stage of Route 128 — an 18-mile stretch of superhighway between Route 9 and Lynnfield. His work on it included designs for 44 bridges, one of which took first prize in a national competition for the most beautiful bridge in its class. During World War II, he had done more than $100 million worth of work for the army and navy. Now 64, Worcester, a graduate of Harvard, is well placed socially and the owner of a lovely home in Waltham. His firm, successor of one founded by his father, enjoyed a national reputation for quality.

How, then, did he become entangled in bribery? Frank Norton dangled before him the prospect of juicy state contracts. Norton was a smooth talker, with mysterious business in Canada and Mexico. Worcester swore that Norton, in 1948, said he was "certain he could get the jobs for me because he knew Callahan." Competitive bidding is not required on contracts with consulting engineers.

Once Norton moved into Worcester's firm, with cards printed that described him as Assistant to the President, Worcester was hopelessly trapped. He was soon aware that besides paying Norton's salary and signing an agreement to pay him 10 per cent of the amount of all public contracts that Norton obtained, he had to get cash in large amounts and small denominations to Norton. Worcester bothered little with financial matters, but he and his comptroller accomplished the transfer of money by cashing checks based on fraudulent vouchers, invoices, payroll entries, and even salary payments to themselves.

All these items were charged off to business expenses in Worcester's income tax returns, and this is what ultimately brought him into court, although in the case of two subsidiary firms set up to siphon off the cash, Worcester and his comptroller paid themselves extra "salary" in order to pay taxes on the part of their "salary" that had gone to Norton.

The close-mouthed Norton apparently never divulged to anyone in the firm where the cash went, saying only that it was for necessary expenses and "went in and out." He always promised an accounting. It never came, and according to one witness the entrapped contractor declared, "It's got to be [stopped] if we're going to keep business going. . . . It's almost impossible to do business today without somebody looking for something," and buried his face in his hands.

Primarily an engineer, Worcester was not required to file a performance bond on each state contract. General contractors, engaged in actual construction, must do so. Such bonds are purchased from insurance companies, which charge a normal fee of one per cent of the contract amount. The agent or broker selling the bond to the contractor is paid a commission, determined by bargaining with the insurance company, which ranges between 20 and 35 per cent of the premium. Not until late in the Worcester case did it become apparent to what use these commissions could be put.

Worcester was a small fish in a big aquarium. As part of a highway program that has remade the nation's road maps, the Massachusetts legislature alone has authorized $1036 million since 1948 for highway construction, with $683 million of it financed by borrowing. In the last five years alone, the state has received more than $243.5 million in federal highway aid. Other states have done similarly, until the weary taxpayer, while grateful for being able to go places faster, has begun to wonder what he can do about the mounting costs and whether, in fact, they are entirely legitimate.

Worcester was indicted March 13, 1957, for income tax evasion. Not until three years and five months later did his trial begin. His defense was that the payments to Norton were business expenses. He was convicted by a jury after a thirteen-day trial. Then Judge Wyzanski, on September 9, 1960, offered to place him on probation, suspending an eighteen-month prison sentence, if he testified with candor before various bodies on request, including the grand jury. Worcester appeared there September 28, and also permitted U.S. Attorney Elliot L. Richardson to examine him under oath on October 4.

Richardson then filed a motion that Worcester's probation be revoked because he had not been sufficiently candid. Worcester's counsel opposed the motion, and in an effort to ascertain the truth, Judge Wyzanski made Worcester's grand jury

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testimony public on October 27. The testimony named Callahan, and the fat was in the fire. The subsequent hearings, known as revocation proceedings, are unusual in jurisprudence but by no means without precedent.

Central to the Worcester hearings was whether this relatively small contractor, convicted of evading $180,000 in taxes, told the truth when he later testified that when Norton was hospitalized for a heart attack in the fall of 1949, Worcester delivered a package of cash to Norton's wife and she put it in the overcoat pocket of a man who was sitting in the next room, but whom she would not allow him to see. This man, Worcester swore she told him, was Callahan.

Both Callahan and Mrs. Norton made out-of-court denials to the press. It became necessary, then, to request their testimony. Judge Wyzanski telegraphed them invitations to appear, but both balked. Mrs. Norton telegraphed the judge: "Thank you for your kind consideration, but I feel I can add nothing to what I have already said." A message from Callahan's secretary stated: "Your telegram of November 14th read. Mr. Callahan does not care to accept the invitation."

Subpoenas were then issued for both. Callahan was persuaded by his advisers to engage a lawyer best known locally for his unsuccessful defense of the Brink's bandits, who had perpetrated the nation's largest cash holdup. Through him, Callahan fought a monumental battle both in and out of court, including two trips in vain to the U.S. Court of Appeals, to hamstring the proceedings. Then, after Mrs. Norton had sworn emphatically she could not remember any such episode involving Callahan's pocket, Callahan himself denied the charge with the emphatic word, "Never!"

Judge Wyzanski, in an opinion that has rocked Boston, found Worcester's testimony "candid, credible, complete." He accused Mrs. Norton of "direct falsehoods and inexplicable failures to remember." Worcester was, he said, "a most reluctant source of infamous information about others," and he has "completely persuaded me of his decency." Callahan's denial "is unconvincing. . . . No one who reads in full Callahan's testimony, first before the petit jury and then in these revocation proceedings, would care to stake much on Callahan's oath. . . . I unhesitatingly stamp Callahan as an untrustworthy witness. And I accept Worcester's story of the episode at Mrs. Norton's home."

Wyzanski agreed with another category of Worcester's accusations. Worcester had identified, the judge said, "former members of the state legislature, a former candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, and a present member of Congress as recipients of what may, with some euphemism, be called the Worcester Bounty."

The testimony in the case, however, had gone far beyond payrolls padded with the names of politicians, although the summonsing of Congressman James A. Burke, who was called just before election day to testify about receiving $450 from Worcester's payroll, has been given as the reason why a prominent leader in Congress hopes to have Judge Wyzanski impeached. If the congressman reads the record, he will see that Congressman Burke was called by Worcester's astute counsel, Attorney Calvin P. Bartlett.

Such matters — and they were but a small part of a mammoth out-of-court campaign in Callahan's behalf — bothered the judge not at all. He referred in his opinion to another element of the pattern of corruption: no man now alive was apparently allowed, nor, indeed, did he at all desire, to see any more than one small link in the long and hidden chain. And certainly this applied to Worcester.

"The tendency of an otherwise decent man, like Worcester, when he gets into a sordid racket of extortion, bribery, and corruption is, as much as possible, to look the other way as his hand stretches forth to disburse a bounty," said Judge Wyzanski. "Except for the episode in Mrs. Norton's home, Worcester did not know in that kind of detail, with that kind of accuracy of observation required of a witness before he can effectively testify. He did not want that kind of knowledge. He never had it. He cannot legitimately invent it. And even if, with a battery of detectives and investigators, he had tried to discover the facts, he would have had as much difficulty as the District Attorney has had in this case."

One man alone, in the case of the Worcester Bounty, saw more than one link in the chain of corruption. He was Frank Norton, the bagman, who brought in the state contracts to Worcester and delivered the cash. On December 30, 1951, worried about a federal tax probe of Worcester, he had called on Judge Charles E. Flynn, the lawyer whom he had had the Worcester firm hire for the case. He asked Flynn for "a very good-sized drink."

"Before he quaffed it," Judge Flynn testified, "he asked me if I thought I could spare it and I thought it was a very good-sized one. And I said 'Yes,' and he said, 'Will you get me another and make me a decent-sized one.' " Flynn poured a stiff one in an old-fashioned glass; Norton downed it and said, "I feel better." Flynn had a party for his children in progress, and Norton, taking his

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leave after a few minutes, asked how the tax case was going. "I said, 'It's going very badly,' " Judge Flynn recalled. "He says, 'For who?' I says, 'You know for who. It's going badly for the Worcester Company and for you.' He says, 'For me?' I said, 'Yes.' I said, 'They're breathing right down your neck.' . . . He said, 'Is that so?' . . . And he said, as he went out the door, 'Well, I'll take care of that.' "

Two days later, on New Year's Day, 1952, as he sat hunched over the dining room table, where he was working on his income tax return, Francis C. Norton died of a heart attack. As one witness put it to Norton's widow months later, when the tax sleuths were even hotter on the trail of the missing money, "Dead men can't testify."

Frank Norton had had a stroke in October, 1949. There is evidence to suggest that it may have been brought on by worry over the possibility of the federal tax probe. Worcester's first general counsel, unable to stomach the bribery plan, had resigned. The daughter of a police chief had been fired by Worcester's comptroller, Philip W. Murphy, on suspicion of "blabbing" to an auditor about the cash going to Norton. The girl told her father, and he has testified that he told Callahan's brother-in-law, John Murphy, that he would go to the Internal Revenue Service unless he got satisfaction. The police chief never did so, though he says he let Murphy see him talking to tax agents. He said that instead, from the chief's own home, John Murphy phoned Callahan in Greenfield and the matter was settled by giving the girl a letter of recommendation, plus full pay till her coming marriage. Callahan could not remember the call, though he said he was in Greenfield. John Murphy remembered it, but insisted that the chief's daughter and her job were never mentioned, and said that he merely inquired what kind of firm the Worcester Company was.

In July of 1951, however, things got hot. A tax agent was investigating the tax evasions of Internal Revenue Collector Denis Delaney, who was later convicted, and Worcester had done some contracting work for the owner of a building which the Internal Revenue Service was to occupy. When the agent went to the Worcester plant and asked to see the books, Philip Murphy turned white and almost fainted. In almost no time, Philip Murphy testified, he and Norton were burning Murphy's little black book recording the cash payments to the bagman.

Yet it seems possible, and despite Judge Flynn's testimony about the agents' breathing down Norton's neck, that the tax probe did not become really serious until late fall of 1952. The near-fatal collapse of a heavy overpass section in Sullivan Square, Charlestown, had led to discovery by the First National Bank of Boston that Philip Murphy and Worcester had endorsed to contractor M. DeMatteo two checks totaling $60,000 from the state which had been previously assigned to pay off indebtedness to the bank. Worcester testified that DeMatteo, to get the money, had threatened to "cause trouble for the [Dever] campaign." From here on, the tax agents really moved in. But Norton was no longer alive to tell his story.

From the forty-odd volumes of the Worcester case transcript, there is much that can be gleaned, though the task is complicated by Philip Murphy's recent admission of perjury and the fact that perjury charges against other witnesses are being weighed as this is written.

THE pattern in the evidence on which Judge Wyzanski based his finding shows the familiar payment of political campaign contributions, of the sort Worcester meant in his testimony about his gifts to the late Governor Paul A. Dever when he ran for re-election unsuccessfully against the then Representative Christian A. Herter in 1952: "Of course, the thing always has been to try to play both ends against the middle, if you could — contribute to both sides — but Mr. Dever, of course, had the strong argument that we had received all this work and there was more in the offing. He was dangling something quite attractive."

The pattern also shows both political parties loading up the payroll with politicians, some of whom did not even bother to pick up their paychecks but had them mailed. Ex-Mayor C. Gerald Lucey of Brockton, then a state representative, told how the then Republican chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee sent him to the Worcester firm, because "he knew I was not representing any company there and he thought I should become associated. . . . He was a fine, honorable gentleman, even though he was a Republican." One lawyer, Henry M. Santosuosso, was paid $11,000 in ten months for nonexistent "legal consultations," and when the tax agents caught up with him, he hurriedly phoned the firm's counsel, whom he had never seen, and asked what jobs the company had worked on so he could have "something to hang my hat on." Another, ex-State Senator Edward M. Rowe, at Norton's suggestion was paid $20,000, most of it in a year for which he filed no federal tax return, because, as one witness said Norton put it, "The Democrats wanted Rowe to run [for Governor] in the [Republican] primary in order to create a division in the Republican Party."

According to his testimony, Vincent J. Shanley,

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then a Boston city councilor, seemed a most deserving case to Governor Dever, for he had eight children and needed money. Worcester paid him $50 a week for 77 weeks, for doing nothing. On the payroll of both Worcester and the Federal Bureau of Public Roads was Constantine J. D'Amato, now an engineering contractor in his own right. He was recently charged, during a probe of the Metropolitan District Commission (one of the few sincere legislative probes of corruption in Massachusetts), with having been paid for swimming pool designs which he had traced from someone else's work.

Yet the phony jobs were but a small part of the story. They paid only a score or so of legislators and political hangers-on. But if — and there is now no legal evidence to prove it was done — the same practice was followed by enough other contractors and subcontractors, it would not have required too many of them to "employ" in this fashion a majority of the 280 members of the state Senate and House of Representatives.

Only the naïve would consider this the sole approach to influencing legislation on, say, a state highway bond issue, and, sure enough, the testimony in the Worcester case dredged up what could be other ways and means. There was, for example, the matter of contractors' performance bonds. The commissions paid to insurance brokers handling them are lucrative. It has been estimated that in two years these brokers' commissions on bonds for contractors dealing with the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority totaled almost $300,000 in what indirectly was taxpayers' money.

Hence, ears pricked up when the subject entered the Worcester case testimony. A name running through much of it was that of Percy G. Cliff, a Boston insurance man and close friend of both Callahan's and Frank Norton's. Cliff has been ill with a heart condition, but with authorization from his doctor and lawyer, the court held an unusual 45-minute session in his Winchester home. There the insurance broker testified that he had handled performance bonds for contractors doing business with the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority. Cliff admitted he had been "associated" since 1953 with John M. ("Mom") Shea, Callahan's personnel manager and job dispenser. But on the advice of Cliff's physician, Judge Wyzanski ended the session abruptly, without getting an answer to his question whether Shea had been Cliff's "partner, or . . . your co-venturer, or . . . was a friend who shared in certain of your financial transactions. . . ."

With Callahan on the stand a week later, the matter came up again. Callahan testified that his nephew, Francis R. Murphy, Jr., had been associated with Cliff in business. The witness replied, over his counsel's roaring objection, that Shea handled job requests from legislators, "both Democrats and Republicans." Next, Callahan testified he had "heard" that Shea, after losing the state DPW job in a change of regime in 1953, "worked together" as an insurance broker with Cliff. Soon Callahan was admitting that Shea received a share of the commissions on turnpike performance bonds, but he didn't know what size share, nor did he know whether Shea transferred "half or more" of his commissions to cash.

"Has it come to your attention, Mr. Callahan," asked U.S. Attorney Richardson, "that members of the legislature did receive shares of the commissions on the turnpike performance bonds?"

"Well," said Callahan, "if a legislator has an insurance broker's license, he absolutely has the right to share in performance bonds." In a moment he was admitting, "Yes, it has come to my attention," and he also testified that legislators had received a share of the commissions paid to Cliff. The judge barred, because "it may have an interest but not relevance," a request for the names of the legislators. Richardson implied, in asking a question, that Cliff's share in all of the turnpike performance bond commissions had been 60 per cent. If it was, Cliff would have received $175,000.

At any rate, another part of the pattern now seemed clear enough. There are 54 insurance brokers in the legislature, and I do not mean to imply that any of these shared commissions with Cliff, Shea, or Callahan's nephew. But the conclusion seems inescapable that some legislators who voted for the Turnpike Authority and its huge bond issue were involved with at least one of these men, and it was naturally to their advantage to support the legislative proposals of a person or persons who would see to it that they received their share of the commission.

Then there were other disclosures. Callahan denied it, but documentary and other evidence indicated that he discussed state contracts with Norton even in Florida. Callahan admitted that his son-in-law, John J. Kelly, Jr., is an officer of Highway Traffic Engineers, Inc. Other testimony showed that half the stock of this firm, headed by Callahan's long-time associate, former Metropolitan District Commissioner Edgar F. Copell, is owned by the same Kelly; that 90 per cent of the firm's work is done for the Turnpike Authority; and that the company had not only hired Worcester's former comptroller, confessed perjurer Philip W. Murphy, but had given him a $50-a-week pay raise last October.

Callahan admitted more: that he purchased for one dollar an option to buy the stock of the Bay State Dredging Company (a firm which hired Nor-

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ton's son Larry after the latter left Thomas Worcester, Inc.) and sold the option for $70,000 to contractor Lou Perini, owner of the Milwaukee Braves baseball team. Though Callahan had denied at Worcester's trial that he was ever interviewed by an Internal Revenue agent in connection with the case, he now testified that he has in fact been investigated by the tax men for three years or more, and complained, "If ever a man has been harassed in the last eighteen months, I have been." Callahan was asked how much his net worth had increased since 1949. He said the increase was "normal" and "not much." But no figure of any kind was ever forthcoming.

ALSO, throughout the hearings there ran a thread that involved lawyers and judges and officials dealing in land damage and other cases; a firm called Public Relations, Inc., which, recommended by Governor Dever, received $29,000 from Worcester for doing nothing except "standing by" and whose president, William A. Beale, was "under hypertensive drugs that affect my memory very much"; a section of the press ever ready to print the worst about Wyzanski and the best about Callahan; and a network of gossip and espionage that defies description.

There was, for example, Judge James M. Langan, special justice of the Middleboro District Court, who showed up as counsel for Mary P. Norton, widow of the alleged bagman. Langan was barred as her counsel under a law preventing a judge from representing a witness in a criminal proceeding, and was later put on the stand himself. Langan had been counsel only last fall for a state Senate committee probe of the DPW that resulted in a whitewash. Now, in short order, he was testifying that Cliff had recommended him to Mrs. Norton, that he handled two land-taking cases for the Turnpike Authority, and that he was paid $5000 for two cases that Highway Traffic Engineers gave him.

There has always been some mystery as to why it took more than three years after Worcester was indicted, on March 13, 1957, for his case to be brought to trial. It had been assigned to Federal District Judge William T. McCarthy, but had not been tried when he retired last June. He had said that if there were bribery involved, it should be called to the attention of the state attorney general "right off the bat."

Langan was asked, at the post-trial hearings, about his having been a trustee in the 1955 reorganization of the Gil Wyner Company, once the state's leading contracting firm. It then developed that as trustee he filed a $50,000 bond from Aetna, Cliff's insurance company, as did the other two trustees, and all three of them had been named by Judge McCarthy. The broker's commission for all three bonds was paid not to Cliff but to "one Harry Toner, whose offices are at 10 Post Office Square." Toner, though not identified as such in court, is Judge McCarthy's son-in-law. The other two trustees were Joseph Gottlieb, Assistant U.S. Attorney when Judge McCarthy was U.S. Attorney, and Timothy J. Driscoll, who is a close associate of Callahan and who attended most of the Worcester hearings. Judge Langan could not remember who had suggested Toner for the bonds.

Whatever conclusions may be drawn from all this, a pattern of corruption and pay-offs does emerge. Has it been copied in other contracting firms and in other states? Federal grand juries which have been holding hearings on highway scandals may come up with findings that show additional graft and bribery. As for Massachusetts, the case of the Worcester Bounty shows there has been dirty money in circulation. And there is reason to believe that President Kennedy, when he addressed the Bay State legislature four days after Judge Wyzanski's bombshell, may have had this in mind. Quoting in part from the Massachusetts Bay Colony's founder, Governor John Winthrop, he said: "Today the eyes of all people are truly upon us — and our governments, in every branch, at every level, national, state, and local, must be as a 'city upon a hill' constructed and inhabited by men aware of their grave trust and their great responsibilities."

Governor Winthrop's memorial, with its reference to a "city upon a hill," stands on Boston Common, its back toward the State House.

Save for Worcester himself, now free on probation, no individual involved in his bounty has been indicted as this is written. But as Judge Wyzanski's opinion tells so eloquently, Massachusetts has been indicted — and there she stands!

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THE JUDGE'S OPINION

BY CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

A graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School who served as secretary to both Judge Augustus Hand and Judge Learned Hand, and from 1935 to 1937 as special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., *was appointed to the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts in December, 1941.*

THIS court has all the evidence necessary and proper to enable it to decide whether Worcester has violated the conditions of his probation. And this court is entirely clear, on grounds to be recited, that Worcester is not now in violation of his probation; and the complaint, filed by the District Attorney, seeking revocation of probation should be, and hereby is, dismissed, without prejudice to the right of the District Attorney at any future time upon new evidence, or upon failure of Worcester hereafter to cooperate with the authorities denominated in the probation order, to file a new complaint.

Worcester's testimony before the grand jury and later in the office of the United States District Attorney falls into three main parts.

First, he identified former members of the state legislature, a former candidate for the Republican nomination as governor, and a present member of Congress as recipients of what may, with some euphemism, be called the Worcester Bounty.

Second, he stated that he gave to Mrs. Norton at her home, while Callahan was there, cash, which Mrs. Norton put into Callahan's pocket in his coat hanging in the hallway.

Third, Worcester denied that he had any other knowledge of consequence as to who were the ultimate recipients of the remaining parts of the roughly $275,000 paid to Norton, or any of the rest of the Worcester Bounty.

The first of the foregoing three parts of Worcester's testimony was adequately confirmed by the testimony of the recipients of the Worcester Bounty.

The second of the foregoing three parts was the crux of the not always pin-pointed testimony, which covered many weeks. I found Worcester's testimony before me candid, credible, complete. To be sure, he was not quite clear where Callahan's coat was hanging. It may be that he did not observe Mrs. Norton actually slip a packet of bills into Callahan's pocket.

But in this hearing, which is, after all, not a criminal case against Callahan, that is, which is not a proceeding in which every essential element of a crime must be established beyond a reasonable doubt, I am fully satisfied with the correctness of Worcester's version. Cf. *Holland* v. *United States*, 348 U. S. 121; *Becher* v. *United States*, 2nd Cir., 5 F. (2d) 45 (per L. Hand, C. J.); *Commonwealth* v. *Webster*, 5 Cush. 295, 320 (per Shaw, C. J.); C. P. Curtis, *The Oppenheimer Case*, p. 228; Earl Jowitt, *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*, p. 332.

Nor is there any reason for me to prefer the version of Mrs. Norton. She is a witness whose testimony reveals constant instances of direct falsehoods and inexplicable failures to remember. It is beyond belief, for example, that she did not see, and indeed use, any cash in the safe deposit boxes she leased jointly, first with her husband

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and then with her daughter. Her plainly concocted story about visits to the box to look at insurance policies and wills would not persuade any intelligent person. Her account of why she procured a larger box defies credence.

Equally clearly, there is no reason for me to prefer Callahan's version to Worcester's. It is true, of course, that Worcester might conceivably seek to gain his own freedom by implicating an innocent man. But Worcester does not appear to me to be a Jonathan Wild, or a seeker after Naboth's vineyard. He is a most reluctant source of infamous information about others. Sitting, as he has, month after month in this courtroom, during first a jury trial and later a revocation of probation proceeding, he has completely persuaded me of his decency.

Callahan's flat denial of the claimed incident at Mrs. Norton's home is unconvincing. Callahan from the outset has shown a want of candor about his relations with the late Francis Norton and members of his family.

No one who reads in full Callahan's testimony, first before the petit jury and then in these revocation proceedings, would care to stake much on Callahan's oath.

The petit jury was hardly given the same impression that the revocation hearings give of Callahan's familiar relations with, and interest in, Norton, his wife, and his son. I unhesitatingly stamp Callahan as an untrustworthy witness. And I accept Worcester's story of the episode at Mrs. Norton's home.

As to the third part of Worcester's testimony before the grand jury and before U. S. District Attorney Richardson, I also believe Worcester. The tendency of an otherwise decent man, like Worcester, when he gets into a sordid racket of extortion, bribery, and corruption is, as much as possible, to look the other way as his hand stretches forth to disburse a bounty. Except for the episode in Mrs. Norton's home, Worcester did not know in that kind of detail, with that kind of observation required of a witness before he can effectively testify. He did not want that kind of knowledge. He never had it. He cannot legitimately invent it. And even if, with a battery of detectives and investigators, he had tried to discover the facts, he would have had as much difficulty as the District Attorney has had in this case.

WORCESTER being entitled to continue on probation, is there anything more this court should say? In my view, the bench and the bar are entitled to a somewhat broader opinion, trying broadly to assess the value, if any, and the fruits, if any, of the revocation proceedings, now brought to an end.

It is legitimate and desirable to bring out in public such matters as do affect a court's determination whether to revoke probation. High policy and severe consequences are involved. Correct determination is more likely if the court is subject to contemporaneous observation. *In re Oliver*, 333 U. S. 257, 270; *Cowley* v. *Pulsifer*, 137 Mass. 392, 394 (per Holmes, J.).

The inquiry into Worcester yielded as by-products a deeper public interest in, and concern about, many topics which are worth listing.

Under the present system does the Bureau of Internal Revenue follow sound procedures to trace the payment and receipt, in cash, of large sums often falsely claimed as deductible items from gross taxable income, or falsely omitted from accountable gross taxable income?

Is it incumbent upon the legislative or executive branch of the government, by statutory change, by administrative ruling, by adoption of practices in the Federal Reserve System, or otherwise, to require *every* bank to report to some central authority *each* large withdrawal of cash in bills, together with such explanation (e.g. payroll purposes) as the withdrawer gives?

Would this be an improper invasion of privacy, or is it in fact no more than often has been imposed on bankers and their clients in the interests of national security or of preserving the stability of the banking system against foreign or other withdrawals?

Is it more burdensome or intrusive to require such quasi-confidential disclosures by administrative means than by the regular statutory reporting characteristic of wage, dividend, and other payments relevant to income tax matters? Or than by the open court processes upheld by Judge Learned Hand in *McMann* v. *SEC*, 2nd Cir., 87 F. (2d) 377? See also *Bowles* v. *Shawano Nat. Bk.*, 7th Cir., 151 F. (2d) 749; *Wigmore*, *Evidence* (3rd ed.), Sect. 2286.

Upon what basis was Worcester singled out for prosecution? Can it be true that of the successful bidders for contracts with the state, Worcester *alone* paid bribes and took them as deductions from federal income tax?

May it be that the report on Worcester came from a bank which was properly dismayed to find that Worcester was reassigning to another an account theretofore assigned to it?

Could it be that the bank knew no other contractors equally guilty of income tax evasion? Doesn't the landlord almost always know when the tenant runs a gambling casino?

And once informed of Worcester's subjection to extortion, and Worcester's improper deductions of

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bribes, why did the Internal Revenue Service stop its scrutiny, if it did stop, before checking all reputable firms of engineers?

What sort of responsibility have the press and other media of communication displayed in reporting this case? Can it truly be said that with a high standard of detachment they have told the public all the court evidence that was discreditable, no matter whose ox was gored?

Did they report the testimony that in their own press contractors inserted advertisements which served no legitimate purpose of contractors but, so far as appears, could have had as their objects only the glorification of state officials of something less than perfect purity and the increase of advertising revenues of media which might thereafter be friendly to such officials?

Did they recite that Beal and his firm, Public Relations, Inc., both allegedly engaged in public relations, or in "putting out fires if fires occurred" (an eventuality which seems never to have occurred), apparently received money not only from Worcester but from a public utility?

Was the press aware that a news report of that extraordinary expenditure by a company having its own normal public relations staff and its own regular advertising agencies might force the Department of Public Utilities to slough off its indifference and start an inquiry about some friends and patrons of the press?

On the whole, except for a commendable uncovering of the details of how many state legislators are currently serving as agents for fidelity, bonding, and other insurance companies, how much has the press thought of itself as the protector of civic integrity?

How has the press earned the high praise of Mr. Justice Robert H. Jackson, who said that even more than the courts they could be the guardians of liberty, the sentinels who watch for the capricious and the corrupt, the arbitrary and the autocratic? (See *Supreme Court in the American System of Government*, pp. 81–82.)

How far has the bar initiated reform based upon its daily experience with the sufferings its clients have undergone at the hands of a network of corruption? Were sophisticated lawyers unaware, until this case began, that to secure certain types of public business a contractor had to get his performance bond, or his materialman's bond, or his bond for wages, or his trustees' bond from a relative of a judge, or of a public official, or of a legislator?

Has there been no way to expose this system, whereby the favored insurance agent receives cash for nothing more than a telephone call and a few details passed on to the fidelity or insurance company?

Is the only method by which this venal system will be supplanted a public insurance system modeled on other governmental insurance systems?

Have the private interests which professedly care about the capitalist system no awareness of what kind of free enterprise they have been fostering?

Do they not realize that the people will smite them when they see what this corruption costs in taxes, and, more important, in trustworthiness of judges, legislators, and executives?

But it will be said that the questions just put are no business of a judge. He is not to be a common scold. Nor is he to use his place to push before the public his name, his views, his personality.

If he does so, will it not be believed that, not content to be a robin in his own back yard, he aims to be a Washington eagle screaming for carrion — a vulture, without song or sweetness, seeking a national audience?

I am not unmindful that just such charges have been and will be made. And I am not unaware that no humble disclaimer of egoism and ambition will be acceptable in all quarters.

There will be those who say that in no way does pride more clearly manifest itself than in a pretended humility. Confession of error is one of the most conceited forms of self-aggrandizement.

But even if one is to be charged with vanity, with absence of taste, with lack of grace, with lust for higher office, is it not time to sound a clarion? Another will blow it better. But it is worth something to prove that the trumpet can be blown. And it is more important, far more important, to give to the grand jury, to the District Attorney, and to those vested with broad investigatory powers the sense of public support.

"To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God" is a command which sometimes can be fulfilled only in a spirit of righteous indignation.

The hearings are terminated.

All witnesses are excused.

The probation of Worcester is continued.

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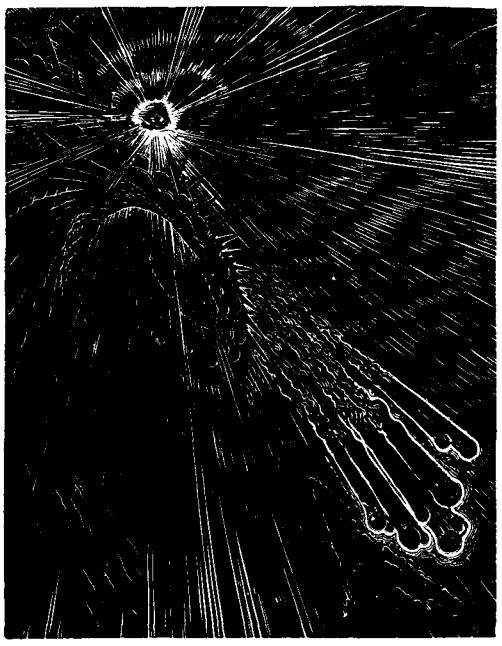

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE

BY ROBERT FROST

The Universe is but the Thing of things,
The things but balls all going round in rings,
Some of them mighty huge, some mighty tiny,
All of them radiant and mighty shiny.

They mean to tell us all was rolling blind
Till accidentally it hit on mind
In an albino monkey in a jungle
And even then it had to grope and bungle

Till Darwin came to earth upon a year
To show the evolution how to steer.
They mean to tell us, though, the Omnibus
Had no real purpose till it got to us.

Don't you believe it. At the very worst
It must have had the purpose from the first
To produce purpose as the fitter bred:
We were just purpose coming to a head.

Whose purpose was it? His or Hers or Its?
Let's leave that to the scientific wits.
Grant me intention, purpose, and design —
That's near enough for me to the Divine.

And yet for all this help of head and brain
How happily instinctive we remain,
Our best guide upward further to the light,
Passionate preference such as love at sight.

Wood Engraving by Gustav Wolf. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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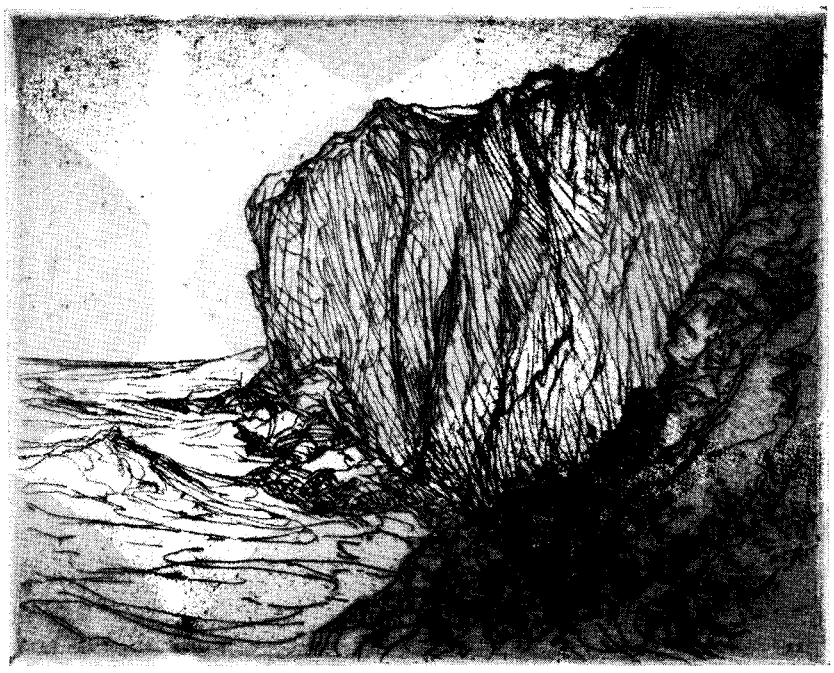

A SPARROW FALLS

BY JOHN D. STEWART

Author and playwright still in his thirties, JOHN D. STEWART *devotes his leisure time to writing and his working days to the British civil service. "Border Incident," a lighthearted story of Irish shenanigans, was published in the* ATLANTIC *last July; here is another Irish story in a more tragic vein.*

THE mother said, "It will take me to stop over for the night. With that much to do I'd never catch the boat back this day." Then all her sons looked up at her and she saw the little light in their eyes that showed — what? Interest? Pleasure? Plots and plans and mischief.

"I'm better to get all done at once and save the expense of going soon again. I'll stop over then with your Auntie Mary. So you'll have to fend for yourselves for a day and a night, but you all know what to do. Dermot's the boss while I'm away" — she raised her voice slightly — "and you must all do as you're bid and not give him trouble. You must all help to keep things right till I get back. You hear me?"

They had heard it all before, and they gave no indication now that they had heard it again. Brendan, her youngest, was trying to catch a tattered butterfly trapped on the little windowpane.

"Brendan, you'll see to the cow tonight and in the morning, and close the fowls in at dusk, and pay particular attention to the young turkeys at all times. If they get wet, they're done for, and mind the gulls don't get them. Do you hear me?"

He said yes without even pausing in the chase. Paddy and Tony said nothing at all. She stood there longing for some reassurance, some acknowledgment at least. Would they miss her? Did they need her? Did they not know they needed her? They didn't care. They just lounged around her, bored and watchful, waiting for her to go away, waiting to be free. Free for what? Who could tell what devilment or danger? They despised all the small, safe things of life. They did not understand; they took everything for granted.

A girl would be different. A girl would value the small things that make life safe and secure and smooth. If God had sent a daughter — but He didn't, and now He never can. A widow with four boys must look out for everything herself, for everything.

Had she forgotten anything? She looked around the dim kitchen. She scanned the altar of her home, the brown painted dresser that Hugh had made — ill-fitting drawers, "all the easier to go out and in," he said. But it was the best he could do with the tools he had. The dishes there, few and faded, but just enough to do. The Sacred

Etching by Charles H. Woodbury. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

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Heart pinned over the door — may all harm keep outside. The holy lamp burning well? Yes, saying, "Trust. Be calm." But the loud little clock beside it crying, "Hurry, hurry, hurry."

Still she lingered, looking at Brendan's back, at Paddy and Tony sitting so quietly at the hearth, storing their strength, no doubt, for when she went away. Last, she looked at Dermot. Nearly eighteen. Nearly a man. A man already, the only man in the house. He sits there like a man, like his father exactly. He sits there on the sofa — that'll need new oilcloth before Christmas — and leans his elbows on the table. His face sad between his hands, you'd never think he could laugh and sing like a madman. Ah, he's looking at the money.

She looked at it too. It lay on the table beside her basket and bag. Two crumpled notes and a little pool of coins. The sum of it they knew to a penny, both of them. For a penny counted now.

Oil and flour and seed, those for sure. A whole long list of groceries, very, very hard to shorten. Wool to knit, must have that. The lantern, the spade, the dentist's ten shillings, the oatmeal. Boots, too, for the good weather's overdue to break. No dodging boots. But the money won't do, she thought. We must try to do without something more.

The money won't look at it, Dermot thought. I'll have to earn some. I'll have to work harder. But what pay work can a man do here? Less than two acres that could ever be labored, grazing for but five beasts or a few sheep — take your pick. Pay transport on either, to the mainland, and then count your money. Nothing from an island, a far-out island can never sell and pay well with the cost of the boat to meet. That's why people leave islands. They have to sell for less profit and pay more for goods, pay boats both ways. The same stuff grown on the mainland can sell cheaper and pay better, always. The same stuff, yes. The only hope for us is different stuff, what the island has that doesn't grow over there. And that's one thing only, the sea birds' eggs. We can live. We can feed ourselves, just about. But the sea birds' eggs are the only hope for cash money. And she forbids me to gather them!

She won't let me go over there and work, either, and send my wages back. She might let Paddy go when he's old enough. Tony, too, and maybe even Brendan. But not me, she says, never. I'm the eldest, and that makes me the farmer, and my duty lies with the land. The head of the house, she says, and the farmer, since the day he died, so she'll never let me leave this place willingly. I could leave, in spite of her, but she'd grieve very sore and that would take the pleasure out of it.

But the farmer! Farmer of seven acres of heathery rocks! Farmer of bog cotton and bull-rushes! Of blackthorns and briars! No outlet for a man at all here, except, always, the eggs. Six shillings a dozen for sea birds' eggs, a record price that. Only due to the war, of course. You couldn't expect the war to keep up forever. The eggs were only fit for five weeks in the year. We'll get a haul of them while she's away, not to worry her. I'll sell them straightaway to Dooley. He'll pay and ship them. There'll be a bit of money in the house when she gets back, enough to fill the place of what she has to spend. She'll be angry, but then she'll be glad.

"Well, I'm off now," she was saying. "God keep you all. Be good boys till your mother gets back." Only Dermot heard her voice tremble. His heart twisted quickly, but he had to hide that for custom's sake and the lack of words. She waited a second for a sign from them. None. They don't care. They'll hardly leave their own selfish thoughts for the time it takes to say good-by. She had kissed them all already, ten minutes ago. She could hardly do it again without making a fool of herself. Oh, boys! I'm your mother — don't you see, know, feel? Helpless you were, every one of you, and needed me there every minute of the day and night, and I never left you. I never took my eye off you, or my ear, no matter what befell, and I saved all your lives, and that's why you're alive and well and so proud and strong and independent to run away from me now that I need you.

"God bless you all and keep you," she said, and she gathered up her load quickly and hurried off across the mauve clay of the lane, hobbling a little over the sun-baked wheel ruts.

Dermot and Paddy watched her separately and in silence until she passed from view. Then their eyes met, and Dermot said, "We're for the cliffs. Come on."

They walked out, but Tony called after them, "What about me?"

"You stay with the nipper and mind the fowl," Dermot told him.

"But —"

"Shut your mouth."

They went over the heights toward the sea, the dry heather crunching underfoot, the warm breeze stroking their cheeks. Often their boots clinked on bare rock. Farm!

They took their gear from its hiding place and humped the ropes and spikes on their shoulders and strode down the long slope to the sea. Here pipits sprang from their path, fluttered up clear of the heather, and then lay down on the wind and let it sweep them away to safety. High overhead larks spelled each other, but the boys heard them

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only when their song began or ended. They glanced up at a great robber gull wheeling over them, glaring with its pale-gray eye, uttering cruel laughter. Such a bird had taken three of their turkey chicks. "You bastard," Dermot said. "You big bastard." The gull sailed away across the hill toward the farm, laughing.

They reached the cliff edge, and Dermot looked down at the slowly swirling sea. Far away below, the green water writhed between the rocks, thick as melted glass. Kittiwakes sailed out from the cliff with sad, slow cries — slow like the sea itself, he thought. They twisted their soft necks to look at the intruders as they passed and cried the sad tidings to the auks. Soon the auks arrived and began to circle around the boys in endless succession. Razorbills, guillemots, and puffins, all whirring past in one direction, all looking back over their shoulders as they sped away. They always did the same thing, but Dermot never tired of watching them. He picked out a razorbill and held it with his eye, following its orbit.

The razorbill swept out over the ocean on stiff planes, out and down, down to the surface of the sea, and around in a great wide curve, gaining speed to bring it up again and around again and down again in the never-ending circus of black-and-white bullet-shaped birds. And every time it came level with the boy's head it turned its vain face and stared at him haughtily. It seemed to say, "Come, follow me."

I have the better of you, though, Dermot thought, neat as you are and strong in the air. I can get to your nest as sure as you can yourself, however hard you have made it for me. And then you can sweep about and show off to the sea, with nothing to come home to but the bare rock. Then you can lay us a few more eggs.

Paddy was excited. "See over yonder, Dermot," he was saying. "See below that white mark on the rocks? See the razorbills hatching all the way down! And there's a bank full of puffins at the bottom that you might reach too!"

"I might and I mightn't," Dermot said. He was studying the cliff.

"You'd get a great haul of razorbills anyhow! That's the place, all right!"

"Have you it marked in your eye?"

"I have, surely."

"Come on ahead then."

They walked along the cliff top. Paddy stopped at a high thistle.

"Here it is. Right below here."

They drove a spike into the turf, but it grated on the rock. They probed along the edge, foot by foot, until they found a place where the soil was deep enough. They drove the bar in until it stood firm, and then they hitched the rope around it and threw the long end over the cliff. Paddy gave the short end a couple of turns around his waist, set his heels in the turf, and lay back with a flourish. "Go ahead," he said.

"I'll go when I'm ready," Dermot said. But he spat on his hands and gripped the rope at once, and then he lay flat on the wiry grass and worked his legs backward out into space. He elbowed himself onto the rope and took the weight in his hands and dangled high above the sea.

Climbing down, Dermot braced his feet against the rock to keep his body out from the crumbling face. This was rotten rock, as they call it, little stronger than hard clay and never to be trusted with any weight at all. The razorbills whistled past his back so close that he could hear the rustling of their pinions and the flutter of their swerve. Apart from that, they made no sound. He knew of old that they would never touch him — only this silent flight of protest.

He reached the highest of their nesting ledges and began packing his haversack with the great pear-shaped eggs. Heavy and rough-shelled, sky blue, sea green, all blotched with gobs of velvet brown, rich to look at, rich to eat, rich to sell. "A tanner a time," he said to himself. "Sixteen for a new lamp, thirty-two for a pair of boots, forty to rent two acres for a year."

Once, when he stretched out sideways, the rotten basalt crumbled under his feet. He swung on the rope and watched the rock falling. Down, down, down it went, down to the black boulders far below. It struck with a muffled crack and a puff of dust and splinters and bounded off again like a mountain sheep, far out into the water, where a proud plume of spray marked its momentary grave. Dermot began a prayer, and laughed at himself and went on with his work.

When he got down to the end of the rope, his sack was not yet full. He pressed his feet hard against the face and lay out on the rope to look for puffins' nests. He could just see them, the beginnings of them, beyond a spur of the cliff, twenty feet along and slightly below him.

But there was not enough rope for that. There was nothing to spare at the top and not another foot down here. He looked at the nest holes again, the few that promised hundreds. He looked at the rope again. He swore, but that was no use. Maybe he could get over there without a rope? He began to study the terrain.

There was a narrow ledge leading to the spur. It sloped steeply outward and downward, partly grassy, partly red dust. Above it he made out a few handholds in the broken wall. It would be

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hard work to climb up to the top again and come down twenty feet further along. But worth it, maybe? No, the crowbar wouldn't hold there. They had tried it. It might drive further back from the edge, but that would make the rope even shorter. It was get them now or leave them, he decided. He left the rope dancing free behind him and started out along the ledge.

Dermot pressed his body close to the cliff face. He tugged at every handhold before he trusted it, and more often than not it crumbled like a biscuit in his fist. He kicked the red dust from the ledge and hacked it with his heel, and here and there a stone broke away and sped down silently and bounded from the rocks out into the sea.

At last he came to the spur, and he saw that it was impossible to go further. Where the basalt hung out over the sea, where it had jutted into the wind and rain of a thousand years, it was flaked and crazed like dry clay. Tons of it hung there in suspense, undercut and crisscrossed with cracks and fissures. A bird might bring it down. A bird, or a root of sea pink, or one more night of frost and thaw. Or it might hang there for another thousand years. But Dermot knew that he dared not lay a hand on it.

He rested for a little while with his left foot on firm rock and his right hand gripping a little knob overhead. His right leg hung from his hip with no resting place at all; his left hand could find only wiry grass to hold. He looked back at the way he had come. It was the way he must go back.

The ledge led back to the rope, but from this side it looked far worse, narrower and steeper, and scarred and broken by his passage. A cry rose in him — it wouldn't do, it couldn't be done! But there was no other way. He couldn't even move to look for another way. And he was getting tired. He'd have to do it. No, he couldn't face it. He'd stay where he was. He'd hold on forever. He'd die where he was — nor that! He couldn't do that either. He'd have to go. He'd have to stay. He'd have to die.

Dermot allowed himself to whimper aloud like a little child. "Mama, come and help me! Mama, Mama, I'm frightened! I'm stuck! Mama! It's me, Dermot — I'm going to fall!"

"I'm here. Mama's here. Be a man now. Be a brave little man." That's what she would say, if she could hear. That's what she used to say when I called her in the night. His mind calmed a little and turned to the auks whirring by, close to his back. He laid his cheek against the rock and watched them for a little while, patiently and endlessly whirring by, each one beckoning with its white face as it fell down, down, down to the sea. His free, useless hand found a bottom corner of the sack and it occurred to him to empty it. He raised his hand and shook the sack so that the eggs fell out one by one. He called out, "Here! Take your eggs!" again and again, gaily. The birds made neither sign nor sound. He listened hard for the sound of the eggs striking the rocks, but he could not hear it. He went on shaking the sack until the last egg fell out. "Take your eggs!" he shouted. "They're no use to me!" Nor any use to them either. He laughed a little at this. Then he laid his cheek against the cold cliff again and closed his eyes.

A harsh, deep chuckle at his elbow gripped his bowels coldly, and then he recognized the voice of the robber gull. He was glad that it had come. Over his shoulder he watched the great bird wheel and sail toward him again, with all the auks swerving away from it. Close in now, it hung for a second on the updraft, its pale eye glaring wide in greedy interest. The gull chuckled once more. As it fell away he saw the head of a turkey chick dangling from the corner of its bill. He called after it once more, "You bastard! You big bastard!" He laughed at this, too.

But now he found great pains in his limbs. His back hurt too. The thought came to him that he could not do any more. Not even a rescuer could help him now. He could do nothing for himself. His limbs had failed him. He began to sob quietly, without tears.

He thought he heard, tossed and torn on the breeze, a fragment of his name called, maybe in his mother's voice. He stopped breathing to listen, but he heard nothing more. Nothing but the far-off sigh and thump of the sea and the puffins whirring past. Yes, the puffins had closed in again now that the gull had gone. He turned his face once more to watch them, the only living things left in his world. He let his eyes follow them as they swept down to the slow green water.

But the sea writhed and heaved as he watched. A tremor ran through his loins, his stomach stirred and heaved, and his mouth filled with bitterness. As weakness crept over him, the grip of fear loosened a little, and because it was the only thing he had not done, he raised his eyes to the rocks above him.

He saw the black cliff top swaying out to crush him — "Hail, Mary, Mother of God" — and the clouds racing over the edge, pouring out into the sea. The clouds drew his head back to follow them, and then he felt his handhold snap off and he clutched it in his hand as he fell.

Hail, Mary, Mother of God . . . now it is all decided . . . free now . . . falling free . . . resting . . . turning over, over, over . . . slowly down to the sea — and a flash: white light.

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SCOTT FITZGERALD AND THE TOP GIRL

by Arthur Mizener

The Bettmann Archive

Critic and author, ARTHUR MIZENER *has been regarded as an authority on the fiction of the 1920s ever since the publication of his definitive biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald,* THE FAR SIDE OF PARADISE, *in 1951. Mr. Mizener, who has taught at Yale and at Carleton College, is professor of English at Cornell.*

WITH the publication of *Beloved Infidel* our knowledge of Scott Fitzgerald's relations with Sheilah Graham at least approaches our knowledge of his life with Zelda Sayre. If we add to this knowledge what we can deduce from Fitzgerald's books, we can define with some precision his experience of love. This experience is interesting because it throws light on his work and because Fitzgerald's life itself is remarkably characteristic and revealing. He experienced the world in a curiously representative way, and he revealed what he felt with astonishing directness.

As a boy he once found himself sitting in a motorboat by the clubhouse pier at White Bear Lake listening to a famous Princeton athlete proposing to "the popular debutante of the year" in the boat just ahead of him. He was so impressed by the proposer's "manly pleading" and his "fine sense of form" and by the grace with which the debutante "threw her arms around his neck and hid her face in his coat" that "my enthusiasm knew no bounds and I was all for becoming engaged to almost anyone immediately."

Fitzgerald's characteristic attitude toward love — and, indeed, toward experience as a whole — is revealed by his recollection of this boyhood incident. Although he has an ironic sense of the conventionality of his hero's "manliness," of the slightly comic period quality of the lovers' sense of form, he knows very well that the conduct of life is, especially at its best, a performance. The value of any action, he believed, lay in the enlargement of its meaning that an achieved sense of form gives. These two people, the Princeton athlete and the St. Paul debutante, were at the top of their world because they could realize successfully the ideal of conduct that governed their world and expressed its values. They brought an ideal to life.

Aware though he was of the provincialism of the form these people were realizing, he recognized that it was the only one available. The available form may be ultimately frustrating, if the values of a society are inferior; Fitzgerald's consciousness of this possibility is the source of his characteristic, amused irony. But since there is no actual alternative to the established form, he never considered rejecting it. He believed deeply in the power of the idealism and the imaginative energy he could bring to his own realization of it and was sure he could transform it. In spite of the comic exaggeration of his assertion that watching these lovers made him feel that "almost anyone" would do for an engagement, this remark expresses a serious truth. He never loved merely the particular woman; what he loved was her embodiment for him of the splendid possibilities of life he could, in his romantic hopefulness, imagine.

He did not think of himself as having been born

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to the world of the men and women for whom a lifelong familiarity with the established form of conduct made the realization of such possibilities easy. He was always the boy in the boat behind, observing eagerly and longing to emulate. Like any self-made man, he knew that in some ways he was better than those to whom the life of that world came easily, if only because he had earned it by hard work and they had not. But he also knew that they were at home in their world in a way he never would be. If the self-consciousness of the self-made man kept him uncomfortably aware that he was playing a part uneasily, it also showed him how much better he appreciated the possibilities of their world.

"I didn't have the two top things — great animal magnetism or money," he once said of himself. "I had the two second things, tho', good looks and intelligence. So I always got the top girl." He did, too. It is astonishing how often such girls succumbed to him. He seemed to look on the task of winning them as a competition; "it excited him . . . that many men had already loved" the girl he pursued. This girl was no longer a Sleeping Beauty surrounded by hedges and thorns but an early riser long since alerted by her experience to her assets and opportunities, hedged in only by competing admirers who had to be outsmarted. The most useful gifts for this competition, he recognized, are animal magnetism, like that of Tommy Barban in *Tender Is the Night*, and money, like that of Tom Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*.

Fitzgerald knew he had neither, and because he always longed to be "an entire man in the Goethe-Byron-Shaw tradition," he worried about it. From his undergraduate days he experimented sporadically with what he called "[hunting] down the spectre of womanhood that, for a little while, makes everything else seem unimportant." But, like his desire to be a gourmet, this ambition never really engaged his imagination, and as a result he never made much of a success of these experiments in sensuality, however often he tried. "No one, I think," Lionel Trilling has observed, "has remarked how innocent of mere 'sex,' how charged with sentiment is Fitzgerald's description of love in the Jazz Age." It was a description of his own love.

Just as his imagination refused to engage itself with simple sensuality, so it refused to become engaged with the acquisition of money. In *Tender Is the Night*, Dick Diver is never tempted by Nicole Warren's wealth, is in fact repelled by it. But he is not protected against Nicole's confident grace, and that grace is "the product of much ingenuity and toil"; for her sake huge industries "swayed and thundered onward." This rich girl's grace was something Fitzgerald had the honesty and courage to recognize as an important part of women's charm, even while he also recognized that such charm was not for men like him except when the Nicoles were shaken and pervious. When they were their wholly integrated selves, they belonged to the Tommy Barbans, not to the Dick Divers, just as Daisy belonged not to Gatsby but to Tom Buchanan. But to recognize in this way the power of animal magnetism and money in the competition for the top girl is not to want to possess them for themselves.

When Fitzgerald was ten or eleven, a girl nam d Kitty Williams "told Marie Louty and Marie repeated it to Dorothy Knox who in turn passed it on to Earl, that I was third in her affections. . . . I then and there resolved I would gain first place." About all the girls he later won, he remembered this kind of competitive challenge, remembered that he had had to best Bobby Jones for Zelda's hand and persuade Sheilah Graham to break her engagement to a marquis.

THIS, then, was the sense of life Fitzgerald brought to his experience of love, but he brought with it his "heightened sensitivity to the promises of life," his "extraordinary gift for hope," his "romantic readiness." These things did not, oddly enough, blur his perception of the actualities of his experience; in some queer way, in fact, they sharpened it. But they did make him optimistic about the chances of realizing the promises he could imagine. "Of course she might have loved [Tom Buchanan] for just a minute, when they were first married," says Gatsby, making what is for him an enormous concession to actuality. "In any case, it was just personal." For Gatsby lived with "those illusions that give such color to the world . . . that you don't care whether things are true or false as long as they partake of the magical glory," as Fitzgerald put it in a letter about Gatsby in which he is plainly expressing his own feelings.

If, then, Fitzgerald brought a sometimes disconcerting tactical realism to what he conceived of as the highly competitive business of wooing, his strategic objectives were nonetheless idealized images, like Gatsby's image of Daisy, in which the girls sometimes had trouble recognizing themselves. It is amusing to see Zelda Sayre shrewdly exposing the jealousy behind Fitzgerald's ostensible flattery of her as a princess. "Scott, you've been so sweet about writing — but I'm so damned tired of being told you 'used to wonder why they kept princesses in towers.' " But real as that jealousy was — and justified, too — this is nonetheless the

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princess Gatsby saw in Daisy, the girl whose outrageous demandingness was only a part of her divine remoteness.

Fitzgerald eventually came to feel strongly about "the awful toll exacted from others . . . by the eternal children of this world," but he never learned not to love them for being, or wanting to be, princesses.

Though there were, first and last, a good many girls in his life, only three of them ever wholly fixed his attention. The first of these was Ginevra King. Fitzgerald met Ginevra King at a dinner dance in St. Paul in January, 1915, when he was eighteen and she was sixteen. They were both, he thought afterward, more concerned to exercise their dramatic talents than to experience any genuine feelings. Ginevra did not have to act a part in the way he did, but she was a performer by temperament, having "that curious mixture of the social and the artistic temperaments found often in two classes, society women and actresses." What she wanted to feel was "the full flush of her own conscious magnetism"; she was more interested in playing the heroine's role in a romance than in loving anyone. "The future vista of her life seemed an unending succession of scenes . . . under moonlight and pale starlight, and in the backs of warm limousines and in low cosey roadsters stopped under sheltering trees." When the heroine of *This Side of Paradise*, who is modeled on Ginevra, first saw Amory Blaine, she was disappointed; "she had expected him to be dark and of garter-advertisement slenderness." But she made do because she was "conscious that they were a handsome pair," and when, with considerable dramatic intensity, he told her he loved her, she "was quite stirred." "Everything was wonderful to-night, most of all this romantic scene in the den."

But for Fitzgerald this beautiful girl was an embodiment of his freshman dream of a splendid life. She had been born to the glittering social world of Chicago and Lake Forest and had for him the air of a woman who had already been loved by brilliant men (like the hero of White Bear Lake, "some of them bore athletic names that made him look at her admiringly"). He was acutely aware, as was Jay Gatsby with Daisy Fay, that his presence in her world was a kind of deception. If he was a Princeton man, it was not because he belonged to a family whose sons habitually went there; if he was good-looking, he was distinctly not one of the men who entered Princeton "from the great prep schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summers." In a way perhaps incomprehensible to Ginevra, he was playing a part, not just the part of a romantic lover but also that of a Princeton gentleman. This part he carried off successfully that Christmas in St. Paul and on a dazzling weekend in New York the following June, but when he visited Ginevra's family at Lake Forest that summer, he was unable to sustain his role and became jealous and possessive of a girl who, as she said of herself with some amusement later, "was definitely out for quantity not quality in beaux."

Ginevra soon lost interest in Fitzgerald, but he had invested a good deal of his feeling for the promises of life in her, and for Fitzgerald that kind of investment was always final; once he had defined his indefinite feelings for the promises of life in terms of a particular girl, he knew no way to change his image. He came ultimately to believe in the girl whose splendor was, like his own, acquired rather than given, as Ginevra's was, but Ginevra remained for him all his life the image of what his kind of girl was trying, with his enthusiastic cooperation, to become.

It was not until the autumn of 1918 that he fell really in love again. He did not do so in quite the storybook way he sometimes imagined afterward, for as he himself once observed, "My army experience consisted mostly of falling in love with a girl in each city I happened to be in." He arrived in Montgomery in the middle of June and first met Zelda Sayre in July, when he was pursuing a girl named May Steiner, a dark-eyed beauty who once wrapped herself in an American flag in order to be photographed with Fitzgerald, who emphasized the effect of his officer's uniform (from Brooks Brothers) by striking a manly, straddling pose. It is a characteristic example of Fitzgerald's feeling for the absurdity of the conventional expression of feelings he nonetheless wanted to realize; for the rest of his life he could not be persuaded that his failure to get overseas and into combat had not excluded him from an almost mystically significant experience. During the summer of 1918 he spent more time on May Steiner's front porch trying to outsit her other beaux than he did pursuing Zelda Sayre.

But by September he and Zelda were very much in love. It was not an easy relation. For Fitzgerald, Zelda was the embodiment of the gay, ambitious, daring spirit of their generation; an important part of her attraction for him was her confidence that she could do and have what she wanted. She was a girl of great beauty and charm, and these qualities permitted her to demand with confidence a mode of life that was not easy to provide. She was never prepared to settle for anything but the best and certainly no more willing than Ginevra had been to sacrifice the pleasure of her freedom

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and popularity, the excitement of continuous courtship and romance.

On his part, Fitzgerald insisted that she be what he imagined her. When, for example, she arrived in New York with her provincial Southern idea of what to wear, he was openly horrified and sent her off with an old St. Paul friend to choose her clothes. Demanding as he was of her, he understood perfectly the demands she made on him; the very qualities that made her demanding were the ones that made him love her. It was therefore natural, if not exactly logical, that he wanted to possess her for himself. Like Gatsby with Daisy, he was surprised to find early in their courtship that he felt, quite simply, married to her. He was even more surprised to find that, true to the nature that made him love her, she "was cagey about throwing in her lot with me before I was a money-maker."

At this point, Fitzgerald was sent North with his unit to Camp Mills; only the Armistice prevented their being sent overseas. By November, however, he was back in Montgomery, having got involved in a spectacular row with a hotel detective in New York for having taken a girl up to a room and having finally rejoined his unit in Washington accompanied by a couple of girls and a bottle. None of this made him any less in love with Zelda or any less jealously possessive of her. Nor is there any doubt that Zelda delighted in their intimacy. But she clearly had no intention of devoting herself exclusively to him. Of her many conquests he was no doubt the most fascinating, but she was not prepared to give up all the other pleasures her charm could command and commit her life to Fitzgerald's enthusiastic but unsupported visions of a future.

During that fall and winter she went out in Montgomery as much as ever and attended college dances everywhere. In the middle of February Fitzgerald set off for New York, more or less engaged to her, to win fame and fortune. Acutely aware of Zelda's skepticism and impatience, he pursued her with morale-building telegrams, even going so far as to send her one in the care of her date when she went to Auburn with a particularly threatening admirer, an all-Southern football player. But telegrams were not enough. By April Zelda had become seriously restless and uncertain that marriage to Fitzgerald offered anything but genteel poverty and struggle. She wanted something more splendid than that, and the very fact that she had not been born into such a life made her, as it made Fitzgerald, well aware of what its achievement required. Moreover, she knew that the limits of opportunity for a woman are set by her husband's life.

Zelda was, for all her daring, fundamentally dependent. Her novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, shows that as a girl she depended on her father to make a world for her to live in; her frequent defiance of his discipline only emphasizes that dependence. There is, indeed, a suggestion in *Save Me the Waltz* that she never quite knew where she was after she had moved out of her father's world. For all its invented detail, Fitzgerald's account in *Tender Is the Night* of the effect on Nicole of her father's betrayal may represent a real insight into Zelda's feelings. Perhaps it should be added that Zelda's own explanation lays greater stress on the failure of the world Fitzgerald made for them and that this explanation is taken into account in "Babylon Revisited." In any event, the heroine of *Save Me the Waltz* thinks of her marriage as a process of moving out of her father's world into her husband's.

When Zelda gave herself in love, then, she counted on her husband's providing for her a world as splendid and permanent as her romantic vision had suggested it could be; she, too, had her heightened sensitivity to the promises of life and, as she said afterward of the heroine of her novel, had "envisaged everything except that love might roll on using the bodies of its dead to fill up the craters in the path of its line of action. It took her a long time to learn to think of life unromantically." This image is violent, but probably not more violent than her disappointment. In a passage that was cut from the published version of *Save Me the Waltz*, she described the departure of a lover modeled on a man she herself fell in love with in 1924: "Whatever it was she wanted from Jacques, Jacques took with him . . . and the blank in Alabama's heart was no blanker than before she had known him." This is plainly the way she felt her life had turned out.

It is easy enough to call her dream of a lifetime of romantic joy extravagantly unrealistic, and no doubt it is true enough that she could never have found such a life, no matter whom she had married. The fact remains that she had the imagination to conceive such a life, knew that she would have to depend on her husband for it, and was right to doubt that a $90-a-month author of car-card advertisements could provide it. Fitzgerald understood her attitude perfectly; he had the same vision of a life himself and was as ready to demand the necessary feminine qualities of her as she was to demand of him the masculine ones. Moreover, he agreed with her estimate of his situation: "my shabby suits, my poverty, and love. . . . I was a failure." When she broke their engagement in June, he fought strenuously, even hysterically, to persuade her to go on, but he never really questioned the rightness of her decision; "loving him still," he believed, "[she] had

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lost faith and begun to see him as something pathetic, futile, shabby, outside the great, shining stream of life toward which she was inevitably drawn."

When *This Side of Paradise* put Fitzgerald back in that stream and they were married, they had their few years of careless happiness, years that came as close as actuality ever perhaps could to the splendor they had dreamed of. Remembering long afterward how they had quarreled and laughed at themselves in those years, Fitzgerald wrote:

> And though the end was desolate and unkind
> To turn the calendar at June and find December
> On the next leaf; still, stupid-got with grief, I find
> These are the only quarrels I can remember.

He called this poem "Lamp in the Window." At about this same time Zelda wrote him, after an unsuccessful meeting at the sanitarium in Asheville:

> Dearest and always Dearest Scott,
> I am sorry too that there should be nothing to greet you but an empty shell. . . . Had I any feelings they would all be bent in gratitude to you and in sorrow that of all my life there should not even be the smallest relic of the love and beauty that we started with to offer you at the end. . . .

When Zelda broke down mentally in 1930, Fitzgerald at first fought with all his energy and optimism to save her. He loved her very much, and he loved what she represented for him and what they had been together. But as Zelda had to live more and more in sanitariums and as he had to reconcile himself to their separation and to making a life for himself apart from her, his feelings unavoidably changed. However great the longing with which they remembered the happiness of the past, they became less and less intimate in the present; their relation was bound to become rather an echo of a past than a representation of a present feeling.

Once Fitzgerald took her from the sanitarium to lunch with friends and she drank a glass of wine that threw her off badly. He sat down beside her and quietly started a kind of game with her, pretending she was a princess in a tower and he her prince. "High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl. . . ." "Why did they keep princesses in towers?" But it was only a dream remembered, something they were both, in different ways, playing at. To that memory Fitzgerald was loyal to the end of his life; to have betrayed it would have been to betray a part of himself.

But however hard he tried, he could not live a memory, and he knew he was speaking of himself as well as of others when he wrote in his notebooks, "The voices fainter and fainter — How is Zelda, how is Zelda — tell us — how is Zelda." It seems likely, nevertheless, that he would not have fallen in love again had he not met someone who reminded him of Zelda in ways we shall never wholly understand, for all the hints of them in the love story of *The Last Tycoon*. It is only necessary to read the description of Stahr's feelings the first time he talks to Kathleen in *The Last Tycoon* to realize that, however personal the relation between them, it is for Stahr partly a relation with his dead wife. Kathleen is much too close to Sheilah Graham for us to be able to believe that this crucial aspect of Stahr's feeling is an accident, and, indeed, it is not easy to imagine Fitzgerald's emerging from the self-imposed isolation of his life in Hollywood under any other circumstances.

Thus, though it is impossible to believe Miss Graham right in thinking, as she tells us in *Beloved Infidel* she did, that "this man appreciates my mind as well as my face," she is undoubtedly right that it was not simply her physical beauty that attracted him. It was rather all that he imagined her to be, all that he in fact made her when he transformed her into Kathleen, as he had transformed Ginevra King into the college freshman's vision, as he had transformed Zelda Sayre into his adult vision. The complicating element in his love of Sheilah Graham was that she was for him, at least to some extent, a ghost — perhaps a double ghost.

No one was better placed than Fitzgerald to understand, when he finally learned about it, Lily Sheil's lifelong struggle to make herself over into the quite different person she called Sheilah Graham. Anyone who had, like Gatsby, a "Platonic conception" of herself and worked with all her might to realize it was bound to have his sympathy. He never ceased to believe — though sometimes toward the end of his life he tried — that without a strenuous effort to remake the world and oneself according to some vision of their possibilities one could not live. Nevertheless, the Sheilah Graham with whom he fell in love was not only a girl on whom he had exercised his idealizing imagination; she was also a girl who had already been transformed according to the requirements of her own imagination.

"No amount of fire and freshness [in an actual girl] can challenge what a man can store up [as an image of her] in his ghostly heart," as Jay Gatsby discovered about Daisy Fay. The worst of it was that, much as he might regret it, Fitzgerald knew that. The strangeness and the magic of the Sheilah Graham he fell in love with and portrayed in Kathleen were certainly very real to him. But of

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the homely reality of Lily Sheil, the girl who had fought her way up from the slums of London's East End, of this Lily Sheil there is hardly anything in Kathleen, though Fitzgerald lived with Lily Sheil and was very much aware of her presence, as he showed with sometimes terrifying violence when he was drunk and despairing. In fact, he showed it clearly enough, though less obviously, in their everyday life when he struggled to educate her up to the character she had adopted in the way he felt he had educated himself. (The ironic version of this impulse is the "Schedule" Gatsby wrote in the back cover of a copy of *Hopalong Cassidy:* "Bath every other day/Read one improving book or magazine per week.") He fought by her side in every way he knew — sometimes to her acute embarrassment — to help her establish the public image of Sheilah Graham.

What that image was for Fitzgerald, Kathleen shows us. Though she had been "nobody," Kathleen had been presented at court by her stepmother and had been, for most of her adult life, the mistress of a king. Both culturally and as a woman, she had learned a great deal from him that fascinated Stahr with its strangeness. After they have first made love, she smiles up at him and says:

> "I feel like Venus on the half shell."
> "What made you think of that?"
> "Look at me — isn't it Botticelli?"
> "I don't know," he said smiling. "It is if you say so."
> She yawned.
> "I've had such a good time. And I'm very fond of you."
> "You know a lot, don't you?"

The simplicity and directness of that "I've had such a good time" must have appealed to him as much as the unselfconscious — and, to be sure, imprecise — reference to the *Birth of Venus*. "Such an awful rain," she would say casually, "so loud — like horses weeing," a simile Sheilah had actually used. Thus, in addition to her haunting resemblance to Stahr's dead wife, she has for him her romantic strangeness. Kathleen is this kind of person because she is the Sheilah Graham whom Fitzgerald loved, and what charmed him most about Sheilah Graham was the upper-class European air Lily Sheil had so painstakingly acquired.

But it is also possible to see in *Beloved Infidel* that Fitzgerald was moved by the awkwardness with which Lily Sheil wore the air of Sheilah Graham, "The British Aristocrat." Lily Sheil's awkwardness must have touched him as the awkwardness of James Gatz, "The Oggsford Man" who had lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe (including Venice), touches us, as Scott Fitzgerald, "The Well-Known Writer" he was always boasting of when he was drunk, does. In all these instances the essential innocence and idealism of motive behind the effort to realize the image of a self are so evident that one wants to accept that image as the final reality — as, at least in some dramatic sense, it perhaps is.

What Fitzgerald loved was the girl who longed with incurable innocence to be something finer, however inadequate in fact her conception of what was finer — the Lily Sheil who wanted with all her might to become Sheilah Graham, the Zelda Sayre whose defiance of provincialism was made more touching by the fact that she was so often dependent and afraid, who longed to become one of those she thought the great and splendid of the world. The loves of Fitzgerald's life were girls who, like him, were passionately ambitious to realize in their lives some self more splendid than the self they were born with, and who, like him (though without his ironic recognition that they were doing so), conceived these selves in the only concrete terms available to them, what Fitzgerald called in *The Great Gatsby* "a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty." In loving them and sharing their ambitions in the way he did, Fitzgerald perhaps came as close as anyone in his generation to experiencing the essential quality of what Henry James called the "complex fate" of being an American.

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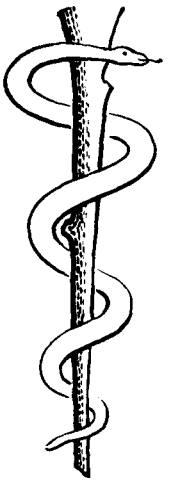

DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

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THE MEDICAL CARE PORK BARREL

Almost every American family sooner or later must pay for medical care for an ailing parent or grandparent. This is so because people 65 years of age and over are sick more often, have more chronic illness, such as cancer or heart disease, and are less able to pay for medical care than are younger adults. Indeed, the staggering cost of hospitalization and medical treatment is the commonest cause of pauperization of the elderly.

Congress has recognized the seriousness of the problem, and to meet it two different kinds of bills have been considered. One type extends the Old-Age and Survivors' Insurance coverage of the Social Security Act so that medical benefits can be paid automatically to the aged sick from insurance premiums collected during the working life of the insured. (Obviously, special provision would have to be made to meet the temporary problem of medical care assistance to those not under Social Security and those already retired who did not accumulate medical care benefits during their working lives because the law did not then include these benefits.) Such a law would also prevent illness from bankrupting our older citizens. The other type of bill extends the welfare provisions of the Social Security Act so that medical benefits can be paid from federal and state appropriations to the aged sick if they can prove that they are unable to pay.

The law which was passed by Congress last September (Social Security Amendments of 1960, Title VI) falls into this second category. It provides for payment of certain medical bills, on evidence of need, through individual state plans financed from federal and state appropriations calculated according to a matching formula. The need is determined by a means test. A social worker, or, more likely, a clerk trained as a social investigator, questions the applicant, checks on his assets, and makes recommendations to be approved by the responsible local welfare officer. Exact benefits to any individual will depend on his state of residence. There will be many different plans, since each of the fifty states must submit its own plan based on appropriate enabling legislation. So far only four states and Puerto Rico have submitted plans for federal approval.

Where state legislation has already been passed, the aged, in order to be eligible for financial aid, must have exhausted most of their assets and must have a financial status barely above the welfare level. There are, however, enough loopholes to permit the aged sick, if they have the necessary political influence, to protect their assets and still obtain financial aid for payment of their medical bills. As a result, our self-supporting old people may now find themselves at the mercy of the local political boss when they become sick.

Although the exact details of operation of the present law vary from state to state, certain gen-

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eralizations can be made. The first and immediate result of the law is to assist the states in paying for those aged already on relief rolls. The state may either substitute federal funds for existing state expenditures or expand its medical care program for the aged sick on the welfare rolls, or it may do both. In neither case does this bring aid to patients who are not already on or eligible for relief.

Insofar as the self-supporting aged are concerned, the intent of the present law is "to furnish medical assistance on behalf of aged individuals . . . whose income and resources are *insufficient to meet the cost of necessary medical services*." But it is impossible to estimate the cost of the necessary medical services in advance in order to conserve assets, because the physician cannot predict the patient's future. Elderly patients whose heart attacks, cancer, and strokes bring them to the hospital during acute flare-ups can recover in a short time, suffer temporary or permanent disabilities of varying degrees of severity, develop one of many possible complications, or die any time in the course of the disease. In contrast, for welfare patients who have no assets to conserve the lack of predictability is unimportant, since medical costs can be estimated from time to time on a short-term basis and funds can be provided as needed.

Except for the restriction "no lien may be imposed against the property of any individual prior to his death on account of his medical assistance for the aged," the responsibility for determining financial eligibility is placed on the states. Each state may establish the definition of assets to be taken into consideration in the means test, the financial limit above which no assistance will be granted. The state also decides whether other kinds of assets will be excluded from consideration.

For example, in Massachusetts, before financial assistance can be given, all assets other than real property and life insurance have to be expended down to a sum of $2000 to $3000, depending on the sex of the patient and whether or not the spouse is alive. All children of the patient are liable for repayment in full of the financial assistance granted. It is assumed that in enforcing this latter provision, all children will have to submit to a means test.

This new federal law will degrade the self-supporting aged because it does not prevent financial bankruptcy. Instead, after remaining assets are expended almost down to the present welfare level, the applicant must submit himself to the usual series of welfare investigations and procedures. It will come as a shock to those who consider themselves to be self-reliant Americans to find that, through no fault of their own, as a result of illness, they will be treated by society as if they were on relief. Let us see how the law would work in a typical case.

Two weeks ago, Mrs. Caroline Jones, 68 years old, suddenly had a stroke. She was taken to the hospital unconscious, but has improved so that she is now almost completely alert. Her entire left side is paralyzed, although she is regaining control and strength in her fingers. The doctor thinks that if she has no immediate complications, she may leave the hospital in about one or two weeks, provided a bed becomes available in a good nursing home or someone can be found to care for her at home. The doctor has warned the family that the outcome is uncertain. She may make a complete recovery. But there are many possible complications, and even without them she may have any degree of permanent disability, including complete invalidism.

Mrs. Jones has been living in her own home and caring for her 72-year-old husband. He has been short of breath since a coronary attack five years ago. Until his retirement at 65, he was a skilled machinist and "made good money." He had always been a proud man, never wished to be dependent on others, and had accumulated considerable savings and a few thousand dollars' worth of government bonds, owned his own home outright, and had a life insurance program. Following his retirement, he supported himself with odd jobs, but he has been unable to work since his heart attack.

The cost of his long illness and his lack of income, except for Social Security payments of $125 per month, have left him with total assets of about $5000, plus the equity in his $12,000 home, on which he recently had to take a mortgage of $7500. His hospital and medical care insurance, which was a fringe benefit of his employment in a large electrical company, was canceled on his retirement.

The Joneses have two children. The daughter is married to a schoolteacher, George Allen. They live nearby in a small house, with five children — three in high school and two in a local college. The Joneses' son moved to the West Coast, where he works in an airplane factory. He sends his father a small check every month "to help out." Two of his three children have recently married and are beginning families of their own. The third, a daughter, had severe paralytic polio as a child and needs constant attention. He has been very frugal, because he wants to make sure that his daughter will always have the necessary medical care.

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Mrs. Jones's son-in-law, George Allen, begins to worry. He has estimated that the hospital and medical bills to date are from $500 to $700. After Mrs. Jones leaves the hospital, her medical care will cost from $75 to $125 per week for an indefinite period. The expense of this new illness added to Mr. Jones's care could quickly bankrupt the family. Mr. Allen has heard of the new law to provide funds for medical care for people over the age of 65. But when he calls up the local welfare department, he finds that no money can be provided before a means test is performed. This will involve an analysis of the financial status of the patient and her family, and will take time. The guess is that this case can be reached in three to four weeks.

Meantime, Mr. Allen is sent an instruction sheet outlining the conditions under which financial aid can be granted. Among other things, he finds that about half of the Joneses' remaining assets will have to be expended before aid can be requested and that all payments made for medical care may be recovered from his wife and her brother at a later date.

George Allen becomes frightened and wonders whether he can conserve some of the family's assets. He calls his lawyer, who arranges an appointment for him with the councilman from his district. The councilman is very friendly but makes no specific recommendations. He explains the law with particular emphasis on excluded categories of assets. The councilman then suggests, "When you are ready to make an application, send it along to me and I will see that you get a decision without delay."

Mrs. Jones's case is typical. The financial problems would have been the same if she had had a heart attack, cancer, or any other common serious disease of the aged. The delays and uncertainties in obtaining benefits under the present law may also interfere with medical care and may defeat attempts at preventive medicine. When disease needs early treatment and comes on gradually, another serious effect results. In order to avoid impending bankruptcy, patients may postpone calling the doctor in the hope that the disease will cure itself.

However this complicated law may affect the individual, several facts are clear: a large staff of interviewers will be necessary; the cost of administration will be high; and local political patronage will be widespread. Because of the many undefinable medical and economic variables, the regulations implementing the law cannot be specific. The responsible officials in state and local government will, therefore, have much latitude for determining eligibility in individual cases.

The situation is thus tailor-made for political favors when old people want to hang on to what little they have left and when the cost of a particular case cannot be predicted and administration becomes complex and prolonged. The local political boss will be in a key position if, while medical bills are piling up for one of his constituents, he can short-circuit the slow-moving, cumbersome machinery of multiple means tests by having the forms filled out and by arranging for a quick, foolproof decision.

Further leeway is permitted by the federal prohibition of liens on property and by state exclusion of other types of assets. Foresighted old people may have their lawyers arrange their estates not only to avoid taxes but also to maintain their eligibility for medical care funds. Assets may be transferred from such categories as stocks, government bonds, and saving accounts to pay off the mortgage on the home or to add to other excluded categories of assets.

Once illness has begun, legal advice will no longer be helpful, since no lawyer can ethically advise transfer of assets in order to defraud the government. So, if assets are to be transferred at the first sign of illness, local political influence may be helpful in protecting the patients against a too-searching means test. Also, children with assets likely to be attached will use whatever political influence they can muster to protect their own personal interests.

A most serious defect of the new law is the creation of an ethical climate similar to that of the Prohibition era. Self-respecting aged citizens facing bankruptcy due to illness will be open to any influence which might protect them from destitution. Otherwise upstanding citizens will not hesitate to defraud the government or to give their votes in return for political influence to help pay for their medical bills. This practice would not be new in our society. In the early part of this century it was not unusual for the needy to give their votes in exchange for the necessities of life. These practices fostered the power of the local political boss, particularly in urban areas.

The decline of the power of the political boss in the United States was hastened by the passage and implementation of the Social Security Act. Favors in the form of handouts to be exchanged for votes could no longer compete with benefits which the citizen had earned and received as a matter of right under law. This was Edwin O'Connor's conclusion in his analysis of the decline of the political boss in *The Last Hurrah*. This opinion was supported most dramatically by James Michael Curley, former Massachusetts

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political boss, in a television broadcast at the time of the publication of his book *I'd Do It Again.*

Local political bosses and ward heelers would welcome a pork barrel comparable to the one they controlled before the passage of the Social Security Act in 1935. The present law is exactly what they have been looking for. Large sums of money are involved. Congress has estimated that the additional cost of the present program in all of the states for those people not already on relief will amount to $325 million in state and federal funds each year, but it is already clear that the cost will be many times this sum and that no exact estimate can be made now. In exchange for votes, local political bosses may be able to help their constituents become eligible for medical care payments. In addition, they will control patronage through the many jobs required for the administration of the new law. This is particularly so where state law provides for appointment by local government and where merit systems are loosely enforced.

This new law will inevitably lead to indirect political control over the patient's ability to pay his physicians' fees. It is, therefore, surprising that the American Medical Association has publicly announced its support of the present law, in spite of its frequently expressed fear of political control of medical practice. Self-interest alone ought to make the association overcome its blind opposition and favor putting medical care benefits for the elderly into the insurance provisions of the Social Security Act, under which patients would have their claims paid as if from an insurance company. It is incredible that the American Medical Association fails to see that a law based on the insurance principle would be free from the political domination over individual physicians, which is a major feature of the present law.

Dissatisfaction with the present federal law has caused some states to postpone the enactment of enabling legislation. Others consider it an interim solution, in part because they wish to take immediate advantage of available additional federal funds for the aged sick already on relief. For example, Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, in his annual message to the legislature at the opening of the 1961 session, said, "To take advantage of federal funds made available by 1960 legislation, I propose adoption of a new $40 million program of additional medical assistance for the needy aged in New York state. . . . It is my conviction, as I have previously stated, that far more comprehensive federal legislation is required to help our senior citizens meet their medical needs. I believe that the only fiscally sound approach to the financing of such a federal program is through the proven contributory system of Social Security."

The new federal law was a major political issue during the presidential campaign. Vice President Richard Nixon indicated his satisfaction with the law as passed by the special session of the Congress. This was somewhat surprising, because the Eisenhower Administration has favored the concept that the individual, insofar as possible, be responsible for his own support. The present law actually encourages certain patients to become destitute or to refuse jobs if remaining assets or additional income would make them ineligible for major benefits. On the other hand, Senator John F. Kennedy was dissatisfied with the law and promised that, if elected, he would press for the enactment of a law based on the insurance principle of the Social Security Act. Indeed, such a law has been given early priority in his legislative proposals to the 87th Congress.

Congress has clearly recognized that voluntary health insurance cannot meet the need, and financial assistance by the government for payment of medical bills for some of the aged is now a reality. But the present law also does not meet the need, and furthermore fosters direct local political control over the aged sick. Passage of a law under the Social Security Act would protect the aged against bankruptcy due to illness. It would also, in one fell swoop, do away with political control, debasing means tests, and complex, expensive administration, and would be self-supporting. Let us hope that Congress acts promptly.

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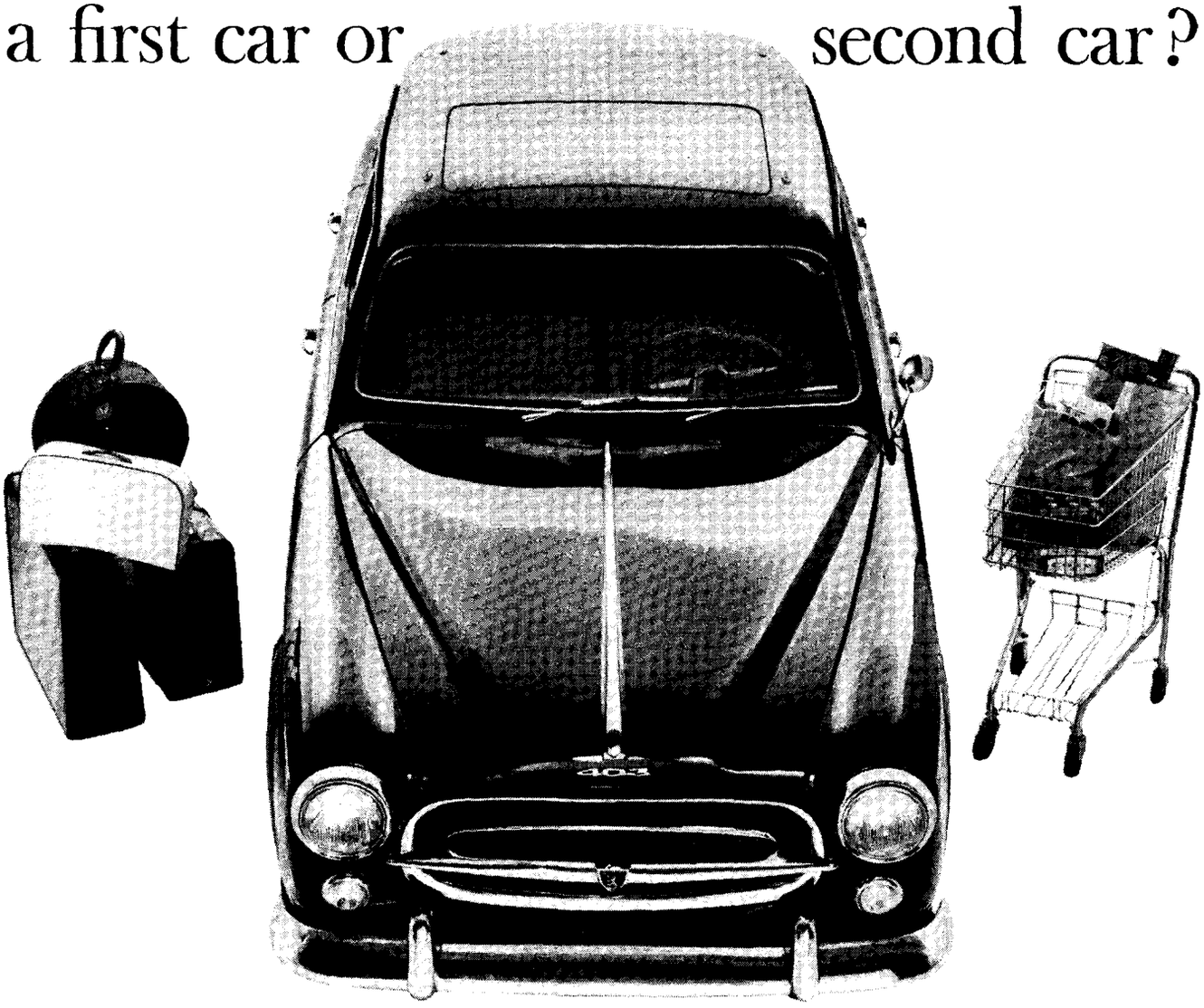
Is the Peugeot 403 a first car or second car?



The Peugeot 403 is a first car. The only second car a Peugeot owner needs is another Peugeot. It has first car size and comfort: And it *looks* like a first car: no fins; no excessive trim; no strange shapes. The 403 also has many second car economies—low initial cost; 30 mpg on regular gas; very low upkeep. The Peugeot 403 is sold completely equipped. A sliding metal sunroof, heater-defroster, whitewall or Michelin X tires, four-speed synchromesh transmission, reclining seats, and many other "extras" are included in the price.

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At no time in our past has the ATLANTIC *received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, twice a year we set aside a number of pages in the* ATLANTIC *to be devoted to the work of young poets.*

CELEBRATION FOR A GRAY DAY

BY RICHARD FARINA

Be quiet now and still. Be unafraid:
That hiss and garden tinkle is the rain,
That face you saw breathe on the windowpane
Was just a startled cat with eyes of jade —
Cats worry in the rain, you know, and are afraid.
The nervous laugh that creeps into our room
Is throated in a voice beyond the door.
We hear it once and then no more,
A distant echo tumbling from its loom.
Our time is measured in another room.

We know days pass away because we're told.
We lie alone and sense the reeling earth.
(You whisper in my ear it has some worth)
And I lean near to keep you from the cold.
There are so many things that must be told.
I speak of lost regimes and distant times,
And moon-eyed children swirling in the womb,
And legless beggars prophesying doom,
And afternoons of rain spun into rhyme.
(The patter of the rainfall marks our time.)

As does the waning moon. Or muted sun.
As do the nodding gods who ride the sea.
For even now, alone and still with me,
You sense the bonds that cannot be undone:
Our pulse is in the rain and moon and sun,
We take our breaths together and are one.

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LAST NIGHT

BY JOHN R. NASH

Last night
in great surprise and delight
I closed my eyes
and became dead
on my broad bed
Apologetically stiff I lay
seeing myself
night into day
and knew a huge feeling of gratitude
at the loneliness of my favorite tie
at the heartsick cry
of a homeless comb
accusing me from my blue dress suit
Cut off at the root
of flowery youth
pleasure was mine
I was supine in my cool truth
No tomorrow, no yesterday
no more sugar to borrow
from Mrs. O'Small down the hall
and best of all
no more wall
between me and the girl in number sixteen
no more to say
my teeth were at rest
my nose strict
my toes posed
my goose cooked
my bucket kicked
(I would never have guessed
how well I looked
with my mouth closed)

MY LOVE GOES SWIMMING

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Her glistening arms lifting in easy precision
  Through this alien element,
Strands of amber hair drifting severally,
  Evidence a marine affinity:
In the marvelous process of loving I find myself
  Loving the moving shoulder
Blade and long muscles whose lovely utility
  Is quickness, not strength;
Loving the hurried gasp for breath, the abrupt
  Crook of her elbow upward
That allows the small hollow below to remind me
  Of its flesh-fragrant warmness;
Her feet swift aflutter beneath the surface
  Lending her motion
A seeming to strive, gently compelling her
  And me: her to forwardness
And me to another falling — *dolce naufragio.*
  Her arms arch down in slow caress
Creating a kind of graceful turbulence
  I am well familiar with:
And the sunlight that shatters in her wake
  Surrounds her now in unearthly ardor,
Though for all her ethereal semblance
  My love is only too too tangible
And this brief distance is still defeat:
  Her bold body is shyly clothed
In belief that love must ultimately be
  Just such intimate reticence.

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METAMORPHOSES AT ROCK HARBOR

BY DONALD W. BAKER

Prone on the sand, burnt hollow, beyond resolution,
Having explored the flesh of exhausted August,
I woke to the hug of surf and cobalt horizon,
Salt still at my tongue from the swimming, tune
Of the wind in dune grasses thin in my head.

On the rocks flared in the spill of sun,
Foam jagged there like a broken shell,
The hair of a mermaid risen from dead
Depths where the snouts of the green-bred
Dogfish snuffle the bones of sailors undone
By fantasy, lustful for streaming
Shoulders caught upright, for shuddering breasts.

I, racked by the legend, scraped by the scales,
Awaking to knowledge:
beach, the radio screaming
With jazz, the yellow umbrella, the sand,
Waxed paper and mustard, blue water breaking, sundered
By plungers, a gull that soared in the sun.

The southwest fog coated the sky with salt;
The mermaid smiled at the sailor:
O human child!
Years of my daughter, with sunpeeled nose, eyes mild
And blue as a saint's, hair damp with the spray,
Brushed with a delicate wrist:
Your knees danced
Like the waves, your blaze fired the fog when you ran away.

Prone on the beach, my throat within reach
Of Davy the pander, my bones barnacled gone,
Green stones in the damned coronet of Poseidon,
Eye-jelly, artery, armpit, and brain,
I am gone to the white belly rolling to rip,
To the blood-threads curling from closing jaws,
To the teeth clamped through the ragged flesh,
To the gut and the nerve of the muscle of ocean,
The predator, the torpedo, the black destroyer.

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THE RIGHTEOUS MAJOR

BY FREDERICK W. COPELAND

After a successful career as a corporation president, FREDERICK W. COPELAND *moved to Southern California, where for the past fifteen years he has been active as a management consultant. He here reveals for* ATLANTIC *readers and Civil War enthusiasts some hitherto unpublished information regarding his grandfather and how he tried to save the Union.*

Drawing by Frank Bellew, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *November 26, 1864.*

I KNEW nothing about my paternal grandfather except that his Civil War saber hung over our mantelpiece and there were two unusual anecdotes: that he had been suspended from Harvard College in 1850 for "unseemly applause" from his study window of a monkey and an organ-grinder; and that he had been treated very badly by President Lincoln. We grandchildren had a standard joke each year that we would not celebrate Lincoln's birthday because Abe had done dirt to Grandpappy; but we never told this outside of the family, as we were not sure we believed the story ourselves and we knew that other children would scoff at it. Some years later, however, after my father's death, we came upon a pamphlet, yellowed by age, bearing on its cover the following:

STATEMENT
OF
R. MORRIS COPELAND
Ass't Adjutant-General & Major of Volunteers
DISCHARGED FROM SERVICE
August 6, 1862

Boston:
Printed by Prentiss & Deland
40 Congress Street
1864

This pamphlet of fifty-two pages is the attempt of a bewildered and heartbroken gentleman to write a defense against unspecified charges resulting in his being cashiered from the army. In humanizing his own story he humanizes, for good or bad, President Lincoln, Secretary of War Stanton, Major General Banks, a governor and a U.S. senator from Massachusetts, and other prominent figures of that time. He gives us indirectly an intimate picture of the confusion in Washington and at the battle fronts and the amazing ease with which a mere major of the Union army could virtually commute from the fields of action to Washington, New York, and Boston and consort with high officials of the federal and state governments and intellectuals such as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, and Louis Agassiz.

I am neither a biographer nor a historian, but I sincerely believe that by quoting selected passages and adding a few explanatory interpolations I can convey the poignancy and impassioned earnestness of the defense, the naïveté that is almost self-incriminating, and the backstage picture revealing how some of our historically great could be just as vindictive and petty as we ordinary mortals.

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At the outbreak of the Civil War, Grandfather left his wife and two children with his father in Vermont, abandoned his career as a landscape architect, and answered the call of the governor of Massachusetts for volunteers. He was commissioned quartermaster of the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers and served with it in the field until appointed aide-de-camp to Major General Banks, with rank of major. He must have served with distinction in the campaign along the Potomac and up the Shenandoah Valley, as he received several citations and was twice recommended to command newly formed regiments. The record indicates, however, that, as is the case with most aides-de-camp to generals, one of his principal duties was to act as a wailing wall for his boss, who, like all generals, disapproved of the way the war was being conducted, and particularly the way he was being slighted, as compared with McClellan. Grandfather not only sympathized with the general but had his own ideas on winning the war, one of them being to raise Negro regiments under his own command. When he secured a furlough to go to Washington to approach his congressmen with this plan, General Banks asked him to drop in at the War Department and tell Secretary of War Stanton what a bind their army was in and how desperately they needed reinforcements.

> Before I could enter at all into details he [Stanton] cut me short, saying that it was useless to waste time . . . for the President was in such a state of mind that he could do nothing with him. He then asked me about Gen. Banks position and prospects. I told him briefly how important it was that the general should be reinforced, and showed him on the map the exceeding weakness of our position. Mr. Stanton appeared annoyed by my statement and said that three generals all thought Jackson was in front of them, and all wanted troops. There being nothing more to be said, I left him.

Later in the day, however, Grandfather received an urgent telegram from General Banks to get in touch with Secretary Stanton again and report the desperate urgency of reinforcements. It was too late to see the secretary in his office, but Grandfather did not hesitate to pursue him, first to his home and then to where he was dining out. That he was treading on delicate ground never seemed to occur to him on this or any other occasion, but he happened to pick up a Massachusetts congressman and bring him along to see Stanton.

> Mr. Stanton seemed much irritated that Gen. Banks should have telegraphed me instead of him; and again repeated that there could be no danger and he could send no troops. This was Tuesday night. The next Sunday Gen. Banks was in the most rapid flight.

Can anyone imagine a more unpardonable sin than giving to a public official, in the presence of a Massachusetts congressman, a warning of what would and did happen in spite of the official's flat statement that it could not happen? But, unmindful of any indiscretion and apparently brushing aside his worries about Banks, Grandfather says, "Having previously received a fifteen-days leave of absence to enable me to go to Massachusetts, I left Baltimore on the evening of the 22nd and arrived in Boston Friday afternoon."

There is no account of what he did with his weekend, but

> Early Monday morning I went to the house of his Excellency Gov. Andrew to get the latest news. He showed me a large number of the most alarming telegrams received from Washington. . . . In the course of our interview he expressed his solicitude lest the already over-taxed militia of Massachusetts might respond tardily to the call for immediate volunteers; and asked me if I could not write some appeal to the people of Massachusetts, which would arouse them to their utmost efforts.

Reading between the lines, one suspects the governor said that recruiting was slow because people thought victory for the North was in the bag, whereupon Grandfather told him the Northern troops were getting licked and pushed around everywhere.

> Eager only to forward the war, and hasten support to our shattered army, I sat down there, and wrote the following appeal to the people of Massachusetts, which was sent at once to the daily evening press: and before I could revise, examine or recall it, was spread over New England, and copied the next day into most of the Northern newspapers:

I shall quote only the most lurid lines:

> AN APPEAL TO MASSACHUSETTS:
>
> Have you heard the news? . . . Three weeks ago today he [Gen. Banks] was, with sixteen thousand men . . . holding twenty thousand of the enemy at bay; ready in one day more to move suddenly on their flank and crush them. Fremont was ready to occupy Staunton, whence fifty thousand men would have rushed victorious upon Richmond. [But] ten thousand men were ordered from him [Banks] to protect Washington [leaving] Banks with six thousand . . . to face twenty thousand. . . . Do you wonder . . . Major-General Banks has had to retreat? . . . The enemy follow our trail like hell-hounds. At Ball's Bluff they shot prisoners in cold blood. At Bull Run they cut off the heads of dead men. . . . Men of Massachusetts . . . forget your trades and business, which will be of no value if this enemy is not destroyed. . . . Come to rescue Gen. Banks and the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

He admits that when he read his appeal in print he saw that he had made a mistake. An article

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signed by a regular army officer saying that the powers in Washington had passed up an opportunity to capture Richmond and had sacrificed thousands of Massachusetts' finest boys was "likely to irritate the Secretary of War."

> I also feared it would annoy Gen. Banks, who had studiously avoided everything which looked like a complaint against the Government. . . . But it did not then, nor does it now, seem to me that I could be said to censure my superior officers, any more than that any person who simply narrates historical facts can be said to censure those whose actions make history.

The reaction of General Banks was crisp and quick. Not knowing where to reach his wandering aide-de-camp, he telegraphed to the editor of the newspaper in Boston: "Major Copeland should secure some position in the Massachusetts regiments of equal rank to that he now holds. It is not consistent that he should return to his post here after his proclamation in Boston." But this message reached Boston after Grandfather's departure. He returned to camp, filled with his usual virtue and innocence, and was completely surprised when Banks greeted him with a demand for his transfer to any other army but his. Grandfather sent his application immediately to the War Department and to the governor of Massachusetts, continuing in the meanwhile to carry on his duties with Banks in what appears to have been a surprisingly cordial atmosphere.

As for the reaction of Secretary Stanton, when no reply was received to the request for transfer, Major Copeland asked Banks's chief of staff, who was going to Washington, to press the matter with Stanton.

> On his return, this officer reported that on mention of my name, Mr. Stanton denounced me with great severity; expressed his extreme surprise that Gen. Banks should retain so mischievous a person on his staff . . . and [said] that if I came into his hands again I should have cause to remember him all my life.
>
> On the 5th of July, Gen. Banks returned from Washington and at breakfast he told the assembled mess, some eight officers and their servants, of the disastrous rumors which were afloat in Washington as to M'Clellans movements, and the danger there was of the capture of his whole command. He said further that the President was believed to be much alarmed and uncertain what to do; and that the feeling generally prevailed in Washington that some one military chief should be placed in charge of the War Department and the armies in the field.

The big question was how to arouse public opinion, and this hit my impetuous Grandfather as a challenge to every red-blooded American. Who but he had a brother-in-law who ran a big newspaper? He must get the message immediately to Mr. C. F. Dunbar, of the Boston *Advertiser*.

> Communication by mail was notoriously tardy and uncertain and the need for action immediate; and I again prepared my telegram: but in order to conceal its purport from the hasty inspection of telegraph operators, I enveloped it in a simple cipher of my own invention, arranged for the occasion, not very difficult to be interpreted upon careful study by one who would give time and patience to the task. As nearly as I can recall it my message read as follows:
>
> > "General Banks returned. M'Clellan defeated and liable to be captured. The President alarmed and uncertain what to do. Urge that a strong man be placed at the head of affairs and troops be sent rapidly from the west."
>
> I did not for a moment consider that I was doing anything improper; and I am unable still to see that I in any way violated propriety.

This hit-and-run philosophy of Grandfather's is confirmed by his next statement.

> The whole matter passed from my mind, and never recurred to me until after my return to Boston later in July, when in conversation with Mr. Dunbar, I remembered it, and asked him why he had never mentioned in his letters that he had received it. He said, because he never did receive it.
>
> I remained with Gen. Banks, apparently in full possession of his confidence, until I was relieved, on the 11th of July, by the arrival of my successor . . . when by General Order . . . I was ordered to report to Gen. Hunter.

On arrival in Washington he obtained a leave of absence for fifteen days and went at once to Boston. While in Boston he applied to Governor Andrew for command of one of the Massachusetts regiments. It is significant that he presented to the governor the following letter from General Banks: "Permit me to commend to your favorable consideration Major Copeland as an officer qualified to raise and command one of the new regiments of volunteers. He is an officer of energy and capacity."

Grandfather, like most of his grandchildren, did not believe in wasting a moment of a vacation. He arrived in New York at the very end of his furlough and learned that his ship had sailed that morning and that there would not be another one for a week. He was probably relishing this conscience-free holiday in New York, when he picked up a copy of the *Tribune* of August 10, 1862, and read:

> General Order No. 96
>
> Major R. Morris Copeland, assistant adjutant general United States Vols., having violated an important

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> trust committed to him while serving on the staff of the General commanding the Department of the Shenandoah is, by direction of the President, dismissed the Service of the United States, to take effect Aug. 1, 1862.
>
> — By Order of the Secretary of War

In his own words, "A thunderbolt from a cloudless sky could not have been more startling." Not having the faintest awareness of any misconduct in his past and feeling sure his innocence would be proved once he could face his accusers, he set off for Washington at once, but "to be provided against any emergency I procured letters of introduction from gentlemen in New York to prominent persons in Washington." I never could figure out how he was able to meet and get the backing of prominent people everywhere and why, if he had the political astuteness to build these bridges, he did not realize the wretchedly poor politics of some of his own impulsive actions.

As soon as possible after arrival in Washington, Grandfather called on Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and presented a letter of introduction. On hearing his story, the secretary set up an appointment with President Lincoln for 11 o'clock that morning, and personally escorted him to Mr. Lincoln's office, saying, "Mr. Lincoln, I wish to introduce to you . . . an officer who seems to have suffered a great injustice; he is a friend to our best friends, who especially request of you to give him a hearing and justice; and he deserves, for their sake, to receive proper attention." (You will note the political hint "friend of our friends.")

Grandfather then, "as composedly as possible," read to Mr. Lincoln the official order of discharge, and said:

> I have come to you, sir, as President of the United States, and Commander of the Army, to ask for simple justice as a citizen and soldier. . . . I have been several times promoted; have been seven times engaged with the enemy; have been twice honorably mentioned; and have now, in my pocket, letters recommending me in the strongest manner for the command of a cavalry regiment, from two major-generals, three brigadier generals, four colonels and several citizens. No complaint that I know of has been made against me; and yet I am dismissed the service with no more ceremony than one would kick out a dead dog. Will you allow this, sir? Will you allow the reputation I have made, my own and my childrens property, to be destroyed in the dark?

At this point in the narrative you will expect, as I did, to read how the Great Humanitarian, the Great Emancipator laid his hand on Grandfather's head and said, "My poor boy, don't give this another thought. I'll see that justice wins over petty persecution."

But, far to the contrary, Uncle Abe replied, "Well, sir, I know something about your case, and I'll tell you what I know. You're that man who went to Boston . . . and wrote letters and editorials abusing the Administration and made speeches, and did all you could to make a fuss."

Grandfather denied everything except writing one article for the newspaper at the specific request of Governor Andrew to stimulate recruiting in Massachusetts.

But the President went on to say:

> Well, I did not know you were dismissed. I never saw the order, that I know of, until today; though of course it has been laid before me and received my official sanction; and I dont know what the charges are. But I do know that you sent a most improper and malicious telegram, in cipher, to a Boston editor, which no officer has a right to do, saying I was scared, M'Clellan was to be captured, and we were all going to ruin. You thought you were very sharp and put it into some kind of cipher you made up; but we've got some very cute fellows in the telegraph-office, and one of them worked it out and sent it to me to read; and I could see plainly enough that you belonged to that class of men who are trying to make all the mischief for the Government that they can. Fact is, I believe you want to help run this government and because you dont get as much notice as you think you deserve, you are trying to make trouble. . . . I am inclined to believe that you are a mischief making fellow and good for but little as an officer . . . and the sooner you are out of the service, the better.

Not a word about justice or the right of a defendant to a day in court to hear the charges and attempt to refute them. The President's tone of voice must have been even more emphatic than his words, because Grandfather, for once, was unable to add any comment in his narrative.

There began then one of the most pathetic runarounds that I have ever seen described. The disgrace was ghastly, but I think Grandfather was upset even more by the frustration of not being able to learn the charges or their source; he wanted to fight back but could not find his accuser.

He went first to the War Department and asked to see the charges. The undersecretary said, "Certainly," but disappeared into Stanton's office and on return announced curtly that the charges were not available. Hastening to Boston, he asked Governor Andrew to appeal on his behalf. The governor was very sympathetic, as well he should have been over the consequences of his request for a letter to stir up recruiting, but he said he was powerless in Washington and the best he could do would be to write to Senator Sumner, the United States senator from Massachusetts, asking him to

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CYNIC You can tell him by his favorite food—sour grapes. According to the cynic, there's an opportunist in every public office, an Elmer Gantry in every pulpit, a racketeer in every union local. No worthy cause can possibly succeed, he believes, because the world is full of schemers. A master of the negative, a veteran wet blanket, he dampens dedication, chills initiative. And while the cynic sits and grumbles, doctors answer midnight calls . . . artists create works with more concern for art than applause . . . school teachers help their students, not their bank accounts, grow. Where would America be today if the cynic's view had always prevailed? Human advancement proves that people can, and usually do, work together for the common good. In this nuclear age, is there any other choice?

P.S. The amazing growth of NATIONWIDE is clear testimony to the power of new ideas — and to the strength of cooperative effort. Founded by a few midwest families in 1926, NATIONWIDE has grown and prospered — largely through the active involvement of its policyholders in their company's affairs.

IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE
America's most progressive insurance organization
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Nationwide Mutual Ins. Co./Nationwide Mutual Fire Ins. Co./Nationwide Life Ins. Co./Home Office: Columbus, O.

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give a hearing and all possible assistance. In this letter, which is quoted in the Statement, the governor very tactfully admits that Major Copeland "is ardent, earnest and impulsive . . . but incapable of intentional violation of trust."

On arrival in Washington, Grandfather presented the letter to the senator and was warned offhand that "the Government is excessively prejudiced against you." Pressed further, the senator went to see Secretary Stanton on the major's behalf and reported, "I asked him if the matter was closed. He said it was; and if reopened he would treat you worse than he had. He said he did not object to your having criticized the action of the Government but that a staff-officer should send the editor a telegram in cipher, is utterly inexcusable."

Grandfather thought up what sounded like a smart end play; he would get Governor Andrew to appoint him to some new regiment of volunteers, and Washington would not notice him in the package. The governor wrote that he had tried this, but all commissions had to be confirmed by the War Department, and they always vetoed Copeland.

During the winter of 1862–1863 Senator Sumner personally appealed to President Lincoln for reconsideration of the Major Copeland case, but received no reply. Senator Sumner was then asked to deliver to President Lincoln a very strongly worded petition pointing out the injustice of ruining the life of a fine man like Major Copeland without stipulating charges or granting a fair court-martial. The petition ended with, "This is not only unfair to the individual but creates in the minds of the public a very poor impression of the Government." And who do you think signed this petition? Here is the list:

R. Waldo Emerson	Jared Sparks
J. M. Forbes	J. R. Lowell
Jas. Savage	Henry W. Longfellow
William B. Rogers	Josiah Quincy, Jun.
Thomas Hill	William I. Bowditch
Jas. Walker	Henry Lee, Jun.
Jas. Freeman Clarke	Charles Hale
Amos Tuck	Henry L. Bowditch
Ezra Lincoln	G. S. Hillard
J. G. Goodrich	Saml. G. Howe
Ls. Agassiz	

Senator Sumner reported back that the President had given him a full hearing in which to present this petition and was not openly unsympathetic but said the case could not be reopened without personal offense to Mr. Stanton. The senator wrote, "From the beginning I have been personally satisfied that Major Copeland had fallen into a military indiscretion, which was not in any just sense a breach of trust; and I have expressed this to the President and the Secretary. I do not, therefore, disguise my disappointment at the result, which I now report."

Grandfather pricked up his ears when he heard that a commission had been appointed in Washington to examine cases of officers who had been dismissed without a hearing and who desired to come before the commission; but when he applied for a hearing he was told the application must first be cleared through the War Department. He applied through channels and never received a reply.

Major Copeland's Statement ends with simple dignity:

> Having thus exhausted every resource, I am now, more than a year after my discharge, compelled, as the only hope for my reputation, to appeal to the verdict of those who may read this account.
>
> The logical conclusion from all the evidence I can collect is that I was dismissed because I clothed my thoughts in a language unfamiliar to the War Department; for the President told me he did not think I could have been dismissed for the telegram, but on charges . . . preferred by General Banks. Gen. Banks has denied ever presenting any charges. Gov. Andrew has been informed that the telegram is the only charge against me. . . . This is preposterous and carries us back to the only tenable ground, that the real offence is my letter of May 26th [the newspaper article] for which Mr. Stanton told Major Perkins and Gen. Banks he would give me cause to remember him all my life.

That a President of the United States might resent public criticism and punish the offender is never said or implied in Grandfather's Statement.

The reader will have to admit that although Grandfather may not have been very smart or discreet, he was a hound for punishment, and whether it was unseemly applause for an organ-grinder, in defiance of the authorities at Harvard, or being kicked around by the President of the United States and the Secretary of War, he always knew he was right. My wife and my children are quick to point out that the above is a family trait.

In 1870 — eight years too late — Mr. R. Morris Copeland, civilian and with both health and pocketbook impaired by his military disgrace and subsequent efforts to clear himself, received the following telegram:

> By direction of the President, General Order No. 96, Aug. 6, 1862, from this office directing the dismissal of Major R. Morris Copeland, asst. adj. gen., U.S. Vols., is hereby revoked and his resignation is accepted to take effect Aug. 8, 1862.
>
> — By Order of the Secretary of War

I was once told that when this telegram reached West Castleton, Vermont, the whole town put on a celebration that was a "corker."

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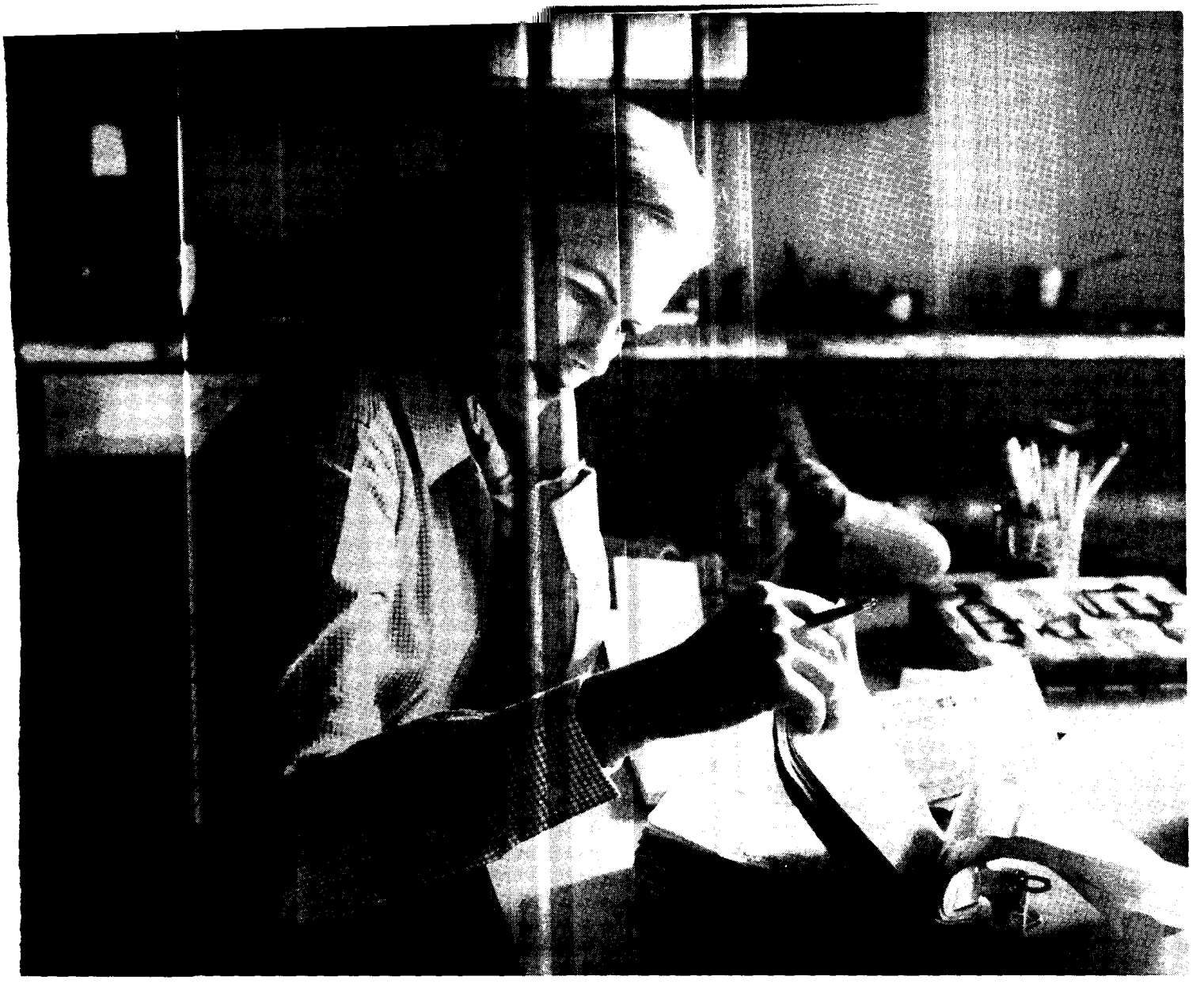

Who balances America's biggest budget?

IT isn't the Federal Government, nor is it Industry. It's the American woman who balances the biggest budget in our nation—the budget of America's families. Last year, American family income was up to about 353 billion dollars. Women controlled or influenced the saving and spending of 85% of this money—more than 300 billion dollars.

The American housewife has added the job of family comptroller to her already impressive list of modern homemaking responsibilities as a wife, mother and dedicated member of her community. Today, America's women manage 70% more money than they did 10 years ago. In addition to this increased financial responsibility, the average American woman devotes more than twice as much time and effort to prudent shopping as she did in 1940.

Like everything else she does, the American woman measures her own shopping success by the amount of good living she brings home to her family. No matter how much money there may be in the household budget, her insistence on quality at a reasonable price has made it clear that she intends to be thrifty.

An outstanding example of this attitude is the ever-increasing number of women who shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps. Today, the women who budget for half the families in our nation receive S&H Green Stamps as a reward for thrifty shopping.

Perhaps your wife has brought home something "extra"—some little thing "outside of the budget"—by saving S&H Green Stamps. If so, this is just one more way that she brings better living to you through the intelligent budgeting of her household dollars.

An American Way of Thrift for 25,000,000 Families . . .

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THE AGE OF THE SCHOLAR-TEACHER

BY

CHARLES R. BEYE

The failure of the teaching profession to attract competent people in numbers has been a matter of grave concern to our educational leaders. CHARLES R. BEYE, *who is currently teaching at Stanford University, tells from his own academic experience some of the factors which he believes contribute to the present situation.*

THE central theme in the current threnody on the state of American education seems to be the great want of genuinely good teachers. Relevant to this is the fact that in order to secure tenure in a reputable American university one must engage actively in some sort of scholarship, producing tangible — that is, published — results. What our tradition demands, then, is scholar-teachers. These are not created overnight, and, indeed, generally fail ever to come into being, which is well known to anyone in the academic profession. Why this should be so is relatively obscure, but from my own experience I should say that it derives in large part from a failure on the part of universities today to understand the relationship of scholarship to teaching, or to see that the scholar-teacher is an organic whole. In the early years, the all-important years of graduate study and the instructorship, the young person is almost forced to misconceive his future role in the profession.

I began teaching while I was still in graduate school. My position was tutor, in the English sense of the word, to three groups of undergraduates, with whom I met one hour a week. This meant three hours a week of teaching, and since each group was studying a different author, I made three preparations. But here we arrive at an ambiguity which at the time was hard for me to resolve — namely, preparation. Was I to read rapidly over the assigned passage — I should mention that my field was Greek and Latin — and limit the tutorial hour to the immediate grammatical problems and whatever flotsam and jetsam of literary notions were floating in my head? Or was I to read up on the literary works involved and the genres they represented?

The authors whom we attacked in tutorial were not the special interests in my own graduate study; they had little relation to the subject of my dissertation, which I had not yet begun. If I made a significant preparation for the tutorials, I would be taking time away from the professional specialization in which I would later be examined and which would provide the initial prop to my career. On the other hand, many of the students in these tutorials asked bright, penetrating questions for which I ought to have had answers. For the brightest group I prepared carefully and changed my graduate program so as to include the author we were discussing among my specialities; for the less bright group, who were nevertheless clever and eager, I prepared somewhat, but resorted frequently to uttering enormous generalities, big, beautiful thoughts, lots of them, which by virtue of their scope and number were unassailable in the course of one hour and too ephemeral to be remembered in the following week. For the least bright group, I provided lots of sherry and wit and no preparation. Somehow I got through

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the term and accomplished enough of my own work to get through the examinations. There was a certain enchantment in learning that cleverness can become its own reward.

While working on my dissertation and the four special fields in which I should be finally examined, I was a full-time teacher, first at a small college, later at a large Ivy League university. At small colleges one teaches a wide variety of subjects for many hours. My training had been in literature; my dissertation was concerned with a literary matter. In my first year, the major course which I taught was ancient history. I couldn't now begin to count the nights I spent until dawn desperately studying the *Cambridge Ancient History* for the subject of my lectures. In the earnestness of youth, you see, I had decided to prepare the subject. I have known others who, when faced with a similar situation, turned the course into a history of ancient art, or ancient literature, or archaeology, or a selection of wisecracks, or whatever their specialty happened to be. This is instinctive self-preservation.

In a sense, I have never regretted the effort. I have learned much that I otherwise would not know, and I keep up with history in an amateurish fashion. At the time, however, it forced me to set aside all the work which was to get me the Ph.D. — and larger salaries, teaching offers, and advancement. Many of my advisers called me frivolous and irresponsible; I was made to feel guilty for attempting to teach as well as I was able when other activities more important to my future were kept waiting.

Somehow, in the course of two years of teaching history, linguistics, surveys of ancient literature, Roman drama, and Roman satire, not to mention subjects about which I happened to know something precise, I set to work upon my dissertation, which had to do with things Homeric. My 120-hour work week was fairly well organized, and aside from a constant daze and hysterical blinking of the eyes, I managed to keep the whole charade going; the students were even learning, because, if nothing else, I tried to be engaging and provocative.

The enormous scholarly bibliography in the area of my dissertation was somewhat frightening, but I doggedly set to. Like all neophytes at the dissertation, I was sure that mine was to set a mark in scholarship for all time. In my pretension I insisted upon being careful, thorough, and sustained. The scholar was about to be born in the rapidly cooling ashes of the teacher.

I was not permitted to remain in this paradise for long. From all sides grew the insistent demand that I get the thesis done. Hurry up. Who cares what you say? Get it done. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Don't read all those reference books; don't read the Homeric corpus all the way through again in Greek; put down anything. Hurry.

At this point, I moved on to the university. Here I had more leisure to finish the thesis. My teaching was confined to subjects which I knew well, and for all this I am thankful. Nevertheless, I was not given a situation in which I could repair the damage and direct my attentions once again to becoming a scholar-teacher.

First of all, I was made to realize that teaching was not so important as scholarship. In my fourth year of teaching, the first year at the university, I was offered a salary less than beginning instructors with a Ph.D. receive. Teaching experience and ability counted for nothing. And it is curious to observe that the administration, in its insistence upon holding out a monetary reward for scholarship done, reflected no faith in scholarship for its own sake.

As work increased on the dissertation, I took everyone's advice, cut corners, ignored potentially significant avenues of investigation that kept opening up, and, in short, stopped thinking and endured through to the end. But I was interested in what I was working out, and I longed to tell somebody about it. It is rather difficult in a course in beginning Greek to work in some of the more abstruse details of Homeric scholarship, but so intense was my desire that slowly the pedant replaced the teacher in the class. Obviously there should have been the opportunity for me to give a graduate seminar in a subject which I had learned so well and in such detail. It is an absurd waste of effort to have mastered something so thoroughly, only to be denied the chance to give it that loose, creative, and changing form which a seminar can provide. At this point, the scholar was frustrated in being a teacher.

As a matter of fact, ironically enough, I was engaged in a "seminar" for freshmen which covered a selection of literature from Genesis to T. S. Eliot. Why was I there? Because during the year we chanced briefly upon both Greek tragedy and ancient epic. The other selections were either relatively unknown or completely unfamiliar to me. I am sure that if I had had the time to sit down and read carefully the works of that seminar, I could have talked about most of them thoughtfully; if I had studied them sufficiently, I could have talked about most of them intelligently. But for two years I gave grudgingly a portion of heart and soul to the course, and it seemed to me the final mockery of the whole of my training.

Like all undergraduates who become enchanted

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with a subject, I wanted to know all of it. The graduate course of study is based on the premise that the whole of the subject is too much for anyone to know in depth. I accepted the idea that if I were to attempt to learn all ancient literature in depth, I should be attempting too much. I specialized, and the future seemed obvious. In the main I should teach, talk, and write about that which I had studied thoroughly. On the one hand I was accepting relative ignorance over vast areas, and on the other, establishing standards of excellence and creativity in the known fields, which would compensate for the foresworn excitement of the would-be polymath.

But the need for compromise was immediate, a compromise which was never really acknowledged by those who had created the need by insisting, first, that professional status could only be acquired by single-minded devoted scholarly investigation, and then, that one must somehow address himself to the teaching of a variety of subjects. The pressure from either requirement canceled out the possibility of meeting the other with any success. Finally having compromised myself to the point that the dissertation willy-nilly had been got through and I had become a teacher of the vague and irrelevant, I was introduced to a course where I was required to speak weekly on subjects *totally* removed from my course of study over the past decade. True, one grows proficient at teaching what he knows not, becomes the master of the glib, the half truth, the metaphysical generalization clothed in ornate language so ambiguous as to defy analysis. One loses any claim to being considered scholar or teacher, but so long as one can ignore his students' questions or the look in their eyes, the situation is not impossible.

There seems to be a fundamental inconsistency in the career of a young academician that ought to be resolved. Certain recommendations come to mind:

Specialization is a fact of modern existence; let us ignore for a moment whether it has a positive virtue for the humanities. The graduate program is designed to bring a student along an ever-narrowing path at the end of which lie relatively small, precise areas of knowledge over which he is expected to have a rather large control — that is, to know in depth the subject and the traditional scholarly observations upon it. We may legitimately inquire into the purpose of this requirement, and to a large extent the answer certainly must be: for the purposes of teaching these subjects. It cannot be simply an exercise for the mind, or a study in methodology, or the foundation for later scholarly endeavor. The current argument between the liberal arts universities and the colleges of education over the relative importance of subject and method is looking to the same question. And it is ironic that the universities often do not make provision for the teacher to teach what he honestly knows.

If the graduate student is asked to teach, then the teaching ought to be directly related to what he is learning. Spare him from having to decide between dissipating his intellectual efforts in an effort to learn suddenly what he does not know and teaching superficially and dishonestly.

Give the beginning instructor the maximum opportunity to teach some of his specialties. Even if it upsets a balanced curriculum, there is nothing better than a course enthusiastically and knowledgeably taught on even the most obscure subject. In the beginning the enormous fund of specialized knowledge needs some outlet. It is a cruel but common practice to leave the teaching of survey courses — for example, Good and Evil in Western Thought, the Greeks and the Bible, Man and Epic — to the young instructors, whose immediately previous training renders them absolutely unfit to handle the variety and the synthesis that such courses demand. I doubt whether anyone under forty can do justice to such surveys.

Beyond this lies the question of the suitability of so much specialization in graduate school, especially in view of the very unspecialized teaching loads which one must directly thereafter assume. Learning deeply ought to proceed automatically from an inquiring mind. Anyone who has one will in the course of his teaching make every attempt to learn more about the subjects he teaches. Frequently, if he has the time, a young teacher can manage a significant and fruitful investigation of these subjects. But his previous specialization, unfortunately, makes time for course work precious.

Now, it happens to be a fact of the eighteenth century that cultivated men were able to speak intelligently on an extraordinary variety of subjects. I am happy for those bygone creatures who never had to encounter *Wissenschaft,* Ph.D.'s, the notion of "publish or perish," and all the other mechanics of modern-day academia.

The present situation stems from a lack of faith. No one really believes in the inquiring mind or the virtue of scholarship for scholarship's sake. For this reason it has been necessary to establish a more or less rigid system, a hierarchy, as it were, of inquiring minds with special degrees and gowns as outward symbols and rewards, which, while it may stultify, is at least comfortably tangible. In the long run, however, I feel that the failure of the teaching profession to attract competent people in numbers grows out of the pressures placed upon them to become overnight scholars, teachers, and authors rather than out of low salaries or any other causes.

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An Atlantic "First"

THE TRAIN TO ALICANTE

BY ROBERT CULLEN

A graduate of the University of Notre Dame, ROBERT CULLEN *was a copy writer for an advertising agency before he decided to devote full time to his writing. Until recently he lived in Spain, principally in Mallorca, but has now returned to New York City.*

THE *Ciudad de Ibiza*, bound out of Palma de Mallorca for Valencia, raised anchor promptly at noon. An hour later Teresita and I emerged from our cabin and proceeded into the dining saloon. It was three quarters filled already, mainly with German widows in pairs, their rancid green features falling runnily away from their flat spectacles, like spilled Camembert, and wheat-haired, lake-eyed American families in denominations of from two to five, twanging mistranslations of the menu at each other. I settled Teresita near a porthole, through which she gazed at the black nightmare of Dragonera shrinking into nostalgia down the minutely whitecapped blue sea, while the waiter, a sparsely-toothed septuagenarian with immaculate white gloves and a three-day stubble, doled out the bread, spilled the soup, and successfully served the wine.

When I had tired, for the nonce, of contemplating Teresita's lovely profile, I studied the gay little party on our right — three men, all strangers to one another, eating and drinking in total silence, each pretending that the existence of the other two was doubtful, if not in fact false. The largest among them, a pink, knackwurst-shaped Englishman with Churchillian glasses, a boyish thatch of strong white hair, and an apparently perfect hatred for the human race, sat scowling into his *Daily Express*. As for his companions, they were both Spaniards: the one a good-looking young Army captain who wore his uniform with that easy elegance for which the Spanish military man is justly celebrated, the other a cross-eyed, balding priest. The latter was clearly in a bad state: a sensitive soul, he had let himself get unnerved by the violent silence, in which his hardier messmates seemed to take a ferocious delight. It was with obvious difficulty that he swallowed such little forkfuls, spoonfuls, and, I regret to say, knifefuls of food as his narrow hand was able to introduce into his mouth.

Noticing that Teresita was inspecting the Army captain with considerably more than idle curiosity, I pinched her thigh. "*Ay!*" she cried, in the melodramatic Latin way, and added, more quietly, "*Qué te pasa*, baby?" ("Baby" was one of the two English words Teresita knew.) As I was assuring her that she was perfectly well aware what was the matter, and describing in, I hoped, bloodcurdling detail what would happen to her unless she behaved herself, Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Green made their entrances. (I did not learn their names until later, but to keep the narrative moving I have baptized them in advance.) They were Americans, unquestionably, both of them very tall and slim, both very smartly dressed, each in his way, and both exuding a quantity of *savoir-vivre* that undoubtedly made every oafish paterfamilias among their countrymen present long to beat them to death with a hammer.

Mr. Green, the younger of the two, a classically handsome lad with a crew cut and a dazzling smile, was arrayed in one of those Ivy League weekend-in-the-country uniforms (though it turned out he had actually attended some Midwestern college, I think Iowa State): striped tie, button-down collar, shin-length khaki slacks, and white canvas shoes (that final, improbable, yet somehow perfect touch). Mr. Prendergast, who must have been, at a charitable estimate, twice Mr. Green's age, had even more class than his dashing friend: stooped, beak-nosed, his yellowish skin wrinkled in the fine symmetrical patterns of an old ivory carving, with most of his silky black hair still intact, he was dressed in a green velvet waistcoat, black knit tie, and a jacket of daringly wide vertical stripes. He had, I will add, a way of hanging over his cigarette, sighing the smoke away as though the pleasure caused him pain, that must have made all *maîtres* his slaves: certainly it was interesting to note that the newcomers were seated ahead of several other parties (slob types, to be sure), none of whom said a word in protest.

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They parked their long legs under the table to which they were escorted right behind Teresita, Mr. Green and Teresita back to back, Mr. Prendergast and I face to face, an arrangement for which I was grateful at the time, considering Teresita's ardent nature and the fact that Mr. Green's beauty put even the refulgent Army captain in the shade. Teresita, seeking atonement for her recent venial sin, chattered away at a rate that made it difficult for me to overhear the conversation, or, I should rather say, the monologue emanating from Mr. Prendergast's side of the table. Thanks, however, to Mr. Prendergast's penetrating bass, I was rewarded with enlightening snatches. So I discovered that he had an apartment in Paris and a villa in Capri, that he adored Balanchine but that Tallchief's tenseness made him nervous, that he could never remember what the hell *ternera* was, anyway; so, too, I was instructed that modern art was a goddamn fake and the biggest goddamn faker of all was Picasso, that bullfights were the bunk and bullfighters nothing more than glorified butchers, as well as boors, and that while *Pogo* was charming, *Blondie* was a classic. On and on he boomed archiepiscopally, drowning out Mr. Green's occasional objections under the sheer mass of his organ-rich tones, which rolled all the way across the saloon, twisting inquisitive heads in the owner's direction, a side effect of his vocal prowess of which Mr. Prendergast was altogether unaware.

Teresita, becoming amorous after her heavy lunch, sleepily invited me to join her in a siesta, and I instantly lost all interest in Mr. Prendergast. On the way out of the saloon, however, I was pleased to observe that, the Englishman having departed, the Army captain and the priest had become bosom friends: filling each other's wineglasses, waving their silverware in the air, giggling and gabbling like schoolgirls, they demonstrated the national solidarity against the ancient northern foe to a degree that did my Anglophobic old heart good.

At five o'clock or thereabouts I drew the door shut upon Teresita's pretty snoring and went into the bar. Business was light: most of the passengers were out enjoying the view of Ibiza, whose steep, burned escarpment, a milder copy of baleful Mallorca's, slid slowly past the hard-working little ship. I carried my coffee and brandy over to a table and contemplated, through the dirty window, an interesting grouping on the forecastle hatch — three youthful convicts, in mud-colored uniforms and hobnailed shoes, squatting in the sunshine, on their way to some peninsular prison in the custody of two valiant members of the Guardia Civil, one of whom, a buffoon with the swollen profile of an acromegalic, was democratically fraternizing with his charges, now graciously accepting a cigarette, now consenting to glance briefly at the snapshots they proferred him from their wallets, now responding to evidently hilarious jokes with a parody of a smile; while the other, a swarthy giant with green-tinted glasses and a luxuriant Levantine mustache, lay supine on the hatch, his shiny black leather tricorn forming a pillow for his head, his titan's legs, which were arrogantly angled out in front of him like the hands of a clock at twenty after eight, and indeed everything about him expressing unspeakable contempt for the low company he was compelled to keep. "I've been watching those poor bastards all afternoon." Mr. Prendergast's voice came crashing and foaming around my head. "What are they, do you think? Murderers, pickpockets, smugglers, or pimps?"

"Rapists," I offered.

"I hadn't thought of that. Do you mind if I join you? I'm bored to death. My friend fell asleep after lunch, and I guess he's still at it. When I was his age I made do with three or four hours a night. The young people nowadays are more prudent, apparently. I suppose that's more of a virtue than a vice, but we sure as hell got a bigger kick out of life. As Scott Fitzgerald once said to me, quoting Nietzsche: 'Live dangeroushly.' " He squeezed himself into a chair, deploying his brandy glass before him like a poker player with a fresh pile of blue chips. He smelled of a subtly agreeable cologne, with a faint gray fragrance.

"Oh," I said politely, because it was expected of me, "did you know Scott Fitzgerald?"

"In Paris, in the twenties, I enjoyed a short period of fame as the only man who was regularly able to drink F. Scott Fitzgerald under the table. I regret to say this hitherto unrecorded footnote to American literature constitutes my principal contribution to the history of our times." He stuck out a soft but not unpleasant hand. "My name's Prendergast." I introduced myself. "Glad to know you," he said. "I noticed you at lunch — I *should* say, I noticed your wife. Ravishing!"

"Thanks, but she's not my wife."

"Somehow she didn't strike me as being your sister."

"She isn't. If you must know, I'm transporting her across the Mediterranean for immoral purposes."

"I thought as much," he said, without cracking a smile.

I was inclined to like Mr. Prendergast, and I had a feeling that, sensing it, his lonely bachelor's heart leapt up a little with hope; he drained his

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copita, which I was sure he had planned, experienced old rummy that he was, to nurse for another half hour, and twirling the slender stem between his forefinger and thumb, he leaned toward me and said, "I'd like very much to buy you a drink." I was compelled to decline, because I didn't happen to want another drink just then; but Mr. Prendergast wasn't at all fazed. "You'll excuse me, then, while I get a refill." He grinned, unfolding himself over the table and swaying expertly away toward the bar with the glass, his tiny crystal chalice, held with a kind of unconscious reverence in his hand.

When he returned I was too far lost in my joyless contemplation of Ibiza to pay him strict attention; I replied to his doubtless amusing rumblings in idiot monosyllables as I stared with a crazy nausea at the approaching town. It had shoved the dying sun aside without warning, the uninteresting clay-colored wall topping the hill like a mashed fedora, sails of laundry blowing among the descending jumble of dirty tile roofs, and, on the waterfront, a squat façade of nominally whitewashed but actually gray buildings — restaurants, hotels, souvenir stands — adorned with surely the unhandsomest balustrades in all Spain. "Enchanting picture, isn't it?" said Mr. Prendergast.

"Incomparable," I replied.

"To think," he said with a startling throb of emotion, "of the colorful history of this little island, the vast panorama of armies and fleets, of princes and pirates, merchants, poets, adventurers, dreamers, and thieves that have passed across its storied sands, or should I say stones, in the last two thousand five hundred years and more. A very microcosm of the past two millenniums and a half — the Carthaginians and the Romans, the Vandals, the Moors, the Catalans —"

"And now," I said, "the Americans."

"The best has been saved till last," he observed, recovering nicely, as we both picked out, among the fishermen and cops and brown-shawled old women waiting on the wharf, the inevitable delegation from Eighth Street, the Beat boys in buttock-clutching Levis and Abe Lincoln beards, the Beat girls wearing double-duty prescription sunglasses and the vampire-victim make-up favored by Spanish whores.

"I take it you live in Mallorca," Mr. Prendergast said, and as I assented, "I'm sometimes tempted to settle down there. Capri has gotten so goddamn crowded — I live in Capri, in the hot months — it gets so goddamn crowded in Capri in the summer you'd think you were on the Jersey shore."

"Mallorca gets pretty crowded too."

"Ah, but you can always get away by yourself, somewhere. Where are you off to?"

"We're going to Seville for Holy Week."

"Somehow you don't strike me as the religious type."

"It's a birthday present for Teresita. She has just turned twenty-one. Teresita is extremely devout, and all her life she has dreamed of attending the Semana Santa in Seville."

"I've heard that the Semana Santa in Granada is even better. We're going to Granada, my friend and I. I wonder what the hell is keeping him." He glanced around the dreary little bar and drank off half his brandy, his beautifully manicured fingers vainly attempting to hide the small irrepressible shiver of pleasure that quaked at his mouth. "He was supposed to join me up here an hour ago," he complained irritably — for just a second he was a querulous old man bothered by a draft or a premonition. But he came back to himself and said: "I had planned going to Granada myself; I've always had a yen to see the Alhambra, in spite of Washington Irving, and I understand the flamenco in the gypsy *cuevas* is practically tops. I was going to go to Alicante by boat, you see, since I've always wanted to take a peek at Alicante too, and from Alicante I thought I'd take the train or bus or whatever the hell to Granada. I hope I'm not boring you."

"On the contrary."

"Well, to make a long story short, one night I got talking to this young chap in a bar in the Plaza Gomila, Mr. Green." He paused significantly, his knuckles genuflecting behind his glass; then his finger tips came out and poured across the table, as indicating that services were over, and he said: "And what do you know? It turned out that Mr. Green was going to Granada too! What's more," he went on, "he had a car and was looking for someone to share the expenses of the trip with him. Well, we hit it off just perfectly swell from the start, and the upshot was, we agreed to make the trip together, on a fifty-fifty basis, although actually, just between the two of us, I'll be only too happy to pay more than my share, especially considering that the car belongs to him and he's doing all the driving; I've never been behind a steering wheel in my life. Yes," said Mr. Prendergast, contentedly summing up his answer to a question I hadn't asked, "the whole thing has worked out nicely, very nicely indeed." He tossed down the remainder of his brandy with a certain gravity, a flourish of finality, as though I were no longer, for the moment, I, but Mr. Green, miraculously, and we were back in Palma, solemnizing our wondrous compact with a sacramental last drink.

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Something banged — the polychrome statues on the wharf came alive as the lily pads of oil separating ship from shore spoiled against the drifting hull. On the forecastle below, society's vengeance moved toward its inexorable climax: the trio of the damned, in a horrid burlesque of the three Graces, stood being handcuffed together in full sight of the saved, only a disappointingly small percentage of whom had enough Christian indignation left to spit disgustedly on the deck. I gave my chair a preliminary scrape: it was time to wake Teresita. Mr. Prendergast said gallantly, "I've enjoyed talking to you immensely. Perhaps we'll run into each other again," and detached his gaze from mine in a tentative farewell. He was used to this — it was just another replaying of the same old tired scene, the chance encounter with the stranger in the bar, the flicker of possible happiness, and the abrupt cold breath of destiny that almost always, almost always blew it out. Well, at least he had Mr. Green — or did he? I looked at him closely. He didn't seem troubled, but of course he would have taught himself to disguise his real feelings superlatively well.

I said, "Look. We'll have to wait in Ibiza for three hours, maybe more. They can be pretty boring. If you'd care to have dinner with Teresita and me —"

"That's damn thoughtful of you, and I'd love it, but I've already arranged to have dinner with my friend, Mr. Green. But maybe we'll run into each other later on."

"Maybe we will."

"I certainly hope so. And thanks, anyway. Nice talking to you," he said, and we nodded good-bys at each other and parted.

There is next to nothing to do in Ibiza and not much more to buy, just about all of which Teresita bought. As a result, it was after dark by the time we left the Rambla and hurried toward the restaurant of our choice, a drafty hole on the wharf famous locally for its nearly edible food and into which, therefore, practically all the first-class passengers off the ship seemed to have eagerly squeezed themselves. This, naturally, involved considerable doubling up at the six or seven available tables, unless you preferred, like most of the American customers, to wolf a plate of *tapas* at the bar. Teresita, enchanted by the romantic Howard Johnson's atmosphere thus improvised by my resourceful countrymen, decided that we too would eat our prawns and squid standing up. While we were sipping our Tio Pepe in preparation for the repast, Mr. Prendergast came apologetically elbowing and shouldering his way toward us, a napkin triangling out from a pocket of his beautiful green vest. We hailed each other like lifelong friends; I presented Teresita; a moment later Mr. Prendergast was alternately pushing and pulling us toward a table in a corner whereat sat, beatifically beaming at us, Mr. Green.

For Mr. Prendergast, the ensuing hour was ringed around with glory: it was his journey's apogee, the liquor burning away at his tough old thyroid in a bright but steady flame, his liver, or as much of it as he had left, not yet beginning to act up, his three new friends — for he could only have acquired Mr. Green a scant few days before Teresita and me — all gathered, so to speak, to his fond and fatherly bosom.

I was able to see the youthful Mr. Green as with Mr. Prendergast's well-pleased eyes, having lost my initial terror of him as a potential successor in the restless affections of Teresita (who, completely in the dark as to what was actually going on, was batting her eyelashes at him in an effort so hopelessly foredoomed to failure that it made me laugh even harder than the really funny stories he was telling). Could Mr. Prendergast, granted and forgiven his unorthodox tastes, be honestly blamed for his infatuation? Mr. Green must have struck him as being almost too good to be true, with his Praxitelean profile and tennis star's physique, his quick but amiable wit and splendid tact, and his sunny disposition, whose warm beams, like sanctifying grace, reached out and down to touch and for the moment transfigure the most jug-eared, bull-necked, bowlegged, tooth-picking, armpit-scratching ex-GI in the joint. Paradise for Mr. Prendergast — paradise indeed!

But at last, sad to relate, the coffee came, and then, premonitorily, the ship's whistle, a great ectoplasmic belch that emptied the restaurant and brought the waiter (there was only one waiter, who was also, I think, the proprietor, and for all I know the mayor too) running toward us, the last of the latecomers, with the bill. Mr. Prendergast absolutely, positively, and I-won't-hear-another-word-ly insisted on paying it, as though, quixotic gentleman, he had really to insist at all.

On the wharf, as we waited for the cops to wave us through the wicket, we exchanged elaborate good-bys and thank yous, at the end seeming to have to tear ourselves away from one another painfully. You would have thought we imagined that we were never going to see each other again, surely a curious supposition considering that we were all getting back on the same tiny ship. Mr. Prendergast caught the humor of it some twenty minutes later, as the antique vessel, its engine an amazing marriage of new parts with old, went clack-clacking out to sea, trailing the dying lights of Ibiza behind it like sparks: we entered and

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rounded the claustrophobic bar from opposite sides, meeting smack in the middle of it, face to face. "I'll be goddamned," Mr. Prendergast said quietly, "though I can't say I'm surprised. What'll you drink?"

"I was looking for a Fundador and coffee, but I'm buying."

"You are like hell. Waiter." He rapped on the bar. "Uh, *camarero*."

"Here in this moment is no *camarero*," the barman said severely. "I am the barman. Cares the distinguished mister for something?"

"Where on earth did you learn to speak such perfect English?" Mr. Prendergast quickly calmed him down. "His accent is marvelous, *estupendo*," he confided to me loudly. "I wonder where he studied."

"*Dos Fundadores con café. En seguida*," the barman called out to himself, and went to work on the coffee machine.

"Touchy bastards, aren't they?" Mr. Prendergast whispered, dragging me out of earshot nevertheless. This landed us in a gobble of Germans, two of whom, bony, thirtyish, horse-mouthed women in tweeds, bared generous blue gums at popular Mr. Prendergast expectantly. He acknowledged them with a casual flutter of his fingers and continued, "That's one thing about the Spanish I must say I don't much like: you have to watch every word you say. It's too damn exhausting."

"On the whole, though, you'll agree it's a restful country."

"A little too much so. The night life, for instance — although I will say I've found some interesting spots in Barcelona. Not quite in the same class with Hamburg, or for that matter even Paris, but with a certain, what shall I say, a certain piquancy. The Catalans may not be a very *simpatico* people, but they do have a decided flair for the arts. Hamburg, of course, is unique, but then so are the Germans, in spite of everything."

"How true," I said.

"Do you know Hamburg? Something for every taste. A kind of democracy of the damned, really most interesting." The coffee machine gave a sudden harsh scream. "Do you do much carousing, yourself?" he asked.

"Pound for pound, and dollar for dollar, I am probably the most accomplished carouser of our time."

"It does a man good. But it's so difficult to find a really congenial companion."

"Europe is brimming over with congenial companions," I said, thinking of Teresita.

Mr. Prendergast poked me gently — just the least littlest teensiest weensiest bit too gently — in the belly. "Oh, now, you know what I mean," he protested gaily. "I mean a chum, a real pal, to go along with a guy. Taking in the sights is no fun by yourself, not to a sociable chap like me. Do you have a permanent address in Mallorca?"

"No, not exactly. Look, we don't want the coffee to get cold, do we? I'll be right back." I abandoned him to his German ladies, who were dying to tell him something or other, and sidled away to the bar, where I drank my coffee and brandy and paid the barman. How many years had it been, I caught myself wondering, since anybody had bought Mr. Prendergast a drink?

His back was turned to me; he was having a good gossip with Fricka und Freia. I marveled at his endurance — he must have drunk enough to put three mere mortals fast asleep, yet there he stood, talking earnestly about, of all things, the Algerian war, as seemingly sober as a politician laying a wreath. Mr. Green wasn't there — had he gone to sleep again, I asked myself, or had I made a fatal mistake about him, and was he at this very moment frolicking with my faithless love? Mr. Green wasn't there, but Mr. Prendergast was still afloat on the receding high excitement of dinnertime. I decided I'd better check on Teresita and brought Mr. Prendergast his coffee and Fundador.

"You're a darling," he thanked me. He got rid of the coffee with a grimace and took a whiff of brandy in panicky haste — like smelling salts.

"We've been discussing Dubuffet," he advised me. "Do you find a relation between the female body and coal?"

"The female body and *what?*"

"*Call!*" shrieked Fricka. "*Call* — vet they dig op in *call* mines!"

"Dubuffet has painned often the female nude like calls," explained Freia. "Ve vas all agreeable it vas a hidden cosmical resemblance."

"In Uganda, perhaps," I decided.

"Vhy in Uganda, please?" Freia demanded.

"You think about it for a couple of minutes," I told her. "Well, I'm sorry to leave this charming company, but I've got to be going."

"I'll see you later on?" Mr. Prendergast asked.

"I imagine so."

I WENT below. Teresita was not in the cabin. I prowled around the ship, peering through half-open doors and semicurtained portholes, listening in passageways, hoisting myself from deck to deck and unhoisting myself back down again, pulling the tarpaulins off the lifeboats in their davits and the automobiles battened down in the stern, disturbing lovers listening to the moonlight from the forecastle shadows, making myself odious to every-

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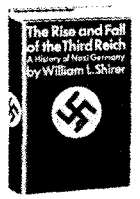

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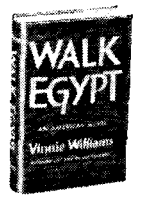

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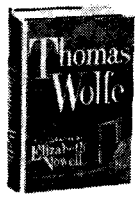

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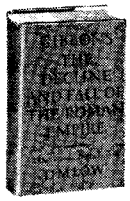

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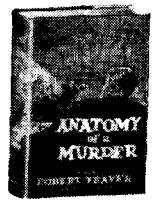

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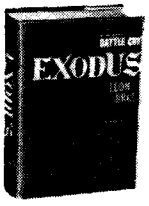

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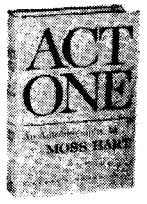

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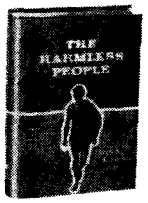

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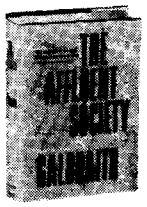

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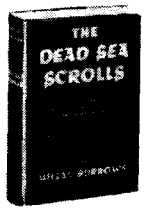

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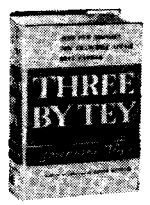

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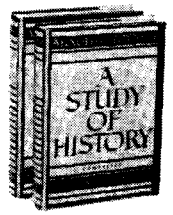

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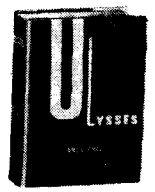

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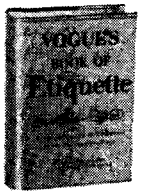

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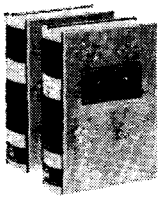

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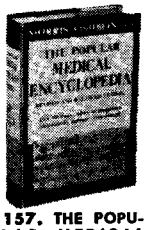

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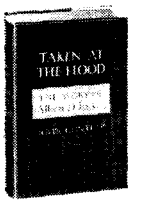

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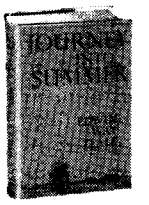

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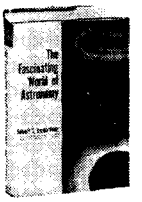

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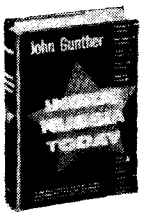

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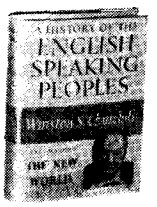

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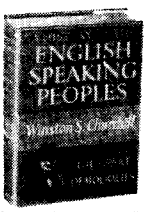

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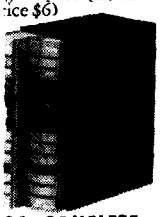

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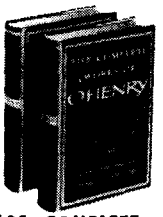

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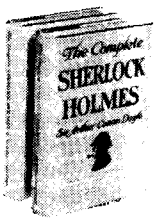

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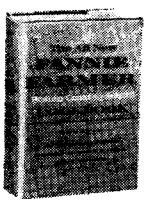

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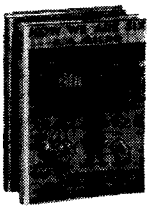

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body, and to no one more than to the Generalissimo, who stared beyond my hairpiece from a wall of the first class *lugar de reunión* with his habitual expression of trying not to show that he was smelling rotten eggs.

I was beginning to fear the worst, when a formless black something crouching in a nook near some crates of iced fish moved and divided: I looked down at an Ibizan farm girl, with a face like several tomatoes, and Teresita, and a blanket between them in which was wrapped a baby. No, neither one of them had just given birth — the infant was getting on in months, was already in fact sporting a pacifier — but Teresita started at the sight of me as though one of them just *had*. I raised her up forgivingly and escorted her away, inwardly blessing Mr. Green and beseeching his pardon for the wrong I had mentally done him.

Meanwhile, back at the bar, all the Germans had healthfully retired, with the exceptions of Fricka und Freia, who were holding a conference with the Englishman. "The mistake the Allies made after the war was not to have gassed the whole bloomin' lot of you," he was saying.

"*Ja, ja*, effybody hates us," bemoaned Fricka.

"You're bloody right," the Englishman said frankly, and walked out of the bar holding his nose.

And Mr. Prendergast? Oh, Mr. Prendergast was still there, seated at a table some distance away from Teresita and me, with a new friend — what a genius he had for friendship, of a sort! Here was a young Spaniard, with lashes as long as Teresita's, almost as tall and every bit as muscular as Mr. Green, but with nothing like Mr. Green's radiant personality. On the contrary, he was one of those Spaniards who seem to consider it undignified or perhaps illegal to smile. He was equally economical with his speech, too; a Strong Silent Listener type (in the United States he would have been a pipe smoker), he sat lounging back in his chair, cheek in palm as in a Victorian daguerreotype, thinking over in his conceivably brilliant brain what Mr. Prendergast had to say.

How I wish I, too, had been able to think over what Mr. Prendergast had to say! Alas, I was able to overhear nothing, not a solitary word, not so much as a grunt. Had the liquor finally caught up with Mr. Prendergast, damping his laryngeal power, or was he purposely speaking with clandestine softness? Whatever the reason, from this point on I am almost as much in the dark as you; what ensued that evening was acted out in pantomime, as in an old-fashioned ballet.

I tried to catch Mr. Prendergast's eye, in vain. He was blind to everyone, to everything except his new friend — we will call him Pepe. He saw neither me nor Teresita, sleepily swilling beer, nor Fricka und Freia, who were wincing with laughter, in German, at the expense of the Englishman, England, and all things English; he missed the edifying picture of the Army captain and the priest quietly playing dominoes in a corner; he denied himself the exotic thrill of spying on the Mallorquín businessmen, black of nostril, balloon-like of belly, snazzy in checked suits and yellow anklets, culturedly discussing the new import duties on Italian windshield wipers — or was it Swedish refrigerator shelves?

Only Pepe was real; the rest of us must have seemed as inexplicable as the perilously close lights of Ibiza's baby sister islets bobbing past the portholes of obsidian. In the complicated avian ritual of his courtship, Mr. Prendergast, like some long-legged wading bird, would repeatedly rise up to perform for the noncommittal object of his unquenchable desire, tempting him with gifts — cigarettes, matches, *copitas* of brandy without seeming end, these last borne aloft with a tender solicitude, a gravity of demeanor, and withal a repressed smile of obscure tranquillity that I blushed to behold, his eyes moving neither left nor right, lest, presumably, a drop fall upon the profane floor.

And all at once, it ended. They were examining what appeared to be travel brochures, timetables, hotel folders, all the gay promise-laden literature of tourism; green asterisks of palm trees, blackly squiggling gypsies, pink castles splashed on cloud-surpassing peaks swayed and stomped and shimmered before Mr. Prendergast's eager eyes; and all at once it ended. Mr. Prendergast got up to go to the men's room, reluctantly but urgently. He was not quite out of the bar before Pepe went to work sweeping up the castles and the palm trees and the gypsies, the nearly full pack of Chesterfields that Mr. Prendergast had left on the table, and some unaccountable coins. Then, for the first time, Pepe smiled, punched back his chair, and strode away, in the opposite direction from that chosen by Mr. Prendergast, who not more than half a minute later came hastening back happily through *his* side of the bar, with God knows what wonderful new plans to outline, what winning new witticisms to declaim.

He did not seem surprised to find that Pepe had gone; he simply refused to believe it. I suppose he assumed that the personage in question had absented himself for the same reason he had, and would momentarily return — or would he? I watched the smog of doubt slowly darken his face; I thought he gasped, as that which possibly could have been became what very probably was; and then his eye fell on the pillaged table and he knew. The panic in his eyes was not a pretty thing to witness, and I looked aside. I did not see, I felt him lurch away. A quarter of an hour later — more

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than enough time, even in his condition, to have circumambulated the *Ciudad de Ibiza* twice over — he came briefly back, either to make absolutely sure or to extract the last bitter drop out of his pain. He signaled — he did not ask, he signaled — for a final brandy and stood glaring around the bar at all of us, not seeing us, unaware of us and unaware of everything except the raw red misery of being alive. Then he emptied his glass, a little of the liquor trickling down his chin, and instantly he was completely, almost helplessly drunk.

It must have been instinct alone that kept him on his feet and enabled him actually to make his way out of the bar, after a last all-embracing, meaningless leer, without falling. The Mallorquines watched him go, snickering into their insanitary palms; they would not have been unhappy if the American had fallen overboard, or at least broken a leg. I hurried after him remorsefully, but a steward had meanwhile come to his rescue and was helping him below, a grotesque scarecrow tangle of long, flopping limbs and gently lolling head. I have often since wondered how large a gratuity that steward awarded himself from Mr. Prendergast's pockets before he got him safely into his bed.

THE *Ciudad de Ibiza* came clacking into Valencia harbor at dawn. It was raining. In the gray drizzle she slipped in under the gray guns of what appeared to be a good third of the Sixth Fleet. Through the cabin porthole, while I shaved, Teresita, that penetrating student of sea power, trained her keen sights on the pressed delinquents floating teasingly by, their meaty calves all the more appetizing under the wind-blown blue serge of their pants, their pimples all the less revolting at this impressionistic distance, because they could not be seen. As I followed her aft to where our Volkswagen awaited us, I was severely tempted to kick her and was deterred from doing so mostly by my morbid susceptibility to beauty — it would have been sacrilegious, nearly, to boot so magnificent, so close to transcendentally perfect a behind, dancing along ahead of me in all, or all but all, the thirty-two points of the compass at once.

A steward backed out of a cabin with a valise, cutting me off from Teresita; I glanced into the cabin at Mr. Prendergast, throwing some last-minute stuff into and clapping shut another valise. He was dressed for the weather in a jaunty three-quarter length raincoat and one of those Tyrolean hats with a kind of shaving brush stuck in the band. Our eyes met; I recall being queerly flattered that Mr. Prendergast remembered me. "Good morning," he boomed. There wasn't very much energy behind it, but certainly he was trying. He had shaved; except for his fiery red eyeballs and ashen lips, he seemed all right. I asked him how he was feeling; he gave me a twisted grin.

"Oh, pretty good, for an old cock," he said gamely. And he even managed to wink.

A fresh wave of people broke through the passageway, carrying me along with it. I caught up with Teresita among the automobiles being wrestled ashore. Her attention was about evenly divided between the longshoremen, who were supposed to be helping the car drivers drive their cars off the ship, and Mr. Green, who was battling to get all the way into his beautiful new Chinese-red Dauphine; his legs, still covered with khakis, although now his shirtless shoulders were protected solely by a crew-neck sweater of beige, presented the expected problem; he pushed and pressed and grinded and bumped and coaxed at his snagged seat, one foot still planted on the deck, till the seat snapped back far enough for him to inveigle both legs under the steering wheel.

"Phew!" he said, and laughed.

And we all laughed with him. We couldn't help it. That was Mr. Green.

So Mr. Green drove ashore, all twinkling and sparkling, his free hand signing good-bys at us like benedictions. I tucked Teresita into the Volkswagen and held on while the longshoremen hoisted it endwise around a corner of the hatch, denting only one fender, and that but slightly; then I backed it out and down and onto, with a bump, the tire-shredding cobblestones of peninsular Spain. There was a short wait getting past the customs cop, a witty type with a glass eye who was having a wonderful time messing up everyone's luggage with his great big piece of chalk. In the confusion, the Dauphine drew alongside us; Mr. Green grinned and blessed us once more; Pepe, seated on his right, afforded us the best view yet of the appealingly moist jungle thicket of his lashes, as he concentrated all his attention upon lighting up one of Mr. Prendergast's Chesterfields; then the Dauphine took off for the dueling green palms, the dark, writhing gypsies, the strawberry battlements on the unassailable hills.

The Volkswagen stalled while the glass-eyed cop wielded his chalk on our bags. Before I got it started again, the cop was called away by Mr. Prendergast, who was standing alone on the sidewalk surrounded by his valises. In his morning-after bemusement he may have mistaken the customs cop for a travel agent; at any rate I heard him say, in perfectly unembarrassed English: "Look, I'm sorry to bother you, but where do I catch the train to Alicante?" I put the Volkswagen in first, and a second later we leapt away.

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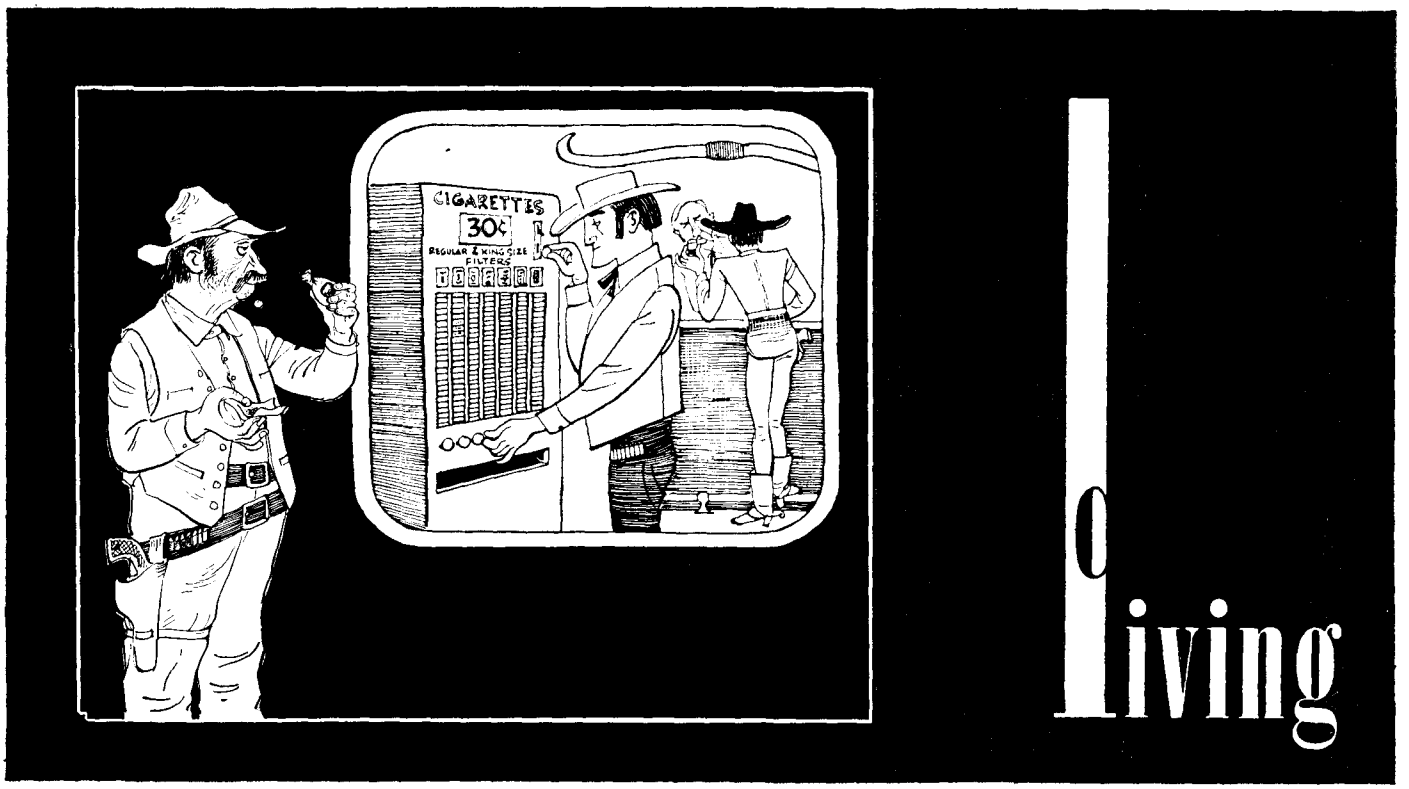

Living

THE Old West continues to undergo various modern improvements at the hands of the script writers. We know from the television commercials that the up-to-date, successful, he-man type from Tombstone or Cheyenne was intensely vitamin conscious, deeply concerned with the lanolin content of his hair cream — in that hot sun and dry air, you know — fond of explaining the virtues of nosedrops or pills, and downright learned on the subject of his filter-tip cigarettes.

But we know that when one of the stars of the Old West is giving us the commercial, we are really meeting him between scenes, off stage, in the Green Room, so to speak. As he holds up the bottle of nosedrops and points to it, we see him as an actor, a well-paid citizen with a family, a swimming pool, a collection of Bartók recordings, and a considerable background in summer stock. He is still wearing his Dodge City costume, guns and all, but we realize he doesn't mean it. It will be a different story as soon as the commercial is over: he'll be back in the Old West again, in his ceaseless round of belting people backward over card tables and staring down belligerent strangers.

How long the distinction between the ways of the Old West and those of the commercial will last is doubtful. It has been many months, for instance, since I last saw a real star in a Western — a man big enough to qualify for a personal appearance in a department store's Thanksgiving Day parade — fish the makings out of his shirt pocket and roll himself a cigarette. I may have been watching the wrong programs, but any such action as this in a cigarette-sponsored show is unthinkable. The characters smoke cigarettes in great quantities in the Old West of the cigarette show, but no one is ever seen rolling his own, nor are any handy Bull Durham tags dangling from their pockets.

The fact is that, as recently as the days of World War I, a store-bought cigarette of any sort in the cattle country was a rarity. For a man to smoke them was considered dudish or effeminate or both. Only women used them, and the only women who smoked were prostitutes. In polite circles, the cigarette that came in a package was called a "tailor-made," but the old-timers referred to it as a "pimp stick," and there was always great cackling and merriment when some newcomer broke out a package and offered it around. The idea of a famous peace officer kneeling beside a mountain rill and explaining his concerns over the location of the filter in his filter-tip "tailor-made" would have convulsed even the chore boy. One pictures him addressing the saloon crowd: "I find my cigarettes (tailor-mades) stay 44 per cent fresher in the new airproof pouch-pack." And far up the trail that night, full of body-building minerals, his decongestants working nicely, he is bringing to a brown in his skillet a slab of the baking-powder bread known as sheepman's loaf. "I use only pure vegetable oil," he croons softly as he squats by the fire. "*Never* hydrogenated!" His horse, fully caparisoned, tries to graze nearby, impeded somewhat by the huge ornamental bit. (Never unsaddle a horse in the Old West: you can never tell when you might need him again.)

So far, most of these unions of then and now are in the commercials, but, like the store-bought cigarettes, innovations are bound to creep into the Western itself. Any day now we can expect to see a revised motto for that wide-ranging Private Eye, bold, indestructible, and always ready for a dangerous new assignment: "Have Nosedrops, Will Travel."

CHARLES W. MORTON

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SPANISH IS DANDY BUT QUECHUA IS QUICKER

Ordinarily our Berlitz reports are accompanied by a cleverly conceived bit of cartoonery which prominently features an owlish, bespectacled, mortarboarded little chap, recognizable to the cognoscenti as: "The Man From Berlitz." In the above illustration "TMFB" is nowhere to be seen. We feel that an explanation is necessary.

There came to Berlitz in Boston one day, a Professor of Archeology, a practical man who knew where to find a practical solution to his language problem. He was about to leave for the Andean Plateau of Peru and felt that a working knowledge of Spanish would be helpful in dealing with the local citizenry. Berlitz pointed out that Spanish was the language spoken to tourists, llama buyers and archeologists. But, the language the Indians spoke among themselves was *Quechua* (KEH-chwah). The Professor was further assured that Berlitz could teach him to speak Quechua in the short time before his departure.

Our action now shifts to Peru. The Professor, as you can see from the above, is permitting himself a brief moment of un-professorial exuberance. He has just made a rare archeological discovery. How did it come about? . . . Earlier today he gathered his crew together and said to them the Quechuan equivalent of, "Any of you guys know any ruins around here that nobody's ever been to before?" The next thing he knew, the Professor was taken to the kind of ruins that most archeologists only see in their dreams. "This is fantastic!" the Professor exclaimed, "How come you never took anyone else here?" The Indians' reply was enough to gladden the heart of "The Man From Berlitz", all the way back in the United States (which is why he isn't in the picture). "Boss", the head Indian said, "nobody ever bothered to speak to us in our own language before."

The Professor later told Berlitz that these Indians were a proud people who were delighted to meet someone courteous and interested enough to speak to them in their native tongue. They showed their delight by guiding him to his archeological gold mine.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off and this is true whether you're a businessman, an archeologist or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages; and across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

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I'M THROUGH BEING MINGLISH WITH THE PSEUDO-ENGLISH

BY C. S. JENNISON

I know an appellation's not a mountain.
I know an adder isn't a machine.
In short, it's no hyperbole
To say I'm gifted verbally
And competent at stating what I mean.

But when I'm with Hermione, who married Someone Scion-y
And moved to dear old London from Decatur,
She'll go to endless bother if I ask about her father
To tell me she assumes I mean The Pater.
What's more, if I say, Golly, I must catch a bus or trolley,
She'll eye me like I'm some semantic rube
And omnibus-and-tram me, till I mention subways (damn me)
And launch her on a lecture of The Tube.

I've learned a pretty fair pronunciation
Through studying my Webster by the volume;
So — though the fault is prevalent —
I never say irrevelant
Or speak about a column as a colyume.

But when I'm with Hermione (nee something Babs O'Brien-y)
Who now dispenses caviar and culture,
She'll note each dereliction in my dialectic diction
And swoop upon it quicker than a vulture.
If I — despite adversities — politely say her Mercedes
Must really make her leisure hours a pleasure,
She'll tell me English ladies quite prefer a nice MerSAYdees
To while away — ah, yes — the hours of lessure.

I don't call getting out of bed debunking;
And just to further show I'm no one's fool
I don't think offal's terrible,
A turncoat's something wearable,
Or flunky means a kid who fails at school.

But when I visit You Know, who corrects the things I DO know,
I find it such a chore to carry on,
The next time she gets uppity above a drink or cuppa tea,
What she'll be holding won't be her salon.
Some evening when Hermione gets vocal-social-lion-y,
Pronouncing Berkeley BARKly, as in Square,
Or flipping me some airy LondonDREE for Londonderry,
I'll kick her in her Londonderrière.

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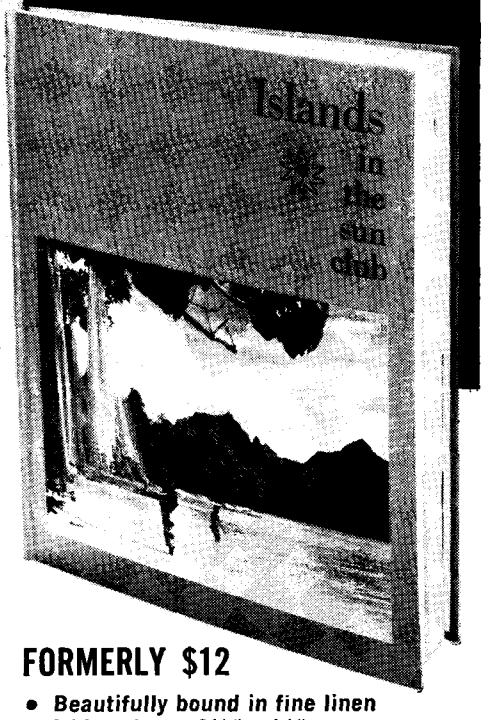

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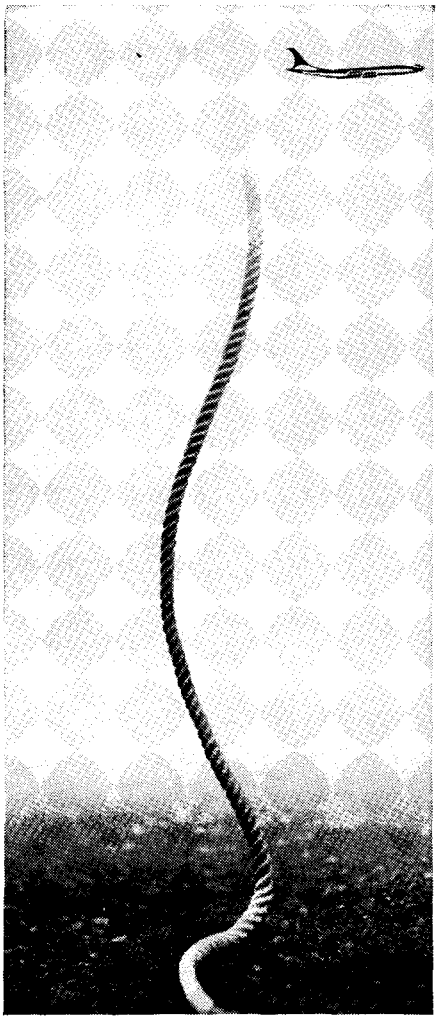

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The Buttons Keep Coming Off

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Playwright and author of light prose, ROBERT FONTAINE *lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.*

I live in a mad world where the buttons keep coming off my shirts, my shoelaces keep breaking, and my neckties unravel before my eyes. Perhaps you've had a taste of this sort of thing, too. Everything you buy has to be readjusted, reinforced, revitalized, and refinished, if not rejected and returned.

Even the people they turn out these days are deficient or negligent, incompetent or lazy. I know a good carpenter who can't come this week. He may not be able to come next week, either. He doesn't know for sure. He may be fishing next week.

I wouldn't need the carpenter if the furniture we bought some time ago hadn't developed bow legs and sunken seats. The man at the furniture store said it's all coming through that way. The manufacturers sent me a nice letter. The general idea was that we aren't getting the kind of trees we used to, and so the lumber is faulty.

A friend of mine bought a new compact car to save money on gasoline. The car has a gasoline heater that uses more fuel than the car does. They're all coming through that way, the dealer says. Any time you buy a new model, the dealer explains, it has bugs in it. By the time they have a chance to straighten out the bugs, a still newer model is on the lines. Our industry is so efficient, so beautifully automated, so streamlined that when you make a mistake you have to make two million of them.

Even the simple things have bugs. If I go out for a cup of coffee, the coffee is lukewarm, half in the saucer, and the sugar shaker is empty. Sometimes the sugar shaker is full, but the sugar is stuck and won't come out. It sticks like the salt and the ketchup. The waitress is sympathetic and the boss is in Florida.

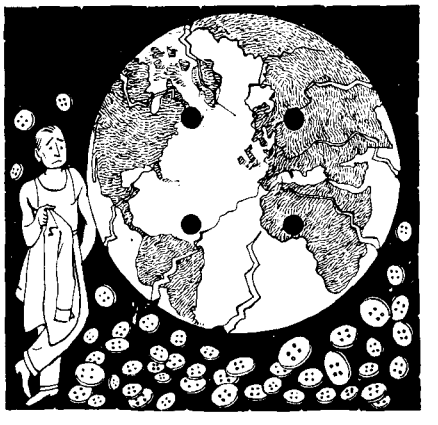
We have a girl who comes in once a week to clean. She comes in once a week when she comes in. Every other week she is at a picnic for the church or a mass baptism. Now and then she sends her younger sister, who always has to leave early for a barbecue, a fish fry, or to meet her boy friend — who, by the way, is supposed to come and wash our windows, but when he wins on the numbers, he doesn't come. When he loses, he doesn't come either. He gets depressed.

Neither of the girls will dry dishes. They say the dishes dry themselves, don't they? That's right. They do.

When either of the girls does come, she has trouble washing my shirts. The seams come apart when exposed to water. I don't know of anything else to wash them in. Long threads appear as if by magic. Detergents work hard at going down deeply into the hidden dirt and dislodging the pockets at the same time. I checked with the haberdashery. They say all the shirts are coming through that way today.

I checked with the factory. They admitted that they had trouble with the seams and threads in the new miracle fabrics, which are so new and so miraculous, no one really understands them. Another few years and everything will be all right as far as men's shirts go. After all, I shouldn't feel hurt. Women's dresses come apart at the seams, too. It isn't that they're just picking on *me*. We're all in this thing together.

Many errors made in manufacturing today are the result of the machines being almost human, I'm told. To err is human, and these machines err. One machine does as much work as twenty men and



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makes *more* mistakes. That shows how human they are.

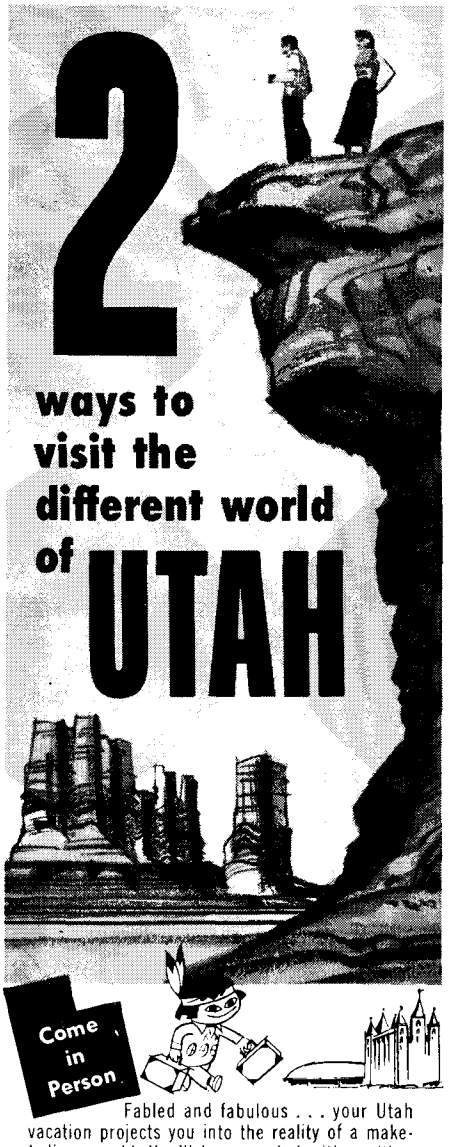
Then, again, when I take a bus downtown (because my new car has a bug in it), the bus is ten minutes late and the driver cannot change a dollar. I have to borrow from fellow passengers while the driver rants about people who do not have the exact change ready. While he is thus remonstrating he passes three stops, leaving six people stranded (people who, when they finally get to work, will take their revenge by making shirts that come apart at the seams and furniture that comes unglued, or even rockets whose third stage just laughs).

Nor is there any hope in the younger generation. Take a few girls I know who are college age. They transferred last year from Gates to Jaswell because, say, at Gates the crew is no good and the boys from nearby Klunk Tech are drips. At Jaswell they drop French for ceramics and English Lit. for Bronze Dipping. But they are not satisfied at Jaswell because the only place where there are good schools is Europe. So they go off to Milan, Paris, or Edinburgh. European schools are tough; seven majors a day and no fooling around. So our girls drop all that nonsense and take *gouache* painting, music appreciation, gastronomy, and found-object sculpture. In the end it will take them seven years to graduate, but meanwhile the living is easy, and only hard-pressed Papa with his seams coming apart and his table legs coming unglued need worry.

It's the same with the boys. Most of them are in Germany living with quaint little families, speaking bad German and learning dueling in order to bring home some scars. Others are roaming about with knapsacks on their backs, sampling Switzerland and Yugoslavia and writing sharp letters home about why are we behind in the missile race and how come we have no great poets like Dante and Goethe?

We are living in a culture entirely new in the world, a culture of responsibility dodgers and corner cutters. Nobody cares if a thing is right or not. In fact, if you try to trace a poor job of craftsmanship back, you will find, inevitably, that nobody did it.

It infuriates me terribly, and meanwhile my buttons keep on falling off.



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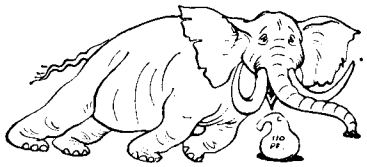
Zoological Notes

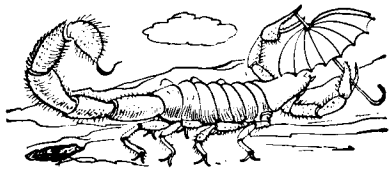
BY MONA GARDNER

For the past thirty years MONA GARDNER *has spent most of her time in the Orient. She now lives in Johannesburg, where her husband represents an American bank.*

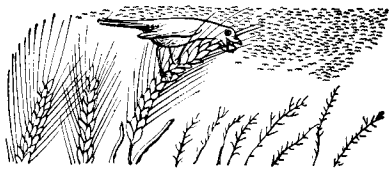
Monster crickets from the Kalahari regions have begun a slow but persistent invasion of the vast western desert above Cape Town, where flourishing karakul and merino flocks are being raised these days. Called "barbers" because their favorite diet is human hair and they nibble a sleeping man bald in a couple of hours, these glossy black giants have a leg spread which covers a tennis ball, yet they do not hop, but only crawl at the slow-motion pace of a foot a minute. Because their present excursion south is through sparsely settled regions which provide scant human hair, the creeping barbers are making do with karakul and merino hair. Herdsmen are swapping data on an all-out search for natural enemies that will exterminate the fleecers, but so far have only established the dismal fact that birds refuse to eat them.



Bull elephants have a fondness for the sap of the *lala* palm, which provides native villages with a seasonal liquor supply. Toward the end of the rainless months these palms are trimmed down to stumps, a circular groove is cut below the top, and a leaf is inserted to act as a spout, which drains into a hanging calabash. Shortly after, a sweetish, tangy fluid begins to flow, which makes an invigorating drink when fresh, but when fermented is said to have the kick of a giraffe. During this season old bulls regularly make the rounds of native villages, toss off the contents of all available calabashes, and then go crashing through the bush squealing and trumpeting boisterously. Native calendars appropriately call his the "ho-ho month."



Rains are sometimes eighteen to twenty-two months apart in the Western Cape, but settlers there claim they have an infallible weather forecast provided by the trek of insect armies from the dry pans which fill with water during one of these infrequent downpours. Hours before the first drop, millions of scorpions, beetles, and tarantulas, who inhabit the baked and cracked mud of these saucerlike depressions, start moving out toward high ground.



The red-billed weaver of the finch family is a very formidable invader. Flying in solid clouds three miles long and one mile wide, these devastating millions eat their way through wheat fields and leave them as barren as an ant army on the march would. Only two ways have been found to interrupt this grim migration — dynamiting the trees where they roost at night, and nocturnal sorties by aircraft spraying poison on these roosting spots.

Hottentot legend is that baboons *can* talk but don't because the white man would make them work. These brown-haired, dog-faced Chacma baboons are the most cunning and daring crop robbers that veld farmers have to contend with. They will maneuver and deploy in troops for hours to confuse pursuers. Baboons can readily count to six, farmers maintain, and they say that if five armed men disappear into a corn patch and four come out, leaving one behind to kill marauders, the baboons know and won't enter that patch. It is the same if six go in and five come out. But raise the number to seven, and evidently it does something to baboon computation, for

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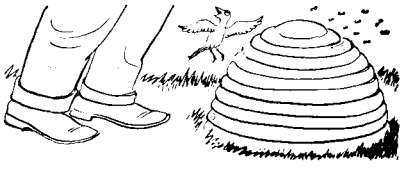
they will charge in as soon as six men leave.

Baboon tribes still flourish on the peninsula below Cape Town, which is now a nature reserve. One colony of over a thousand has been cut off from other colonies for more than a century by a motor road and railway line. They are bold, playful, and intelligently adaptable, often throw rocks at passing motorcars, and have learned to scoop fish out of rock pools and to bait lobsters. Curiously enough, they are afraid of men but not of women. Let a man in woman's dress come toward them, and they will scatter. But if a woman appears in slacks, even though she is carrying a gun, they will charge her ferociously.

Baboons suffering from gastric ulcer, rheumatism, influenza, and malnutrition have taught medical men several effective remedies. During the 1918 flu epidemic, sick baboons were seen tottering from their mountain caves to burrow for wild garlic and gorge on it. When stricken farm families ate the same raw bulbs, they found both congestion and fever were relieved. The sight of rheumatic baboons stuffing themselves with willow leaves led Cape householders to brew a strong infusion of willow leaves, which they drink to alleviate rheumatic pains. These same willow leaves are the basis of one of today's world-famous specifics for rheumatism.



During hot, dry weather, farmers hunting stores of wild honey go into the bush and wait for an unerring honey diviner to lead them to a well-stocked hive. This small brown-gray bird does a series of anxious fluttering passages to and from the man in one direction, meanwhile keeping up a loud insistent chatter. The note changes exultantly when the man reaches the hive and cuts through the hard sugary shell, which the bird's beak cannot penetrate. Hottentots always leave a share for the honey guide, because they say it has a vindictive nature and if cheated would probably lead them next time to a leopard or to the deadliest of snakes, the black mamba.

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they shall have

BY JOHN M. CONLY

One of the odd and endearing distinctions of Homo sapiens, the thinking beast, is that he considers other animals his fellow creatures. Nowhere is this more marked than in his fiction, and especially in stories for the young. There is Aesop's mouse, and Froggy who would a-wooing go, and Thornton Burgess' farmside community, and the fuzzy nursery menagerie of A. A. Milne: brave Pooh and his coterie. And I will not leave out Pogo. But never, I think, has so charmed a circle of animal friends been created as the one brought to our imagination by a Bank of England clerk named Kenneth Grahame in his book *The Wind in the Willows*, written in 1908.

The Wind in the Willows was not read to me; I had to find it for myself when I was, I suppose, about eight — almost too late. However, I had the sense to set aside *Tom Swift* until I had read about little Portly, the otter's child, who met the great god Pan in the riverside glade, and was enchanted and lost until Rat and Mole, rowing and roving by day and night, found him and saved him from his tragical, magical fate. I never knew exactly how to feel about that, happy or sad.

What I do know now, though, is that this and things like it should have been read to me when I was five or six years old. Accordingly, I am very pleased to report upon a new small record company called Pathways of Sound, which is devoted altogether to the interests of intelligent and imaginative children, and which has begun its delightful endeavor with two irresistible discs of *The Wind in the Willows*. One record is read by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, the other by a young student-actor-teacher named Robert Brooks, of the Poets' Theatre, who stands up handsomely against his famous competition.

The entrepreneurs of Pathways of Sound call themselves a group, and I cannot fasten a better word on them. The focus of their grouping seems to have been Harvard, M.I.T., and their Cambridge environs. The producer (these are unofficial terms), Dwight Batteau, taught mechanical engineering at Harvard before going into industrial research. Joe Berk, the artist and repertoire director, studied economics there. Ronald Steelman, the corporation's organizer, took his law degree there. Albert Van Rennes, the technical director, Netherlands-born, pursued his doctorate at M.I.T. The president of the company is Blanca Batteau, who also handles promotion. The child psychologist is Mae Van Rennes. They just happened, by matrimony, to live in Cambridge. And so, off and on, between spells in Italy and elsewhere, does young, black-bearded Eric von Schmidt, the designer and artist for the company.

What really has bound them all together is an extraordinary interest in reading aloud for children, or, more generally, in arousing children's imaginations. Batteau always wanted to be a toy maker. Berk, as a young insurance man, used to go into the Common or the Public Garden in Boston to hobnob with the youngsters there and tell them stories. He says it took his mind off claims. He himself was drawn originally to this art by his Hungarian grandmother, the best reader, he says, that he ever heard. She was reared in the English tongue from childhood and loved it, and it was she who acquainted him with Kenneth Grahame. Von Schmidt, son of a famous magazine artist, spent much of his youth drawing pictures to illustrate, for his own pleasure, the stories of which he was especially fond. He was a Melville reader as a boy, and I hope he has not lost all the drawings.

It is Kenneth Grahame, however, who really caused the beginning of the enterprise. When Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy came to Boston in *Five Finger Exercise*, Berk simply telephoned them at their hotel, and Miss Tandy said delightedly, *of course* she would read about Mr. Toad and his motorcar, as if she had been long awaiting the chance. Later Mr. Cronyn called, made it clear that he wanted to share in the antics too but that their agent was sure to demand a document for his files. Mr. Steelman provided this. The session went beautifully, and the result provides a blend of mirth and poignancy which actually seems to restore childhood. It is a moot question whether Grahame really was writing for children or for their elders. I think he had both in mind. My own parents seem not to have known *The Wind in the Willows*, but if I recall accurately, they always sounded a little more comfortable with Kipling or Carroll or Stevenson than with the adventures of the Bobbsey Twins, perhaps simply because they disliked being bored. It is plain on the records

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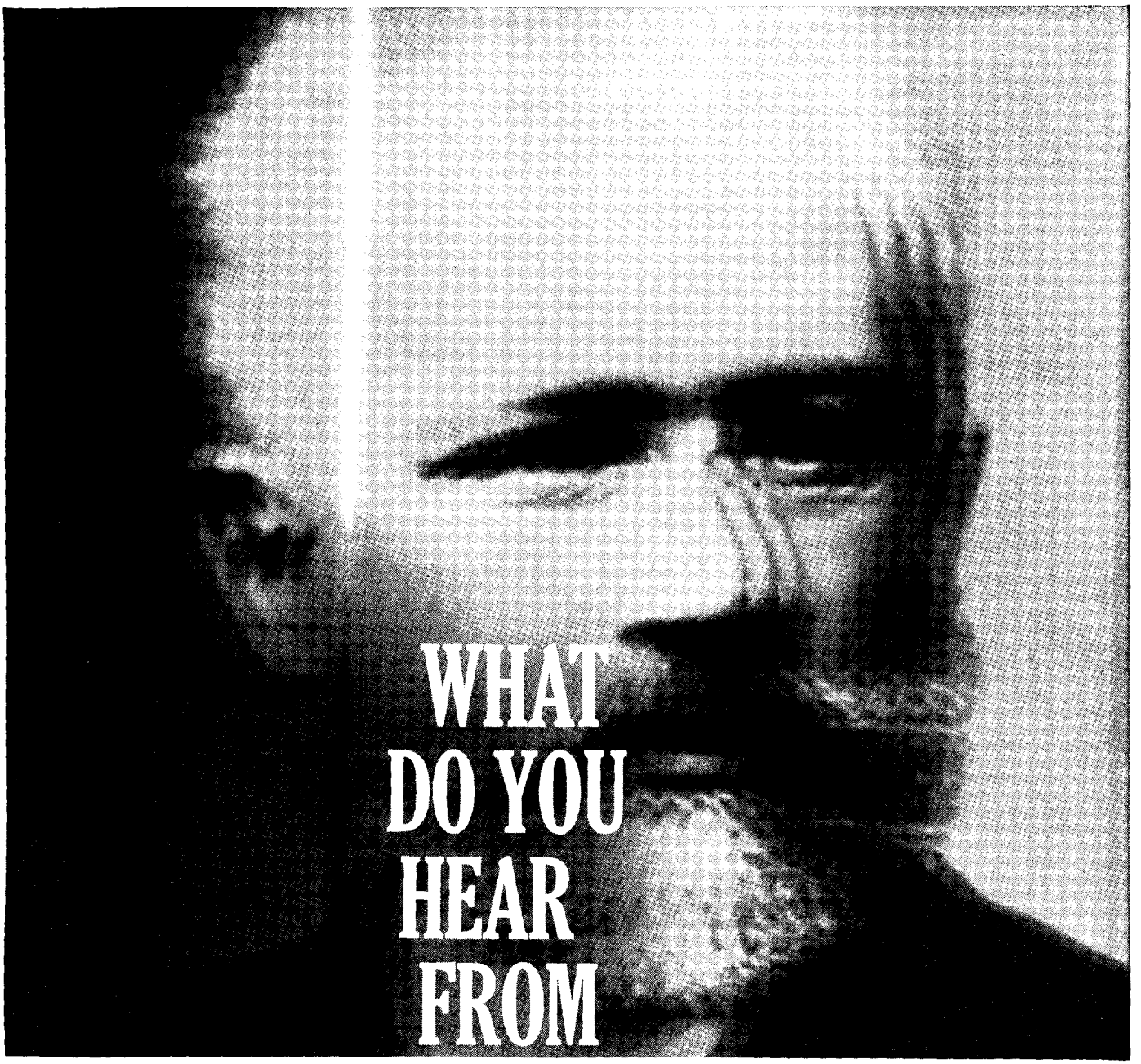

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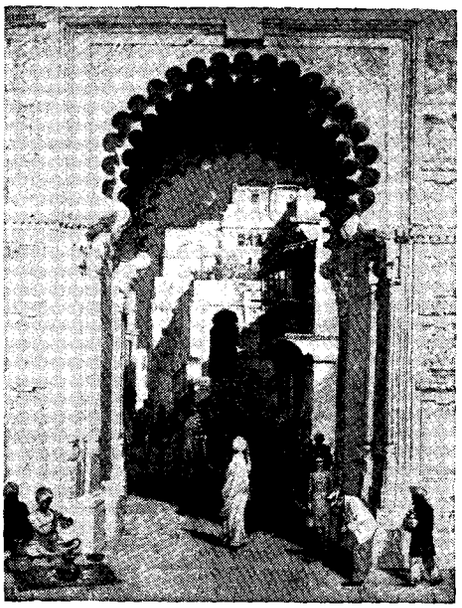

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that the Cronyns are not bored with *Mr. Toad and the Open Road.* They love it.

Epistolary Note

Necessity defies convention. It is unconventional to put business addresses in a commentary column, but sometimes it seems necessary, if only out of charity for postmen. Here are some small record company addresses: The Droll Yankees may be reached through Box 2355, Providence 6, Rhode Island. The producer of Heirloom Records is Mr. William Bonyun, Brookhaven, New York. Pathways of Sound has headquarters at 102 Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Further, let me recall to the reader's attention the collectors' dealer portrayed in "A Guide Through Microgrooves" (November, 1959, *Atlantic*), J. F. Indcox of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, who stocks all the minor labels.

Unstereophonic Economy

Both buyers and sellers of records are plagued today by two perplexities. They are stereo and record clubs. I call these perplexities because both are blessings of a kind, but of a decidedly mixed kind. It happens that one record company has hit upon a happy interim solution, but let us state the problems first.

To start with, there is stereo, not a new topic here. It faces the music lover with a dilemma not unlike that of 1948, when microgroove made its initial appearance. Who wants to buy — at four dollars apiece — records that will be obsolete in a year or two? But who wants to rush into equipment conversion, an expensive proposition, before standards have been set and prices trimmed? And who wants to pay for musical performances hastily made to capture the new stereo market? These are the questions facing the listener.

The dealer has even greater problems, because he must double much of his inventory, duplicating monophonic with stereophonic recordings, or else run the chance of finding himself out of business. And indeed this may happen anyway; one dealer told me lately, and wryly, that he seemed to have a free choice — between two ways of going broke.

The disc manufacturers cannot be blamed (though dealers do blame them) for these developments. They could not stay out of stereo, on pain of losing the future to tape. Neither could they have ventured into it ten years ago, thus saving us all some obsolescence money, because the processes were not ready. Some of the companies have been absorbing losses steadily for two years, at least in the classical area, where their firmest customers used to be.

One expedient several manufacturers have tried against the sales slump has been the maker-to-consumer record subscription club, offering economies and convenience. Dealers abominate these, but I think reasonlessly. Of course, I am suspect in so saying, since one of the clubs employs me as publicist part of the time, but I really think the clubs do less harm than good. They initiate an interest in listening, and yet they cannot entirely satisfy it. Bruno Walter plays Mahler best of anyone, but this may evoke an appetite for Schubert, involving Josef Krips, or for Berlioz, which brings in Munch, and you cannot get all three men on the same label. In the long run the record clubs will prove to be, just as book clubs have proved to be, a way for dealers to benefit by very expensive institutional advertising, provided that they can survive the transition. That is cold comfort, but technological changes cannot be thwarted.

Their effect can be blunted, however, and London Records since 1958 has been praiseworthily trying to do this. The company began then what it called, in England, Ace of Clubs, and in America, Richmond. (Richmond is a peripheral London borough; Purcell once wrote a song about a lady who walked there.) Richmond records are, in the main, outstanding London LPs of the decade before stereo. As London drops from its catalogue a monophonic Brahms *Academic Festival* by Van Beinum, in favor of a stereo version, it reissues the monophonic version on the Richmond label. Further, it makes the disc available at $1.98. However monophonic, the Ricci-Boult Beethoven Violin Concerto at $1.98 is something well worth a trip downtown. So is the Backhaus-Clemens-Krauss *Emperor*. So is Krauss's delightful 1957 New Year's concert with the Vienna Philharmonic. And there are bonuses. The late Miss Kathleen Ferrier, sweetest contralto of our time, has been most lovingly

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transferred to microgroove, from a 1947 shellac set, in the *St. Matthew Passion* of Bach. This is in English, three records for $6.00, Dr. Reginald Jacques conducting, and not available on any label other than Richmond. I would buy it merely to hear that gentle, lustrous voice singing "Grief and Pain."

Leo Hofberg, manager of London's Richmond division in New York, describes sales as gratifying. They must be, or the program would not continue. More than sixty classical discs have been released. Pricing seems no problem. Most of the recordings already have paid their way in the original versions. To make the Richmond sales tab so low, metal stamper-discs are flown here from England, and the pressings are made in New York. (London records are pressed in London.) The recorded sound, from my samplings, is rather good. And the recorded music — to be repetitious — is in some cases unique. Nobody is going to play the Sibelius Fifth and *Karelia* again quite the way Erik Tuxen and Thomas Jensen did in the late 1940s, and to be offered both for two cents less than two dollars seems to me to merit a little quiet gratitude.

Record Reviews

Haydn: Sonatas in E Flat, E Minor, C, G, and D Major; Andante and Variations in F Minor

Wanda Landowska, harpsichord and piano; RCA Victor LM-6073: two records

I met the late Wanda Landowska only once, but to meet her once was to love her, and I did. Further, I loved her before I met her, for her Bach and for her Mozart. Hence, it is a little sadly that I must say her Haydn seems to me subtly and in some parts wrong. Her slow movements are irresistibly beautiful. Her fast movements are wonderfully executed, but they don't dance. This is strange, from the great and lively lady that gave us the most motile *Goldberg Variations* ever made, and the airiest Mozart sonatas. Sometimes there is a sort of severity that comes with the dignity of old age. Of course, I could be in error, though I don't think so. Haydn was the best fisherman and huntsman of

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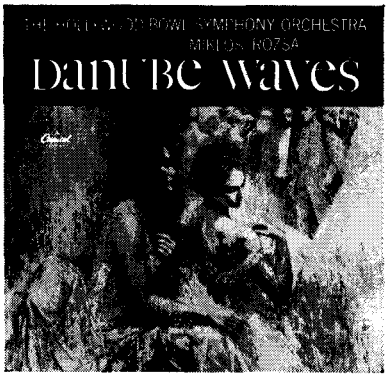
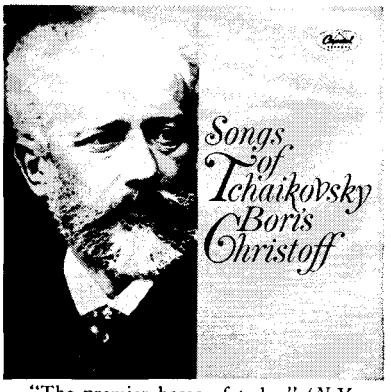
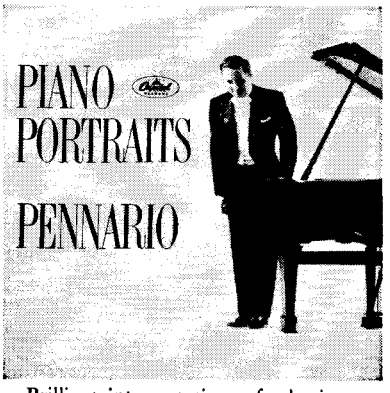
The stereo debut on a major label of Bizet's charming *Symphony*. Also, the first LP recording of Lalo's dramatic *Symphony*. (S)G 7237



Academy Award winner Miklos Rozsa with 6 selections such as *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14; Live, Laugh and Love; Danube Waves*. (S)P 8540



"The premier basso of today" (*N.Y. Herald Tribune*) in 14 beloved songs. *None but the Lonely Heart; Cradle Song; To Sleep;* etc. (S)G 7236



Brilliant interpretations of selections from Liszt, Moszkowski, Mendelssohn, Scarlatti, MacDowell, Brahms, Debussy. (S)P 8541

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THE ONLY WAY TO LEARN TO WRITE

While some gentle souls prefer to argue that babies are born with or without writing talent, we were long ago persuaded that skill in written expression, like all other mental or muscular skills, is developed through imitation and practice. Here at the Magazine Institute, one of the few writing schools owned and operated by practicing writers and editors, we provide aspirants with the examples to imitate and the urge to practice. We hold out no vision of sudden riches, nor do we pretend that writing is a simple skill that anyone can acquire. It is probably harder than you think to keep writing and writing and writing in the face of discouragement. But that is the only way we know to acquire the professional skill that leads to publication. We can make the way easier and more interesting for you, and help you keep your self-confidence bright. And before we enroll you for training, we ask you to complete a qualifying aptitude test. There is no charge for this and it is fun to do. Your copy will be sent to you immediately; and we promise that no "field representative" or other disguised or undisguised salesman will thrust his foot inside your door in consequence. We will communicate with you by mail only. Just put your name and address on a postcard and mail it to: *The* MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Inc., Department 13-T, Fifty Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. *(Founded in 1940 and Licensed by the State of New York.)*

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the great swamp that was the Esterházy preserve. He liked a good time. His solemnity he saved mostly for his church music, which is sublime, though not quiet. Still, Landowska's sonatas are the best you will find (except for one side of Backhaus), and there is no disputing their loveliness. All I miss is the jollity.

Mozart: Don Giovanni (Two versions)

Carlo Maria Giulini conducting Eberhard Wächter, Joan Sutherland, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Luigi Alva, Gottlob Frick, Giuseppe Taddei, Piero Cappuccilli, Graziella Sciutti; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Angel S-3605-D/L (stereo) and 3605-D/L: four records

Erich Leinsdorf conducting Cesare Siepi, Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, Eugenia Ratti, Heinz Blankenburg, Arnold van Mill; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Staatsoper Chorus; RCA Victor LSC-6410 (stereo) and LM-6410: four records

I have listed all the named parts in these sets because in *Don Giovanni* there is no distinction between stars and underlings; every singer has a star part — and a very hard one at that. Most curiosity will focus on Nilsson and Sutherland, the two brightest new sopranos on the opera scene, as Donna Anna. I have to declare a draw. Sutherland displays the slightly more luscious voice, Nilsson, slightly better vocal acting. My own favorite star in either set is Leontyne Price, who really makes Elvira a sympathetic personality. It is the men's department that gives Victor the victory, for Giulini's Giovanni, Leporello, and Ottavio simply are not believable in their parts, whereas Leinsdorf's are at least competent and at best convincing. It will be noted that Leinsdorf's cast is almost straight Metropolitan. Victor's recording, made in Vienna, is also the more skillful in providing stage illusion. Until a perfect *Don* comes along, this one should do.

Strauss: Die Fledermaus

Herbert von Karajan conducting Hilde Gueden, Regina Resnik, Waldemar Kmentt, Walter Berry, Erich Kunz, other singers; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Staatsoper Chorus; London OSA-1319 (stereo) and A-4347: three records.

The Bat — owing to satiation — is something I can take or leave, but this is the one I would take. It is the best performance I have ever heard (meaning the merriest), and it has a stroke of London humor in the middle that is hilarious. Into Prince Orlovsky's party — sent by the Emperor, 'tis said — come Renata Tebaldi, Fernando Corena, Birgit Nilsson, Mario del Monaco, Teresa Berganza, Joan Sutherland, Jussi Bjoerling, Leontyne Price, Giulietta Simionato, Ettore Bastianini, and Ljuba Welitch, all to sing songs of their own choice, some serious, but most not. The tone of the proceedings probably can be best indicated by the fact that Nilsson elects to sing *I Could Have Danced All Night;* Simionato and Bastianini join in *Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better;* and Price offers *Summertime,* first apologizing because George Gershwin hasn't been born yet. The recorded sound is a joy.

Vaughan Williams: Fantasy on Greensleeves; English Folk Song Suite; Fantasy on a Theme by Thomas Tallis

Sir Adrian Boult conducting Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Westminster 14111 (stereo) and 18928

Boult was always Vaughan Williams' choice to perform his works, and surely no one can play these two melodic and transparent fantasies, and the vigorous suite, so well as he. I wish he had had an English orchestra, but the Viennese oblige him, and Westminster has given the strings an absolutely dreamlike texture.

The Organ in America

E. Power Biggs, organist; Columbia M1S-6161 stereo) and ML-5496

The peripatetic Mr. Biggs, who once filled a whole LP with performances of Bach's D-Minor Toccata, demonstrating a dozen of Europe's ancient organs, now has turned his attention to America. Apparently he has had enough of the Bach Toccata, which is rather a relief, for here he uses American music, very fittingly. The organs he found in his rambles (all down the East Coast, naturally, from Vermont to South Carolina) are not quite so old as his beloved German Schnitgers, but some have a kindred purity of sound, and none incorporate Biggs's pet abomination, nicked pipes. The recording is admirable, and so is the choice of music. I would have liked more William Billings, but am happy to settle for James Hewitt's 1797 *Battle of Trenton* and Charles Ives's most irreverently funny variations (1891) on *America,* which even members of the DAR may secretly enjoy.

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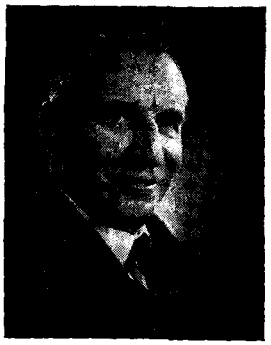

Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

TO ANYONE, like myself, who is older than this century, there were certain manifestations of the American spirit at once so vivid and patriotic that they can never be forgotten. I was seven when my Uncle Rennie took me to see Buffalo Bill, and I have some fractured recollections: we cheered as the great scout with his beautiful mustachio came riding in, destroying with his six-shooter the glass balls that were tossed in the air. I remember the painted Indians and how they attacked the old stagecoach — and then my memory, like myself, collapsed as I slid through the opening between the bleacher seats to land with a solid thud in the soft earth below. I was nine when Teddy Roosevelt came to my home town to visit a fellow Roughrider, and because I fought shy of the mob at the station and took my stand beside the official Pierce Arrow, he had no choice but to shake my grubby paw as he climbed into the open tonneau. I was aboard the U.S.S. *New York*, the flagship of the White Fleet (and really snotted by the captain's daughter), when the water parade, led by a replica of the *Clermont*, Robert Fulton's steamboat, filed up the Hudson. I watched Governor Woodrow Wilson review our National Guard at Seagirt, New Jersey, and drank lemonade in the Little White House afterward.

The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were our closest link with the tragic past, and my Grandfather Suydam, who in his late twenties had risen to be lieutenant colonel of the Third N. J. Cavalry, personified for me the long, bitter struggle of the Civil War. He had had six horses shot under him. He had been rolled on and miraculously avoided being crushed. He had served as an aide to General Keyes and General Pleasonton. His great cavalry saber hung on the wall beside his commission, and beneath it, on the top of the bookcase, was the dud shell which had plowed close to him at Petersburg, the spurs which I could take down and jingle, the folding mess kit, and the faded photographs of bearded men seated before the army tents.

Grandfather would never march in the Decoration Day parades. He felt that the old scars and hatreds should be laid away with the men who fought the war, not passed on and exulted over by the younger generation. But, if I pressed him, he would turn through the big volume of *Harper's Weekly* to show me where he had been and to tell more than the woodcuts disclosed.

In a year that already threatens to swamp us with memorial volumes about the Civil War, the standout thus far is THE AMERICAN HERITAGE PICTURE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, with the narrative by BRUCE CATTON (Doubleday, $19.95). Mr. Catton is fair and unsparing to both sides. He finds fault with blunderers like General Pope, Joe Hooker, and Burnside. He balances the impulsiveness and the audacity of J. E. B. Stuart. He notices when Stonewall Jackson is slow to come up, but rightly places above this the almost unspoken telegraphy which passed between Jackson and Lee in moments of supreme crisis. And he bestows with justice the plaudits which are due to Grant. It has been hard — indeed, impossible — for any Southern writer to deal fairly with either Grant or Sherman.

Mr. Catton is at his best when he writes about the ordinary soldier, the footslogger, the boys that bore the brunt of it. What they suffered, felt, and endured comes home to us now, for this book, with its 836 pictures, some in color, some sketched on the battlefield or in the prison camps or hospitals, which most of us have never seen, gives us in their dramatic profusion the hopes and fears and the daring of this great epoch.

THE COSSACKS

I know of no living novelist who has brought to his big narratives of country life such color,

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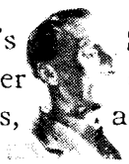
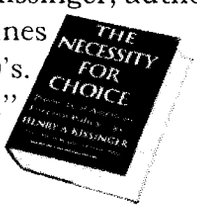
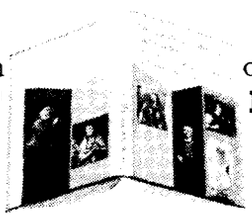
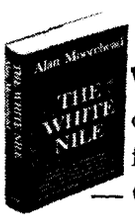
EXCELLENCE: CAN WE BE EQUAL AND EXCELLENT TOO? by John W. Gardner, President of the Carnegie Corporation, deals brilliantly with a basic problem of our society: the need to reconcile equality of opportunity and superior standards of performance. $3.95

Joyce Cary's  **SPRING SONG** contains all the short stories a master writer completed. Each is dominated by "a personality that is kind, humorous, and radiant with life."— *New Yorker.* $3.95

In **THE NECESSITY FOR CHOICE:** PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, Henry A. Kissinger, author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, calls for and defines new approaches to the international issues of the 1960's. "Cogent and hard-headed . . . his criticisms are acute." — WALTER MILLIS, *N. Y. Times.* $5.50 

Eloise Spaeth conducts a coast-to-coast tour of **AMERICAN ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES,** offering lively information on the nation's artistic treasures in the only book of its kind. Profusely illustrated. $5.95 

Alan Moorehead's **THE WHITE NILE** is the story of "the high tide of Victorian exploration and conquest in East Africa . . . fascinating . . . wildly colorful . . . absolutely absorbing." — ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times.* Illustrated. A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. $5.95 

All the evidence relating to parapsychology, from the days of William James to the present, is objectively presented in **CHALLENGE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH:** A PRIMER OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY by Gardner Murphy of the Menninger Foundation, in collaboration with Laura A. Dale. A new volume in World Perspectives. $6.00

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character, and humor as MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV. He was blessed with his material, for the Cossack villages on the river Don, in one of which he was born in 1905, have been, in fact, as in his fiction, a scene of violent struggle and slow conversion to the Soviet system. At the age of fifteen he returned from his schooling in Moscow to witness in his home country the torn loyalties of the Civil War; the Cossacks' stubbornness to surrender their ancient hetman leadership; the liquidation or conscription of the rich kulak farmers; and finally, the forceful compulsion of the peasantry into the unruly brigades of a collective farm. Sholokhov's concern for all of this is that of an artist, a naturalistic painter; his sympathy is primarily for the life of the village, and he employs the technique and morality of socialist realism more as a means of underscoring. His four novels, which have been thirty-six years in the writing, beginning with *And Quiet Flows the Don* and concluding with HARVEST ON THE DON (Knopf, $5.00), are centered in the tiny community of Gremyachy Log, whose people long lived by a medieval ritual. The books can be enjoyed separately; taken together they form a turbulent, earthy epic of the revolution and its aftermath.

Harvest on the Don is laid in the summer of 1930, a turning point in the collectivization of the village. The anti-Red resistance had been driven into a few pockets: in Gremyachy it is directed by two former officers, Captain Polovtsiev and his Polish lieutenant, who in the opening scene are holed up in the guest room of an ex-kulak's house, polishing their weapons, griping, and conspiring in a most futile manner. It is hard for me to believe in their concealment and the damage which they are credited with. Their villainy is a secondary theme and never very plausible.

Opposed to them is the Party hero, Davidov, the Baltic sailor who has been sent inland to organize and direct the new collective farm. The opposition he encounters in the traditional suspicion, the laziness, and taunting inefficiency of the peasantry is real beyond question and dramatically conveyed. Davidov is a bachelor of thirty-nine and vulnerable to Lushka, the village temptress; he is too impulsive in his planning and too little suspicious, but he does know men, and his dedication is solid silver. Once he has been tested and reproved by the district inspector, he moves with increasing confidence, and his frailties and blunders personify in their way the weakness to be overcome by the Party.

It is Sholokhov's genius to incorporate in his story the ruddy, primitive vitality of the village: the wonderful folk tales of Shaly, the smith, and Arzhanov, the ancient horseman; the lusty comedy of the fat cook who needs "two and a half men to embrace her"; the lazy reprobate Shchukar, sleeping in the ravine; Trofim, the sly, contentious goat; the sparrows on the eaves, who scatter as the argument rises; the black eagle of the steppe, so marvelously etched against the sun. Such warmth and comedy are essential.

In the translation by H. C. Stevens, what is essential does come through. The Russian sayings, sprinkled through the text like paprika, are recognized for their wit and shrewdness; only the idiom of the villagers has defied Mr. Stevens' best efforts — their talk is wooden and without the lively give-and-take of reality.

THE CORNISH

A master of mosaic, RUMER GODDEN prefers to tell her story within the circumference of the short novel, where the power of suggestion and precise beauty of the detail make every line meaningful. In CHINA COURT: THE HOURS OF A COUNTRY HOUSE (Viking, $4.50), she is piecing together the doings — the contentions, the courtships, the infidelities, the loyalty and idiosyncrasy — of a Cornish family down to the fifth generation, and inasmuch as there were nine children born to Eustace and Adza Quin after their marriage in 1838, the reader must sort out and identify a good many names and personalities as the story is gleaned from the snatches of conversation, the evocative bits of gossip from belowstairs, and the tart comments and wisely hinting anecdotes which come from old Mrs. Quin. Mrs. Quin is the central figure, whose experiences and whose facets, like the diamond in the brooch, reflect all that has happened: she came to the square granite homeliness of China House a thin, neglected, shabby little girl; she leaves as its mistress, herself a grandmother in her eighties.

It is in Mrs. Quin's mind to pass on her heritage, China Court, its memories and mementos, and Penbarrow, the adjoining farm, to Tracy, her granddaughter from America, and to Peter, the diffident, difficult young aristocrat whom she has lured back from London. The plan naturally does not appeal to Mrs. Quin's married daughters, who for selfish reasons would prefer to sell the old house, and the resolution of this conflict makes the story.

The novelist skillfully shuttles us from the past to the present and back again; she identifies the sounds of the house when it is full of children, the smell of the kitchen in the morning light, the songs of the different generations, and in such scenes as Peter's first encounter with Tracy and Mrs. Quin on her knees in the garden as the news is brought to her of her son's death, the heart beats faster. This is lovely romantic writing.

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

Unless one must read the prospectuses of publishers' stock offers it is easy for writer and publisher alike to forget that such a thing as money plays any significant role in the world they share. But once a year, surely, the subject may be mentioned without offense. The amount is **$7500.** In celebration of the 25th anniversary of its **Literary Fellowship Award. Houghton Mifflin Company** is offering $5000, to which **Esquire** has added $2500 for first serial rights of the Award book. The prize is given for a sampling of the most promising work of fiction or non-fiction now in progress. Among previous winners are *Robert Penn Warren* for NIGHT RIDER, *Dorothy Baker* for YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN, *Joseph Wechsberg* for LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD, *Arthur Mizener* for THE FAR SIDE OF PARADISE, *Milton Lott* for THE LAST HUNT, *Eugene Burdick* for THE NINTH WAVE, and *Philip Roth* for GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. The deadline for this contest is close; all submissions must be in by **April 1.** For particulars, write to Houghton Mifflin Company at 2 Park Street, Boston.

Of the current Award novel **The Gay Place** by **William Brammer,** published in March, A. C. Spectorsky, a pre-publication reader says: "Brammer's is a new and major talent, big in scope, big in its promise of even better things to come. *The Gay Place* has immense sweep; an incredible and admirable performance for a new writer. It makes many of today's novels seem small, contrived, even mean. Predictably — and deservedly — a best seller."

Another cause for celebration this year is a major book by a major novelist — **Midcentury** by **John Dos Passos.** With the reading of this book, the whole design of Dos Passos' work begins to emerge.

In the sense that Proust could not know the ends of his characters when his book began because he had to wait for them to grow older and then old, so Dos Passos waits for history to disclose his plot, and the writer's agony of suspense is felt as the reader's. But where Proust applied a magnifying glass to a small section of Parisian society, Dos Passos seems to use a reducing glass and to hold in it the beloved and gaudy crazy-quilt of the States of the Union, bright with the colors of geography, iridescent with the ecstasies and heartbreaks of countless lives.

Dos Passos' purpose is to record the whole human predicament of each contemporary American from moment to moment as it runs from the machine of time, in a period of history infinitely complex. So **Midcentury** now takes up our postwar world. It is a series of intricately woven narratives studded with biographical sketches of living, controversial personalities. Against a background both of an old and a new idealism, the author presents a careless, prosperity-hungry world, and with infinite pity, sternness, concern and hope seems to be saying that man, who has brought the poles within a day's journey and is crowding himself out of the world, must respect the bit of beloved earth that is left to him enough to save it by saving himself.

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Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The new novel by GRAHAM GREENE — the most bizarre of his works and one of the most memorable — is the outcome of what seems a surprising and gruesome journey for a novelist: a tour of the *léproseries* maintained by the Catholic missions in Equatorial Africa. A BURNT-OUT CASE (Viking, $3.95), a Book-of-the-Month Club Selection, is described by Greene as "an attempt to give dramatic expression to various types of belief, half-belief and non-belief in the kind of setting . . . where such differences are felt acutely and find expression." Greene has told us in autobiographical writings that Africa has always represented to him "a strangeness, a wanting to know," and certainly a sense of strangeness and of being in search of answers is hauntingly present in the novel's atmosphere and plot.

At the story's opening, a man named Querry has traveled up a tributary of the Congo to the point where the river and the road end, and here he stays as the guest of a *léproserie* run by Belgian priests and nuns. For some time all we know about him is that he is a refugee from the world, seeking oblivion. And after we have learned that he was once a famous Catholic architect, Querry, whose very name stands for a question, still remains a mystery. He has lost all capacity for feeling, desire, and belief; he has even "come to the end" of suffering. The mission's doctor compares him to one of those lepers known as a burnt-out case: a leper who, treated too late, cannot be cured until the disease has run its full course of mutilation.

One evening Querry discovers that the servant assigned to him, a burnt-out case, has hobbled far into the forest and has had an accident.

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—SANTHA RAMA RAU, *Saturday Review*

"He's a born storyteller, with a fine sense of the tragi-comic."

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The Man-Eater of Malgudi

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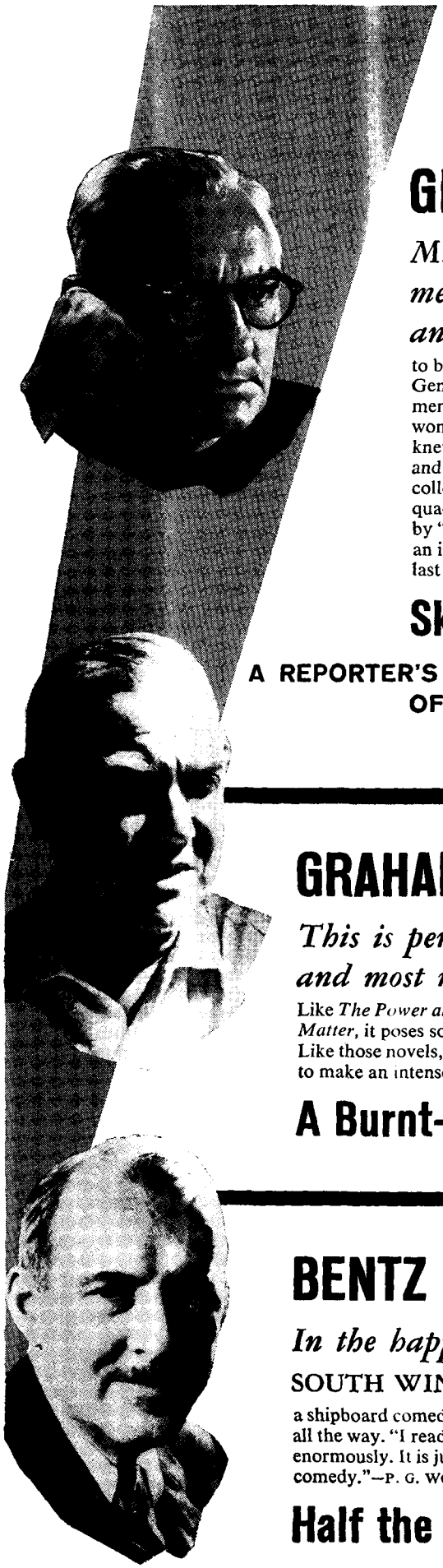

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Wise, touching, and full of surprises, her new novel of the hours and days of an English country house will be published March 3rd. $4.50

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

Few — far too few — book titles have the happy fate of turning into national bywords. And very few have become so firmly imbedded in our language as has **The Affluent Society.** With pertinent wit and admirable lucidity **John Kenneth Galbraith** began with his **American Capitalism** to charm great numbers of laymen into their first serious consideration of our political economy. This was followed by **The Great Crash,** a lively illuminating chronicle of one of the most spectacular hours in our economic history. Then came **The Affluent Society,** immediately and persistently a best-seller. This was followed in an election year with **The Liberal Hour,** a book which extended the consideration of concepts that were at the very center of our political discussion. These are the books that have clearly influenced our national thought — they are worth re-reading.

One of the most distinguished contemporary political historians is **Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.** His **Age of Roosevelt,** widely-read, highly praised, admittedly influential in our thinking about the fundamentals of our political era, continues in its third volume **The Politics of Upheaval** to move on to new honors. In the *Atlantic*, for example, Gerald Johnson summarized eloquently: "It is always dramatic without ever becoming melodramatic. It rises above the level of chronicle to become an important contribution to historical writing, to scholarship, and to art."

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

The night that Querry spends beside the helpless man leaves him with "the odd sensation that [someone] needed me." Thereafter signs appear — he lets himself be persuaded to design and build a hospital for the mission — that he may be emerging from his emotional and spiritual deadness. Thus, two questions weave a pattern of psychological suspense into the fabric of the novel: what was the source of Querry's all-encompassing aridity, and will he recover from it? To say much more about the plot would spoil things for the prospective reader. But just this can be added: of the several meanings that can be read into Querry's story, one, surely, is that it is an allegory of the journey that carries man toward a genuine awareness of God.

Greene's triumph is that he manages to make the reader care about a hero who is himself past caring and in whose attitude there is a certain self-conscious sulkiness toward life. Around Querry there are several well-realized characterizations: the irreligious doctor, whose tough-minded dedication to healing is rooted in love ("I think of Christ as an amoeba who took the right turning"); the pompous Catholic factory manager, a monster of pharisaical piety; and the shy, tolerant Superior, with his ever-present cheroot, one of the few priests in Greene's work who is both good and truly sympathetic. Although the tempo is slower than is customary for Greene and there is less than the usual density of incident, *A Burnt-Out Case* is an absorbing book and a curiously affecting one. The spells of a major novelist take possession of the reader.

"INTELLIGENT INTELLIGENCE"

Before his death in a motor accident fourteen months ago, ALBERT CAMUS had selected, out of three volumes of his topical writings, the twenty-three essays he considered most worthy of preservation in English, and they are now published under the title RESISTANCE, REBELLION, AND DEATH (Knopf, $4.00). Beginning with editorials which appeared anonymously in a famous paper of the French Resistance, the book, translated by Justin O'Brien, covers a span of fifteen years. It includes wartime "Letters to a German Friend" (who had become a

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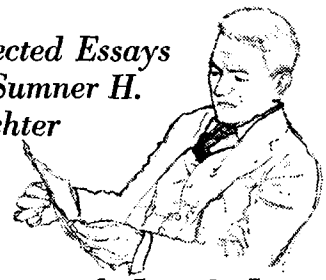

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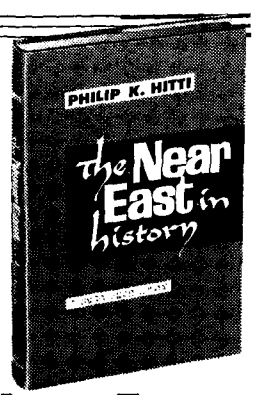

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Nazi); four statements on the Algerian tragedy; a powerful essay calling for the abolition of capital punishment; and pieces dealing with Spain, the Hungarian revolt, and the role of the contemporary artist.

Even in his most topical journalism, Camus's thought transcends topicality and focuses on the perennial moral conflict between the forces of fanaticism and terror and what he calls "the forces of dialogue" — moderation, ordinary human decency, the sense of brotherhood, and intellectual honesty. In Camus's hands, these familiar concepts of humanism are rescued from perverted usage, scraped clean of cant, and inspiringly recharged with meaning. If his message has a stirring resonance, it is because he speaks not as a moralist proclaiming traditional truths from above the fray but as a man of his time who has been deeply involved in the factionalism, the violence, the nihilism of the age.

"I have always thought," Camus wrote, "there were two kinds of intelligence — intelligent intelligence and stupid intelligence." By "stupid intelligence" he means the "doublethink" and sophistry to which good minds have committed themselves out of unbridled partisanship or squalid expediency. With compelling eloquence and a piercing lucidity, these essays assert that torture in Algeria cannot be excused as a necessary response to terrorism; that Arab terrorism, which murders Arab women and children, cannot be justified as a reaction to colonialism; that it is rank dishonesty to condemn dictatorship in Prague and not in Madrid; that when neutralist leaders like Nehru condoned by their silence the massacre of Hungarian freedom fighters, they betrayed their own struggle for freedom; that the fellow-traveling existentialists who expound a philosophy of liberty and yet applaud the suppression of liberty in the name of revolutionary progress are simply cheats and preachers of enslavement. Camus is passionately on the side of that "half truth" represented by the West, because liberty is "the supreme good" — "we are the only ones to have the possibility of improvement and emancipation that lies in free genius." But he equally passionately insists that we betray that possibility when we fail to condemn injustice, exploitation, the reign of terror wherever we see them. He invites us to be "on the

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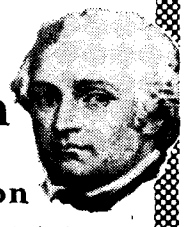

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side of victims" everywhere; to "pay attention to what unites us rather than to what separates us"; and to loathe "none but executioners."

For American readers who know Camus mainly through his often enigmatic fiction, this collection is an opportunity to enter directly into the thought of a man who, in the words of his Nobel Prize citation, illuminated "the problems of the human conscience in our time." Camus was one of those rare writers in whom nobility spoke with modesty, with total genuineness, and with unfailing lucidity.

AMERICAN LABOR

MIDCENTURY (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), a large book by JOHN DOS PASSOS, juxtaposes fact and fiction in a chronicle of contemporary America which ranges through the world of labor. "Documentaries" and impressionistic biographies are interspersed between episodes that form several separate but sometimes related novellas; and there is another fictional ingredient — the notes of an investigator for a congressional committee studying crime and abuses in the labor unions. The documentaries, which are similar to the "Newsreels" of Dos Passos' early trilogy *U.S.A.*, seek to render, factually, the flavor of the times. The subjects of the biographies include Douglas MacArthur, Sam Goldwyn, Senator McClellan, Robert Oppenheimer, James Dean, and a covey of labor leaders — Bridges, Reuther, Tobin, Beck, Hoffa.

In *Midcentury*, Dos Passos has a theme rich in possibilities for a disillusioned radical like himself — the early idealism of the labor movement and the transformation of this movement, by power-hungry and often corrupt leaders, into a kind of totalitarian state within the state. But the book is disappointing. A week after reading it, I had only a hazy recollection of the people and events in it; and my memory, however unsatisfactory, is not entirely to blame. Dos Passos seems to have lost interest in the creative process itself. Things are not represented, not made vivid; they are merely stated, and they are stated in a hurry, as though the author were intent only on spilling out the facts.

One of the novellas is the story of a decent rubber worker, strong for the union, who is framed by gangster

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union officials for not playing their game and is discharged as a troublemaker. Other fictional sections describe how businessmen with vision and guts become locked in combat with the spirit of the time — in one case, with unimaginative partners in management who want to play it safe; in the other, with a competitor who has teamed up with a labor racketeer to maintain his taxi-cab monopoly by strong-arm methods. Significantly, the best story, that of Blackie Bowman, former seaman, wobbly, and "philosophical anarchist," reaches back to the period of *U.S.A.* Society as it exists today arouses in Dos Passos mainly a diffuse aversion quite lacking in the rebellious passion that energized his early work. On the affirmative side, he treats us to dreary ecstasies over a new process in milling, and he tries to celebrate the spirit of free enterprise. But to assert individual values you have to create characters with a strong subjective reality; and Dos Passos' people have always been two-dimensional; they have a curious nonexistence. The genius of *U.S.A.* lay in its original and dynamic portrayal of a collective entity.

Literary values aside, *Midcentury* has considerable force and urgency in that it focuses on a very real evil. Dos Passos has documented, on a panoramic scale and in irresistibly convincing detail, the rottenness within the house of labor.

A LIFE WELL LIVED

I WALKED WITH HEROES (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $5.00), the autobiography of GENERAL CARLOS P. ROMULO, is the story of a man who, though he has been through anguishing experiences, has enjoyed an exceptionally happy life. Romulo was happy in his childhood, his marriage, and his remarkable career as teacher, newspaperman, soldier, diplomat, statesman, lecturer, and author. As "the petted . . . small member of a large, affectionate family," he grew up with a sense of security that helped to endow him with boundless energy, a faith that justice will prevail, and a disposition to believe that human nature is fundamentally good. (He was able to find a glimmer of humanity even in the terrible Vishinsky — a love of *La Bohème* and *South Pacific.*) From boyhood on, Romulo's ruling passion was to see his country inde-

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MACMILLAN

pendent and respected. And bound up with his patriotism was a profound resentment of racial snobbery, which, he feels, has done far more than Americans realize to tarnish the image of the United States in Asia.

At sixteen Romulo was a star reporter, at twenty an editor, and in his middle thirties he became editor in chief of a chain of publications. He threw this position over to work with his political hero, Manuel Quezon; and during the war he was MacArthur's aide-de-camp on Corregidor and later a member of Quezon's war cabinet in Washington. He would almost certainly have become President of the Philippines in due course, had he accepted an offer from both parties to run for Vice President in the post-war elections. Instead, he chose to work for his country, which achieved its independence in 1946, in the international sphere. He has been chief of the Philippine Mission to the United Nations, President of the Fourth General Assembly of the UN, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and three times Ambassador to the United States.

Romulo writes in some detail about his relationship with Quezon and other Philippine Presidents, his struggles on behalf of his country in Washington, and his work at the UN. Even so, his book's contribution to the annals of history is a relatively modest one. It is clearly the hand of the former newspaperman that has shaped the general's lively, sentimental, and sometimes sententious personal history. Its strongest appeal is in the realm of human interest, in the personality of its subject. And in spite of an addiction to quoting the innumerable tributes paid to him, General Romulo emerges as a generous-spirited and attractive human being.

TWO HITS, ONE MISS

THE MAN-EATER OF MALGUDI (Viking, $3.95) is the tenth novel published in this country by R. K. NARAYAN, who has often been described as India's best living novelist. Mr. Narayan returns us to his customary setting, an imaginary town in South India; and his story, written with a subtle sense of the tragicomic, is touching, funny, and surprising. It describes the ordeal to which the gentle printer Nataraj is subjected by

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(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September 1960.

[SEAL] Arthur F. Goodearl, Notary Public
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a newcomer to Malgudi — H. Vasu, M.A., taxidermist. This Vasu, who was once a professional strong man, turns out to be a fearsome bully, who recognizes no restraints of man or God. Having installed himself, uninvited, in the printer's attic, the terrible taxidermist fills it up with carcasses which stink up the neighborhood; he brazenly violates the game laws and hunts down even the local pets; he brings prostitutes up the printer's stairs; and finally he defies anyone to stop him from shooting a beloved temple elephant.

In the suspenseful denouement, a just fate destroys the demonic Vasu in a piercingly ironic fashion. Meanwhile, the author has brought fully to life the small world of Malgudi, its people, its talk, its customs; and in it one sees sharply reflected one of the several faces of India. Narayan is a writer of great individuality and captivating charm. Once again, he has achieved a small-scale triumph.

MENNA GALLIE, a Welsh writer now publishing her second novel, MAN'S DESIRING (Harper, $3.50), has chosen a protagonist and a setting which threaten to become the fish and chips of the younger generation of British novelists: her hero, Griff (Griffydd) Rowlands, is a young man of working-class origin who has worked his way up to an appointment as instructor at an English provincial university. When I add that this hero revels in his sentimentalism about things Welsh, is fiercely loyal to his proletarian background, often feels homesick and sorry for himself, but finds comfort in a slice of "mam's" fruitcake, it must be clear that Miss Gallie has set herself the daunting task of making art out of treacle. And miraculously, she has succeeded. Her book is funny and gay and moving and fresh, and almost always irresistibly true. What saves the situation is, simply, that Miss Gallie has a lovely talent. She writes with a mixture of ease, humor, feeling, and authenticity which suggests that she is a born novelist. Oddly enough, the one figure in her story who struck me as slightly unconvincing was a woman — the smart, intellectually sophisticated, bitchy lecturer in English with whom Griff becomes involved.

The chief interest of THE MISFITS (Viking, $3.95) by ARTHUR MILLER

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is that it represents a new kind of fiction, the "cinema-novel." It is more novelistic than a screenplay, but it is written in the present tense; it tells us what the camera would see and what the actors would seek to show ("We notice the slightest flicker in Gay, an awareness that he has been placed slightly to one side"); and the characters speak to us directly, as in the script of a play. The experiment proves, I'm afraid, that for a narrative in prose the conventional novel is a vastly more effective form than the "cinema-novel" in every respect, including the ability to make things visual.

Mr. Miller's setting is Reno and the country around it, and as his title indicates, the story has to do with people who are more or less "misfits" — a luscious young divorcée and three free-lance cowboys. I am not quite sure whether the form put me off unduly or whether Mr. Miller's story and people are inherently not very interesting. In any event, though the proceedings grow exceedingly hot, they left this particular reader cold.

THE SPANISH CURE

HERBERT LOBSENZ may never have read a line by Saul Bellow, but his Harper Prize Novel, VANGEL GRIFFIN (Harper, $4.50), reminds one in theme and tone of *Henderson The Rain King*. Its hero, "a mass-produced member of the middle middle-class," with an appropriate job and an appropriate wife, decides at twenty-nine that his life is absurd and gives himself a year in Madrid to discover a reason for living. He enrolls in the university, and there he becomes harrowingly involved with a contemporary Don Quixote, dedicated to starting "a chain reaction of reason" that will sweep the world; and with this idealist's sister, a volcanic *amoureuse*, who promptly drags the hesitant American into her bed. Spanish politics and love-making prove an appalling but effective shock treatment; we are asked to believe that they jolt Vangel out of his indifference and make a masculine man of him.

This picaresque chronicle is an uneven work. It contains some fine comic stuff and passages which have a wild, zany quality. But the changes of tone and mood are disconcerting, false notes are struck, and one feels a basic confusion of purpose.

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.75) by SHEILA BURNFORD seems likely to become a classic in its field, that of the unsentimental animal story. The animals in question here are a Siamese cat, a dutiful young retriever, and a clownish old scalawag of a bull terrier. The three set out on a two-hundred-mile trek across a moderately wild stretch of Canada, and their adventures with bears, porcupines, flood, hunger, and strange people are described without a single superfluous word and with no fanciful excursions into their minds. Anyone who has ever been well acquainted with dogs and cats will be delighted by the book, although the unenlightened may find the affair a bit surprising.

If some public-spirited person proposes to bestow a booby prize for the most unnecessary book in the library of volumes being published about the late unpleasantness, he will do well to consider the CENTENNIAL ALBUM OF THE CIVIL WAR (Thomas Yoseloff, $25.00) by MARVIN H. PAKULA in collaboration with William J. Ryan and David K. Rothstein. This monstrous tome consists of eighteen poorly printed color plates on uniforms and insignia plus a sort of *Who's Who* of generals. The information given about these gentlemen is nothing but what can be found, better written and more lucidly presented, in any biographical encyclopedia, and why the authors found it necessary to attach two pages of bibliography to their work is a mystery. The section on John Hunt Morgan leaves the number and nature of his campaigns in hopeless confusion. William Tecumseh Sherman is reported to have died in 1896, although the New York *Times* described his last illness and death in great detail, on the front page, in 1891. The portraits of the generals are extremely large and, since they are in most cases blown up from old photographs, extremely foggy.

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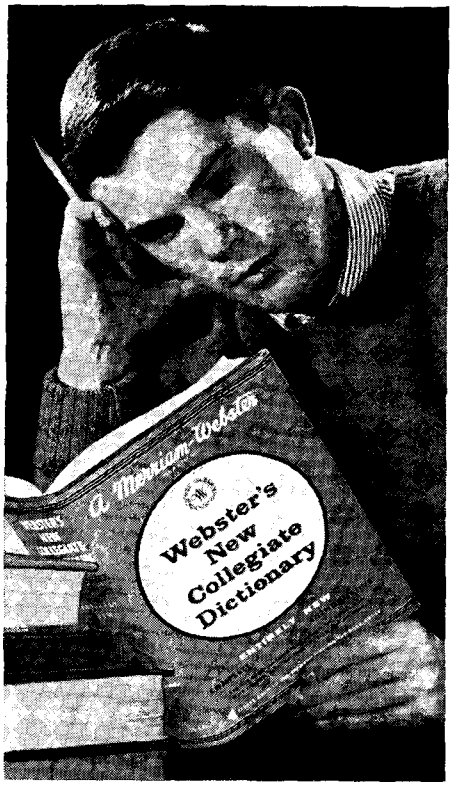

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unearthing them, and the people who lived there before Vesuvius engulfed them. As a historical novelist and archaeological buff, Mr. Brion is well equipped for his task and has turned out a fascinating, amusing, unusual book, with admirable illustrations.

THE MARQUISE OF O—— (Criterion, $5.00) is something of an oddity, a collection of stories by HEINRICH VON KLEIST, an eccentric and malcontent contemporary of Goethe. Something of a romantic, something of a Gothicist, Kleist constructed fantastic moral fables about justice, truth, religion, and love, bedecking these tales with all the gaudy trappings of *The Castle of Otranto.* He is remotely kin to Walter Scott on one hand and to Poe on the other, and Martin Greenberg, the translator, emphasizes his influence on Kafka. Possibly it is the Kafka connection that has inspired the publication of Kleist in English, but the man is worth reading for himself. As Thomas Mann points out in a preface to *The Marquise of O——*, there is nobody quite like Kleist.

DAPHNE ROOKE'S A LOVER FOR ESTELLE (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is a clever piece of literary sleight of hand. The plot, when you get down to brass tacks, is a hackneyed affair about the dire influence of a worldly and depraved British couple on their simple Boer neighbors, but elegant writing and the exotic Zululand setting very nearly succeed in obscuring this fact.

The latest book by LAWRENCE DURRELL is actually two travel books lumped together: PROSPERO'S CELL and REFLECTIONS ON A MARINE VENUS (Dutton, $5.00). The former is about life on Corfu, the latter about life on Rhodes, and World War II falls between them, yet the two are much alike, for it takes more than time and a war to alter either Greek islanders or Mr. Durrell. In each case, the impression created by Mr. Durrell's enthusiastic and sympathetic description is of a static world in which a mad variety of fascinating activities take place without disturbing the framework of things in the least. Perhaps this condition is true, to some extent, of all societies, but on these islands a clever reporter can observe — in fact, can surround — the whole process, and is moreover provided with superb human and scenic specimens with which to illustrate it.

Flatly rejecting the modern convention of detailed, confessional autobiography, FRANÇOIS MAURIAC has written in MÉMOIRES INTÉRIEURS (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.75) a compressed history of his ideas about literature, religion, and society. Although the book is in some respects impersonal and oblique, it is also lyrical, candid, and not above bits of gossip. It is wise and moving, but it is unmistakably an old man's book, sad, remote, full of ghosts and regrets. It ends with what is, from a respected novelist and Nobel Prize winner, an astonishing speculation. Mr. Mauriac, who doubts that he will ever write another novel, nevertheless describes the unwritten novel which is floating in the back of his mind, a terrifying book which would become much less terrifying if he did write it, for he is certain that his proposed hero would, in practice, be reduced to a comfortably minor character. "It may be," he concludes, "that each of the novels I have published has concealed another which would have been my real book, the book which will never be written."

ANCIENT EGYPT (New York Graphic Society, $6.95) by CHRISTIANE DESROCHES NOBLECOURT and CLASSICAL GREECE (New York Graphic Society, $6.95) by NICHOLAS YALOURIS, both illustrated with the photographs of F. L. Kenett, are the first two volumes in the Acanthus History of Sculpture, edited by Sir Herbert Read and H. D. Molesworth. They are primarily picture books and very handsome, but the ground they cover is more limited than their titles indicate. (The subtitles are precisely accurate.) *Classical Greece* is devoted entirely to the Parthenon. *Ancient Egypt* covers merely that brief period of the New Kingdom during which Akhnaton's heresy produced an obvious alteration in the manner and the matter of Egyptian art. The text of *Ancient Egypt*, which covers standard Egyptian theology and the Pharaoh's deviations from it, is exceptionally interesting, and both books are, within their limitations, satisfactory.

THE WORLD OF ZEN (Random House, $10.00) is an anthology of writings from and about Zen Buddhism, edited by Nancy Wilson Ross, and it is an extremely useful book for anyone interested in this subject and overawed by the plethora of contradictory authorities in print.

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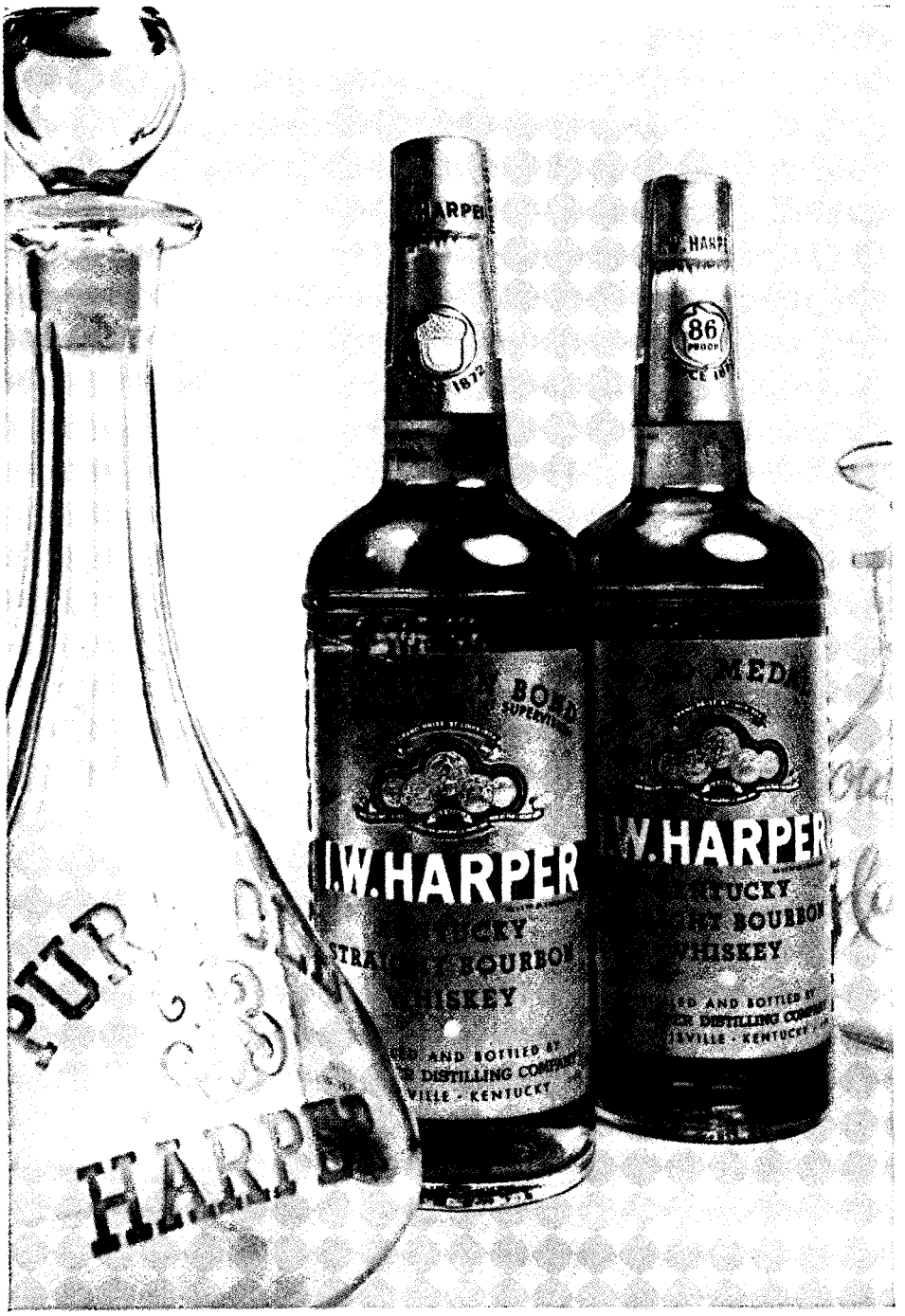

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